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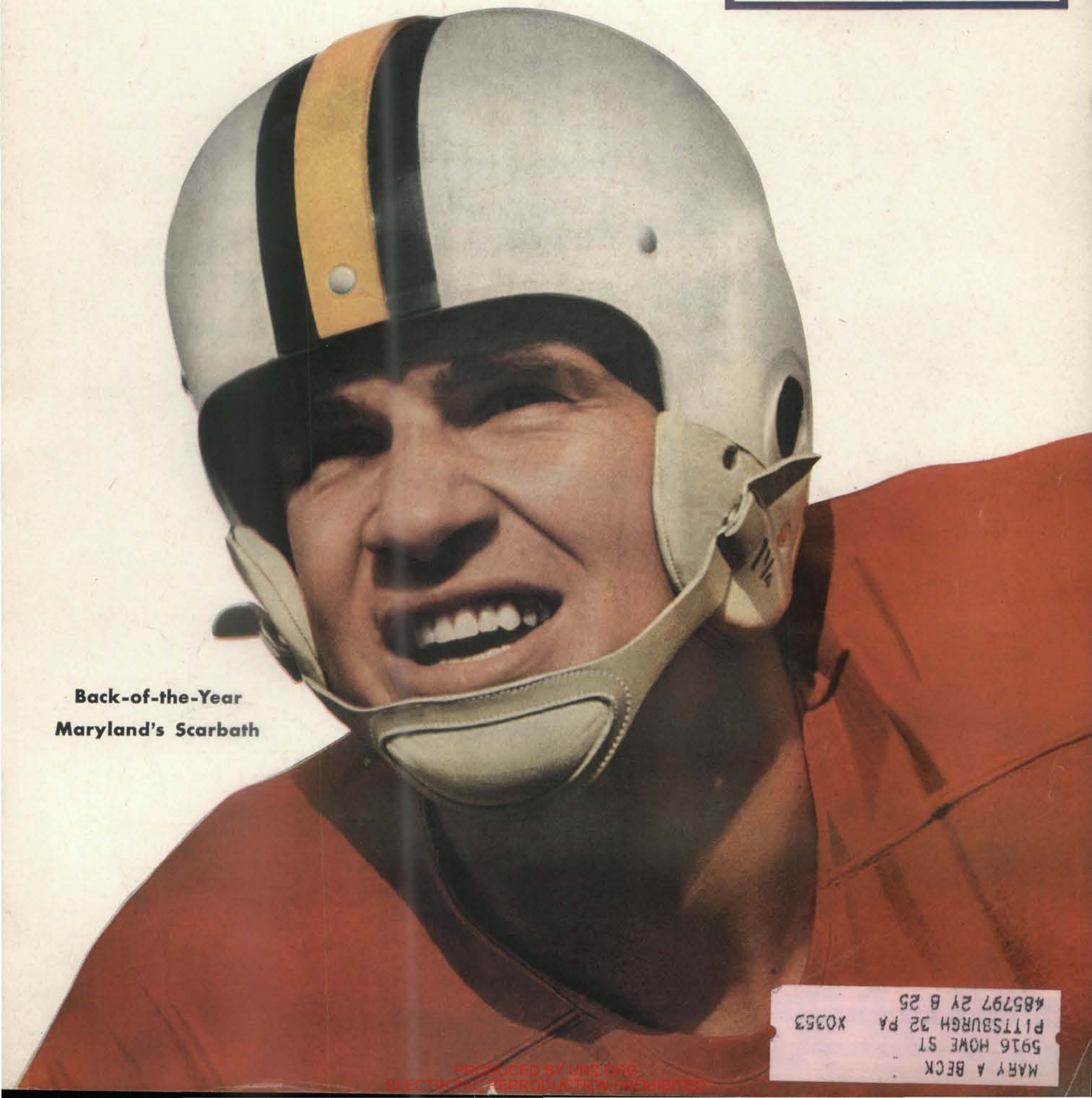

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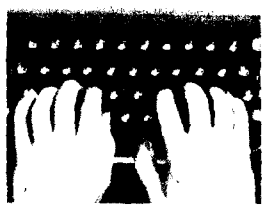

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August 30, 1952

ARTICLES

Damsels Preparing for Distress.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 10
Beauty on the Bench.....GLADWIN HILL 13
Francis Wallace's 13th Football Preview..... 16
"The Soul and Guts of France".....JOHN STEINBECK 26
They're Adding Years to Your Life.....FRANK HOLEMAN 32
Baseball Ain't Cricket.....TOM MEANY 42
Smile When You Call Me Pocahontas.....WAUHILLAU LA HAY 46
Campus Cues for Clothes.....BERT BACHARACH 54
The Critical Prisoner-of-War Problem.....
VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES TURNER JOY, USN 70
(Concluding MY BATTLE INSIDE THE KOREA TRUCE TENT)

FICTION

Last Cover.....PAUL ANNIXTER 36
Unlucky Tiger.....RAY K. ROBINSON 44
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
The Angle of a Bullet.....PAUL HORGAN 48
Pigs Have Wings.....P. G. WODEHOUSE 56
(PART THREE OF SIX PARTS)
The Big Regatta.....WILL STANTON 65

●

Week's Mail..... 6
48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Wrong Cue.....RAY HELLE 9
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....HY PESKIN

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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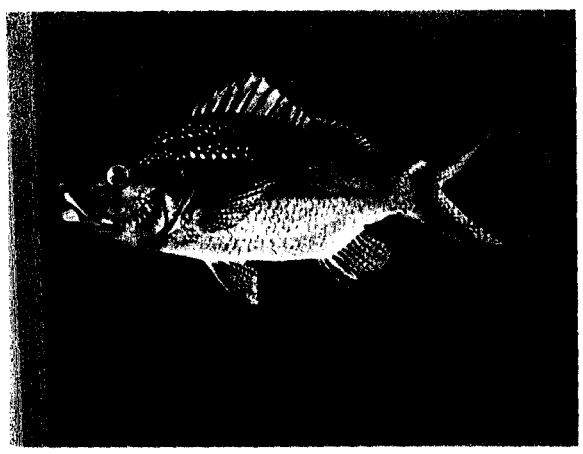

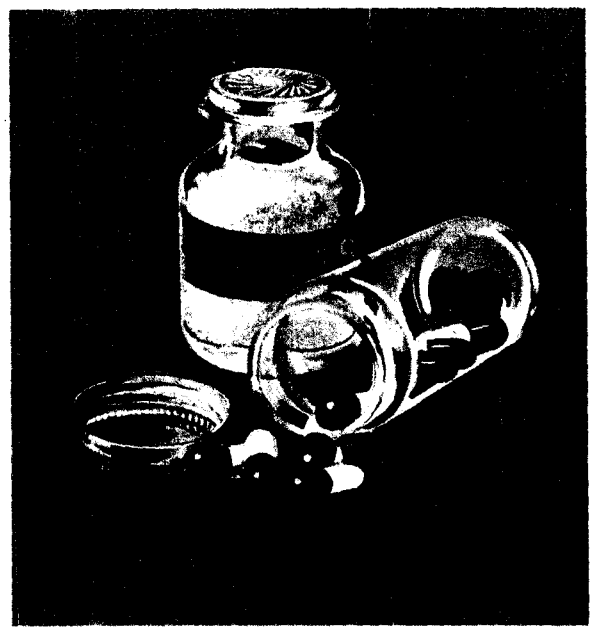

Each of these can cause an allergy

A FEW GRAINS of ragweed pollen, for example, may cause "hay fever"—a disorder that affects more than 4 million Americans.

In addition, millions of other people in our country have asthma, sneezing spells, digestive upsets, or skin rashes because they are allergic to a wide variety of seemingly harmless things.

Allergy is a *sensitivity* to certain substances which cause no trouble for most people. While allergies are seldom, if ever, fatal, they can cause great discomfort. Moreover, if allowed to go untreated, they may undermine good health. This is particularly true of asthma.

Medical science has developed increasingly effective ways to control allergies. For example, inoculations against "hay fever" help many people to avoid this seasonal ailment entirely, or make it much milder.

Treatments for this condition are most beneficial, however, when taken well in advance of the pollen season. In fact, at least 85 percent of the patients are relieved through early treatment, but only 40 percent are helped when inoculations are delayed.

Relief from allergies due to obscure causes generally requires much "detective work." This is why the doctor asks detailed questions about when, where, and under what circumstances the condition occurs. Such questions give him clues to the identity of the offending substances. They also help him to determine if other factors —such as emotional upsets—may be involved.

Once he has found what causes the allergic reaction—through the history of the case supplemented by diagnostic skin tests—appropriate treatment can be started. These tests may be made by applying certain substances to the skin either directly or through a small scratch, or the substances may be injected directly into the outer layer of the skin.

The treatment for an allergy may be simple. If, for instance, a patient's sensitivity is caused by feathers, relief may be had by substituting a pillow made of rubber or other materials. Sometimes, however, treatment may be prolonged, especially if an allergy is caused by a sensitivity to many different things.

There is no "sure cure" for any type of allergy, but prompt and proper treatment may lead to its control. So, if you are bothered by an allergic condition, even a minor one, consult your doctor. He, or a recommended specialist, may help you avoid further reactions through treatment that effectively relieves three out of four cases.

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The Cover

Maryland's great quarterback, Jack Scarbath, is this week's cover boy. Francis Wallace, the best-informed football writer in the country, has tabbed him as the Back of the Year in presenting the thirteenth annual edition of his original football preview. Scarbath is twenty-one years old, 6 feet one inch tall, 190 pounds. Runs the Terrapin powerhouse for coach Jim Tatum. He has been called "the best split-T general I ever saw" by Missouri mentor Don Faurot, who originated the system some 10 years ago. According to Wallace, Scarbath, who hails from Baltimore, will lead the Terps to the national title. For Wallace's complete size-up of the 1952 grid season in advance, turn to page 16.

Week's Mail

Psychological Penology

EDITOR: Re Dr. Vernon Fox's How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot (July 12th): rehabilitation, yes; capitulation, never!

What's wrong with Vernon Fox is what's wrong with our national thinking for the last 20 years, culminating in Yalta, Potsdam, Koje Island and the Michigan prison riot. American men and boys died in two wars for the principle of resistance to social depravity, but the Vernon Foxes surrender the honor and dignity and the authority of our states and our nation to appeasement and timid expediency with social outcasts who would destroy us!

C. BERNARD CARMAN, Lansing, Mich.

. . . Vernon Fox tells How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot.

A more fitting title for this screed would be How I Made Michigan the Laughingstock of the Nation.

ROY W. ADAMS, Mason, Mich.

. . . The recent article, How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot, interested me very much. It seems to me that one of the main remedies has been overlooked by Dr. Fox: capital punishment.

Modern penal methods are presumably based on the alleged enlightened theory that there is always something good in everyone which can be salvaged. Still Dr. Fox writes about Ward and Hyatt: "Both men were capable of killing or inflicting inhuman punishment without a twinge of conscience or remorse. . . . Since murder is not a capital offense in Michigan, there was little reason for these cruel men to shrink from killing their hostages."

These men were beyond the possibility of any rehabilitation and correction. Violent criminals made up the entire population of 15-block, and killers were a large percentage. That they were beyond any hope of rehabilitation Dr. Fox admitted in his naïve manner.

If, according to this prison psychologist, these men were beyond rehabilitation and were known killers, why could not this entire affair have been prevented if capital punishment could have been legally applied?

As a result of the concentration of incorrigibles and murderers, this riot was possible. One prisoner was killed and the hairline balance which apparently held off a wholesale massacre of the guards and prisoners was too fine for comfort.

I say, let justice prevail, and let us return once more to capital punishment for such characters.

ALBERT BUENGER, Cincinnati, Ohio

Trask & Sons

EDITOR: The Sons of Cyrus Trask, in your July 12th issue, was excellent reading, and I am anxious to read the full-length novel. However, at one point in the story, Cyrus Trask's first wife drowns herself, and her last thoughts concern her worry about there being mudstains on her white shroud after her body would be found. And there were. I am wondering how it was possible for these thoughts to be known shortly before the wife's death. It was of course impossible for her to have related them to anyone, since she was alone during the whole procedure.

Has Mr. Steinbeck allowed himself a bit of literary license, or was this an oversight?

MAY DUMAS,
Indian Orchard, Mass.

Undoubtedly literary license—and a rather common device of fiction writers.

City Impressions

Chen's Market Street

EDITOR: Collier's is to be congratulated for a very real contribution to Americana. Chen-Chi's magnificent interpretations of San Francisco (Painting the Town, July 12th) are exceptionally beautiful. Please do let us have more.

WILLIAM E. STOKES, JR.,
Charlottesville, Va.

More of Chen-Chi's work is scheduled to appear in a forthcoming issue.

Neat, or Just Nervous?

EDITOR: Love your magazine! Best in the world! Also like Stanwyck. But one line in the story about her prompted this response.

"She is a notorious ash-tray emptier.' Now, we all empty ash trays when they need it. What is notorious about that' If this is a way of explaining that the star is nervous, why not say she is nervous?

Having read this ash-tray line about so many movie stars I have come to the conclusion that they all empty ash trays

How unglamorous can one get?

IZA LOTT, West Covina, Ca

Really Representative

EDITOR: Re Friendship Flight (July 12th): Representative Peter Mack, Jr. courage and humanity represent the best of the United States . . . how wonderful that he was inspired to be truly a U representative to the rest of the world He is a man we shall surely hear more o

Thank you for the article.

DORIS STONEBRAKE
Landover Hills, M

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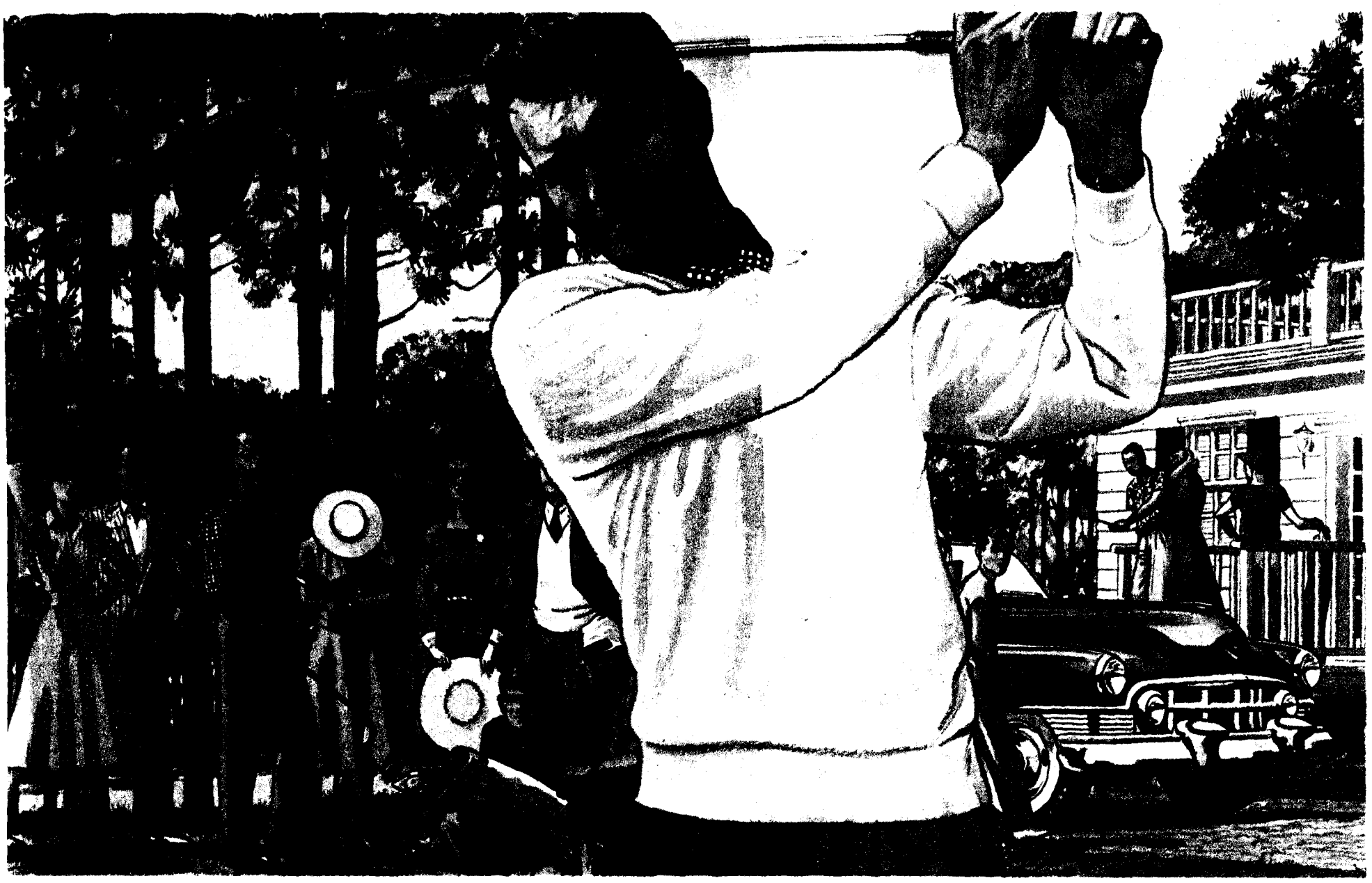

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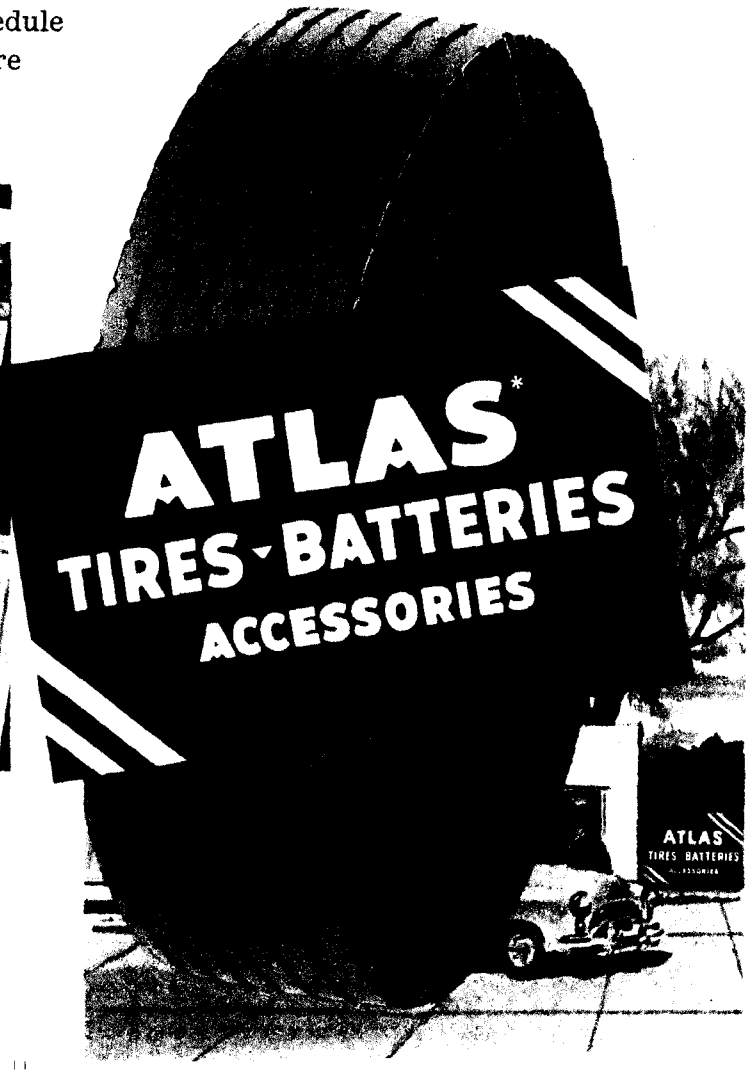

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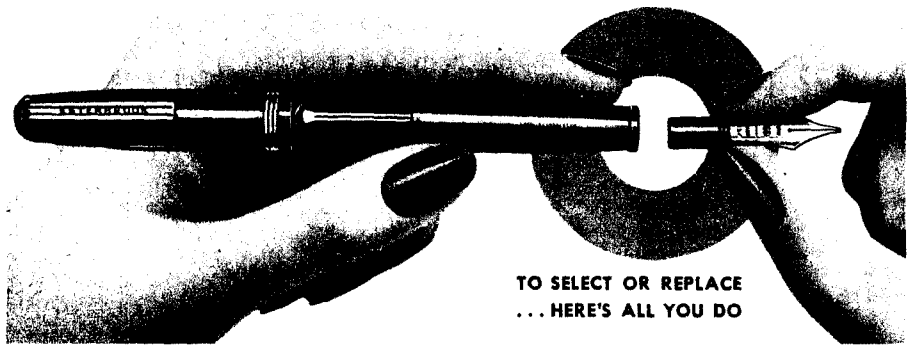

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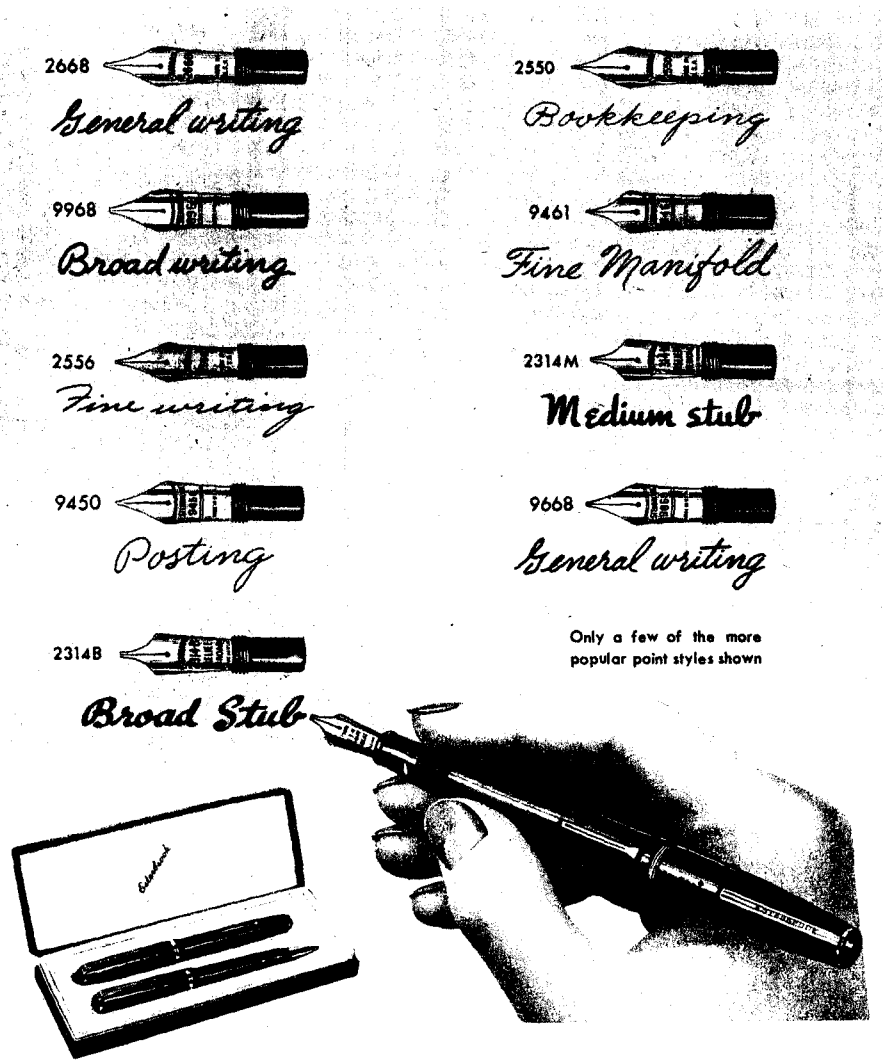

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Los Angeles has written to the Atomic Energy Commission wishing to know whether Russia has any plans to drop atomic bombs in her neighborhood. If not, she proposes to go right ahead with a rather heavy chrysanthemum and petunia project.

★ ★ ★

Not wishing to monopolize the thinking, we give you a bit of cerebrational material to work on. (Take it out to some nice shady spot and give it all you have.) It just came from somebody in Idaho who apparently was too tired thinking to sign a name. It's this: "Gold-

fish are illegal as bait in many states because they are merely fancy carp and if liberated in streams, revert to type, growing quite large and becoming a nuisance." While you're thinking about that, we shall step to the corner drugstore for a sarsaparilla.

★ ★ ★

If you're anything like old 48, you didn't know that a rose contains more vitamin C than an orange. Anyway, that's what Mrs. George E. Simmons of Coventry, Connecticut, says. Mrs. Simmons makes rose jam. She does this by boiling up a mess of rose petals with sugar and water. The result has a mouth-puckering effect but, says Mrs. Simmons, not enough to slow up conversation. We haven't tasted rose jam. Mrs. Simmons says she gave a jar to a friend. "I don't think it is indicative of anything," says she, "but I haven't heard from her since."

★ ★ ★

Proud father of a five-year-old in Lansing, Michigan, thinks whoever had that idea of making an award to the fellow who invented the word "bafflegab" didn't carry his research far enough. Says his kid, having listened to adult conversation for ten minutes, complained he couldn't understand a word of it. "They talk scribble," said the kid.

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that the political soapbox derby is just about to hit top speed, with the hot-rod boys "hollerin' like their shirttails is on fire" (this being a quote from the Honorable Cal Oldflock of Hamblen County, Tennessee). As far as we know, Mr. Oldflock, known pretty far and fairly wide as The Cumberland Calamity, never won political office but ran for any job that happened to be vacant at the moment. Mr. Oldflock urges the national electorate to do more talking at political rallies. Don't let the orator do it all. Ask him embarrassing questions. Lots of them. You might not get much usable information, Mr. Oldflock says, but you'll doubtless get the answer to a most important question. "Don't ask the feller why he ought to be elected," says Mr. Oldflock. "Just ask him to tell you why he oughtn't." This, Mr. Oldflock warrants, throws them right sudden.

★ ★ ★

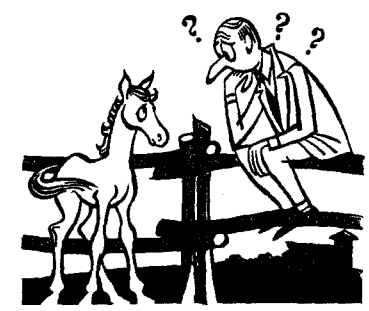
Little did we think that this week we'd have news from Two Egg, Florida. In fact, it was even littler that there was any Two Egg, Florida. Now tell us, just how wrong can old 48 be? The news is that Two Egg, Florida, now has a Junior Chamber of Commerce. Other interesting news items from Two Egg will be forthcoming as they arrive.

★ ★ ★

We always say it pays to be suspicious of strangers who are too darned polite. Milwaukee traffic cop was driving along listening to stolen-car information from headquarters. Pulled over to the right to let a driver pass. The driver was profuse in his thanks. He bowed, smiled, waved his hand, and said, "Thank you, officer" several times. Unaccustomed to such courtesy, the cop drove alongside the stranger, whose politeness cooled a trifle as he did so. Yep, stolen car. Like we say, you've got to be leery of those kowtowing slickers.

★ ★ ★

It was all right when he started thirty-two years ago. Then, Professor C. E. Howell of the University of California could step right up to a newborn colt and name it without racking a single brain cell enough to warm it up. That's been part of Professor Howell's job—conjuring up names for 227 horses born on the university's breeding farm. But today when he's told that there's a colt



IRWIN CAPLAN

in the immediate offing, Professor Howell is seen to shudder. He even blenches. He is five names behind now, and has been informed that four more colts are on their way. Some years ago, such was his fame as a namer, he was favorably mentioned for the job of dubbing Pullman cars. That he didn't have the misfortune to get drafted for that job is his principal solace today.

★ ★ ★

Clark Hord, editor of the Lincoln County (Nebraska) Tribune, plaintively demands a law which would prohibit men from passing his offices with fishing equipment slung over their shoulders while he is trying to enlighten the public by getting his paper out. ▲▲▲

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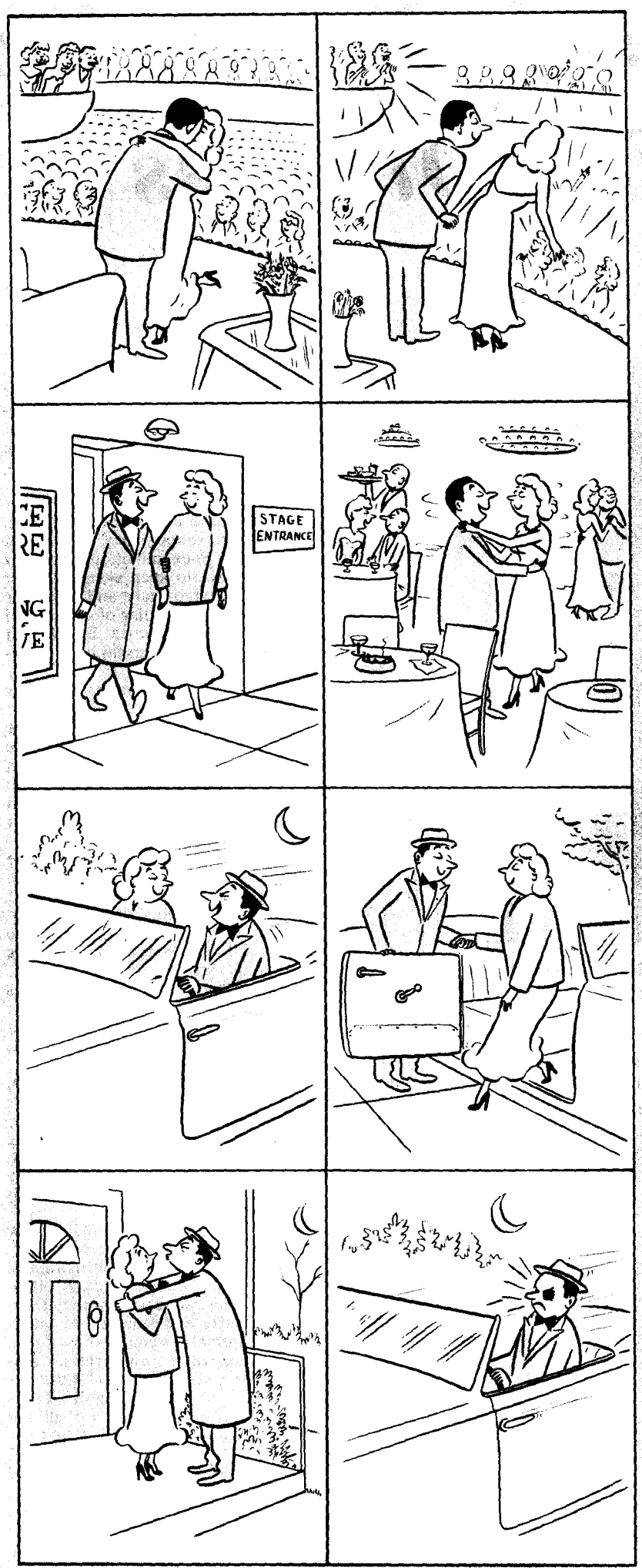
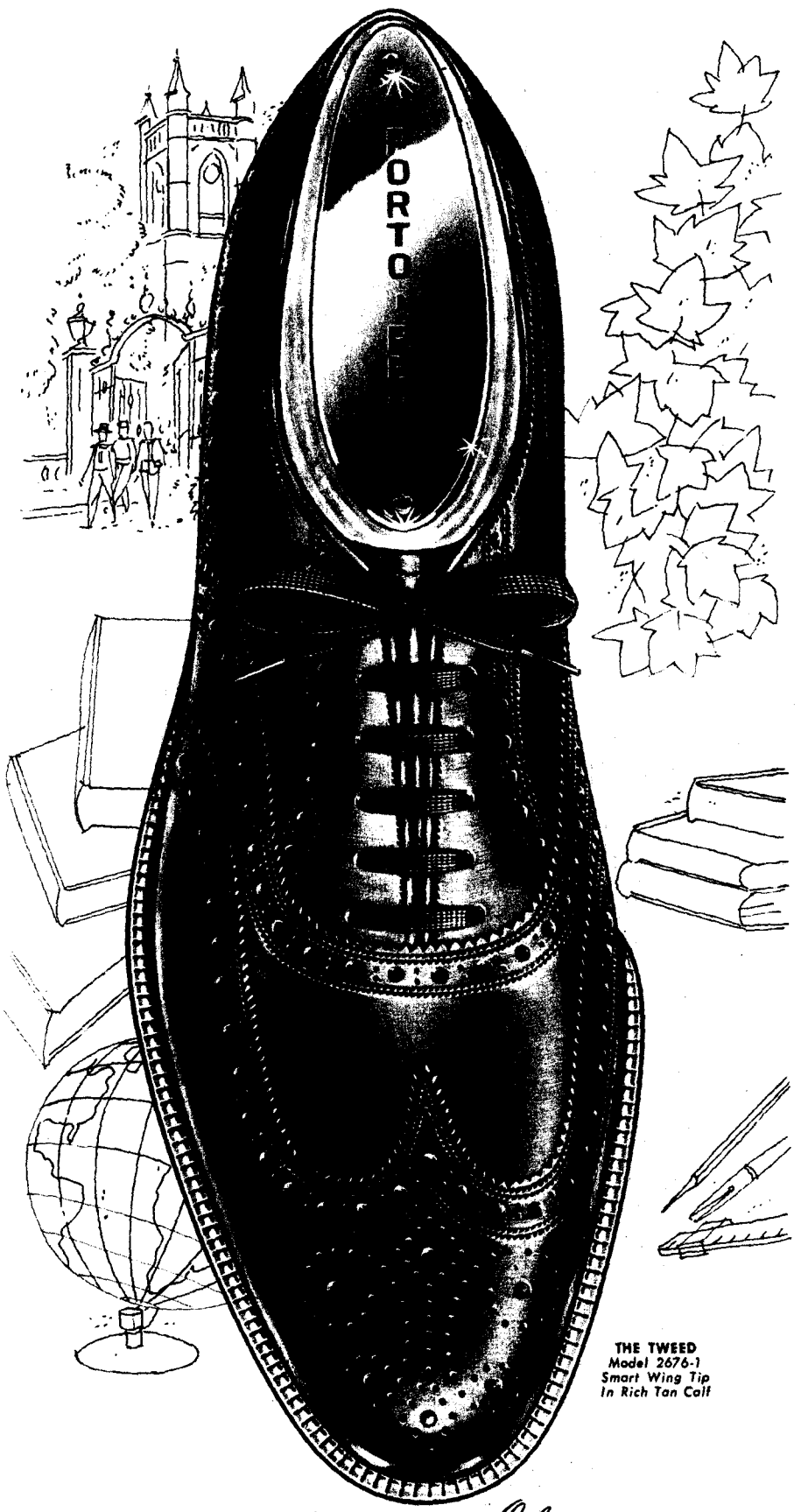
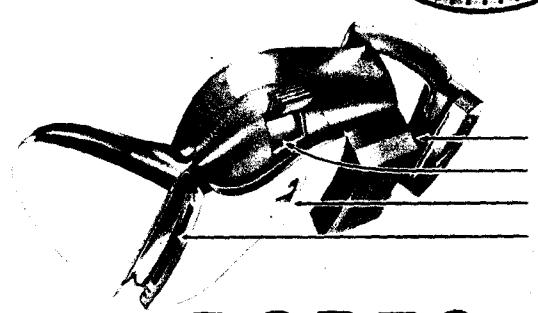
WRONG CUE

By RAY HELLE







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Today's smart young men, like their dads, prefer Porto-Peds . . . America's pioneer *style-plus-comfort* shoes. Their PATENTED comfort features have been performance proved through many years. No other shoes have so long a record of style and comfort leadership.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., *Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.*
See your Porto-Ped dealer or write us for his name.

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In Coast Guard launch, air-lines personnel ride to sea to take part in ditching drill

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Damsels Preparing For Distress

Drills always begin on land, where hostesses learn to inflate standard 20-man life rafts

In raft, hostess Ruth Abbott examines the mirror designed to flash signals to rescuers

Before leaving Coast Guard launch, off Rockaway, N.Y., to board raft, TWA hostesses Julia Nightwine and Dottie Beck with purser Bill Mack get last-minute briefing from instructor

THE bright young women who look after passengers on most of America's air lines have taken their place in the nation's contemporary folklore as beautiful, enchanting creatures with the versatility of fairy godmothers and the aplomb of traffic cops. The legend is no fantasy. Air hostesses are as good as their reputation.

One of the major reasons for the top level of efficiency at which airborne ladies operate is that, like all air-lines flight personnel, they are subject to a program of periodic re-examination, refresher courses and special classes to keep even the most rarely used of their skills whip-sharp and ready for action. Among the most spectacular of the special classes are ditching drills—practice in life-raft techniques designed to prepare overseas crew members for emergencies at sea.

Though pilots, navigators, radiomen and other transoceanic personnel participate in these drills, air hostesses, who on any flight may be responsible for as many as three or four dozen passengers, take special interest in the ditching procedures. For in the event of accident, advance knowledge of the methods of inflating and boarding life rafts in rough waters free a hostess to concentrate on her passengers rather than on how to float a raft.

Precedent for the air lines' ditching drills is the Civil Aeronautics Administration's Air Regulation 41, section 127, which requires that "the crew of aircraft used in overwater flights shall be drilled periodically in 'abandon ship' procedures." The CAA has no regular facilities for implementing such a regulation, but, always ready, the U.S. Coast Guard has taken over the job as part of its Air-Sea Rescue program. With the aid of the Coast Guard, ditching drills are regularly scheduled in the three main transoceanic ports of New York, San Francisco and Miami, Florida.

Most active center of the Coast Guard project, originated four years ago off Cape May, New Jersey, is the service's Rockaway (New York) Lifeboat Station and its Air Station at neighboring Floyd Bennett Field. Since September, 1948, more than 1,800 crew members of regularly scheduled air lines have reported for ditching drills in the Atlantic Ocean.

Now, from early summer to early fall, in New York, the Coast Guard transports overseas hostesses, along with pilots and other crew members, to open water, where they simulate actual ditching conditions. Under close supervision, they learn to use inflatable life rafts and such other emergency equipment as automatic-signal radios, flares, signaling mirrors, sea-water converters, sea-marker dyes and about 80 other survival aids.

Experienced overseas hostesses, like the Trans World Airlines (TWA) girls going through the drills in the photographs on these pages, take their dunkings with the knowledge that their chances of ever having to ditch a plane and break out the life rafts in mid-ocean are statistically close to zero. But they know, too, that if he'd been wise enough to carry a cushion, Humpty Dumpty would be a whole lot better off today. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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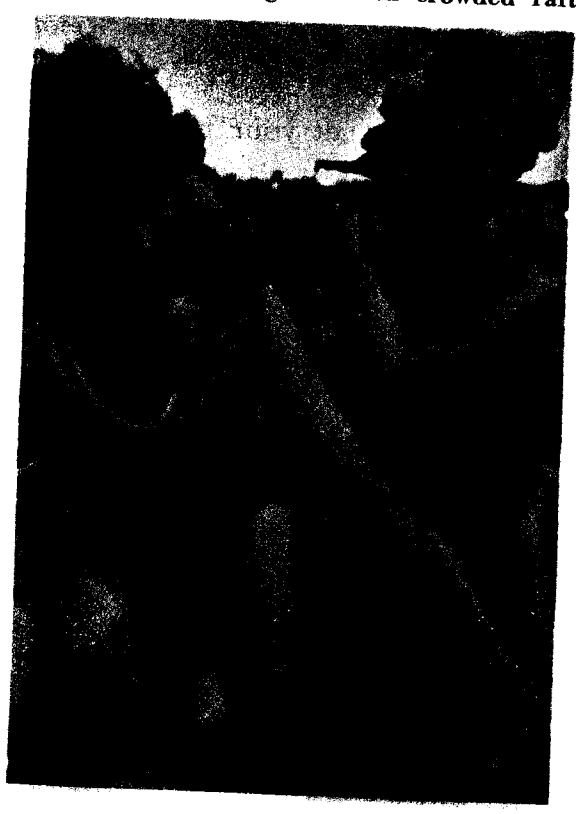
Purser Jack Bourbonnais holds equipment kit which includes vitamins, candy, sunburn oil

One of the most effective daylight signaling devices is red smoke flare used to guide search par s. Green dye on water is largely powdered fluorine which can be seen easily from air

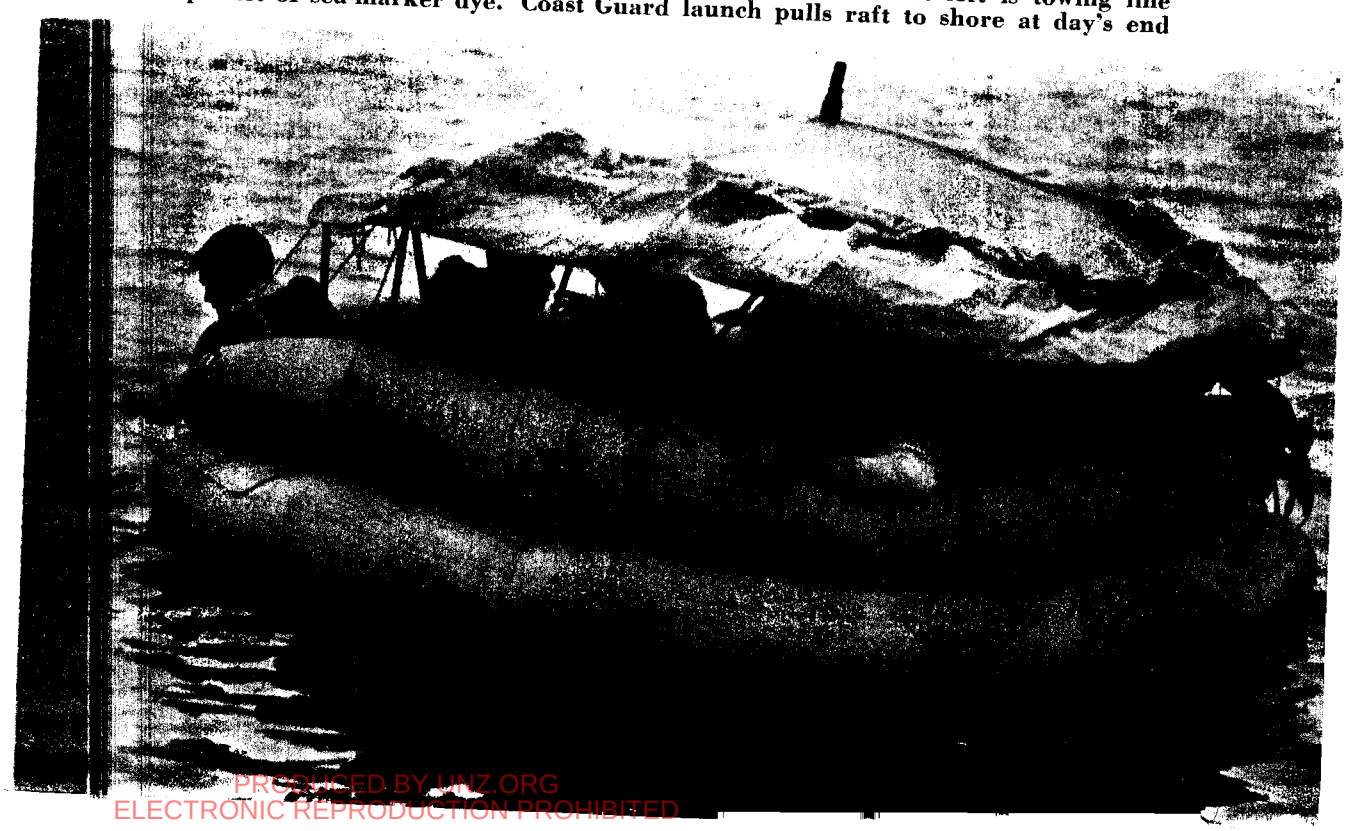
Hydrogen-filled balloon hauls up antenna of radio which sends SOS signal automatically

Drills teach hostesses to board rafts on rolling seas. Besides training TWA people, Coast Guard has run ditching drills for lines like American Overseas, United and Pan American

With life vest on, hostess Bunny Masters tries to find sitting room in crowded raft



Last step in drill is erecting canopy for protection from sun. Man at left is towing line attached to packet of sea-marker dye. Coast Guard launch pulls raft to shore at day's end



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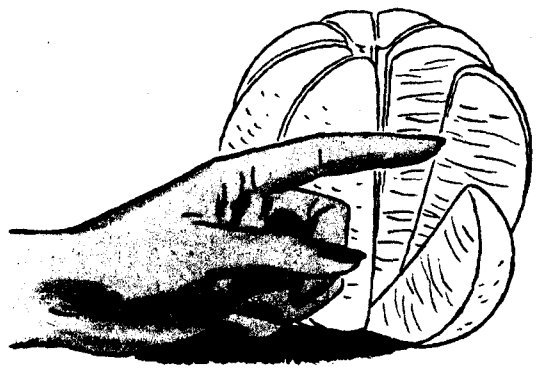
Greatest Orange Health Discovery Since Vitamin C...

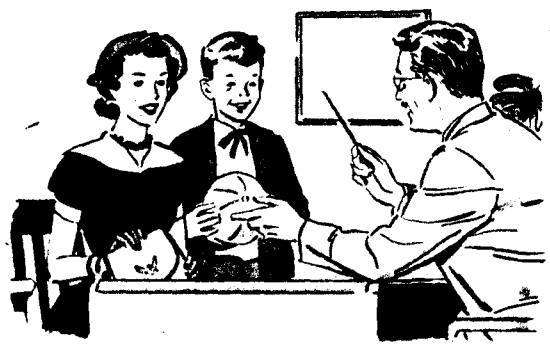
The Protopectins

Vital, newly-recognized aid to better nourishment!

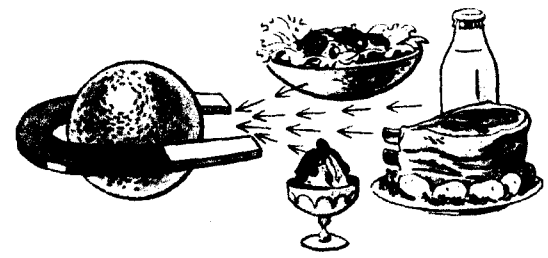
THE PROTOPECTINS, important to young and old, help you get *more good —more vitamins, minerals and other essentials*—from all the food you eat!



The protopectins are found mainly in the "meaty solids" of the orange—in the walls of the segments and juice sacs. These remarkable substances, which you get when you *eat* oranges, are now being given new importance by nutritionists across the nation because:



In this high speed, high pressure era of ours, too many of us fail to give our digestive systems a fair chance. We plan well-balanced family meals to include vitamins, minerals and other essential food elements, but even though we eat well, *we often do not get full nourishment from our food.*



Here is where the protopectins are important. By improving your "digestive climate," by making your digestive tract *more efficient*, the protopectins help you absorb more of the non-caloric food essentials, such as *vitamins and minerals.* You get more good from the same meals... yet the protopectins do *not* lead to weight gain!

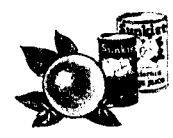
In short, the protopectins can mean better nourishment for your family. And better nourishment can result in many benefits... *greater work output, a keener mind, increased resistance to disease, sound growth for children*... often you may gain a better complexion. Let *whole fresh oranges* help make your carefully planned meals do your family the greatest possible good!

What to do: Eat an orange a day

1. Serve each member of the family Sunkist Oranges every day in some favorite way. This gives them their needed vitamin C.
2. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids*... so be sure they *peel* and *eat* at least one orange a day. When you eat oranges you get *all* the health nature put there.

Set a regular time to eat them... with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

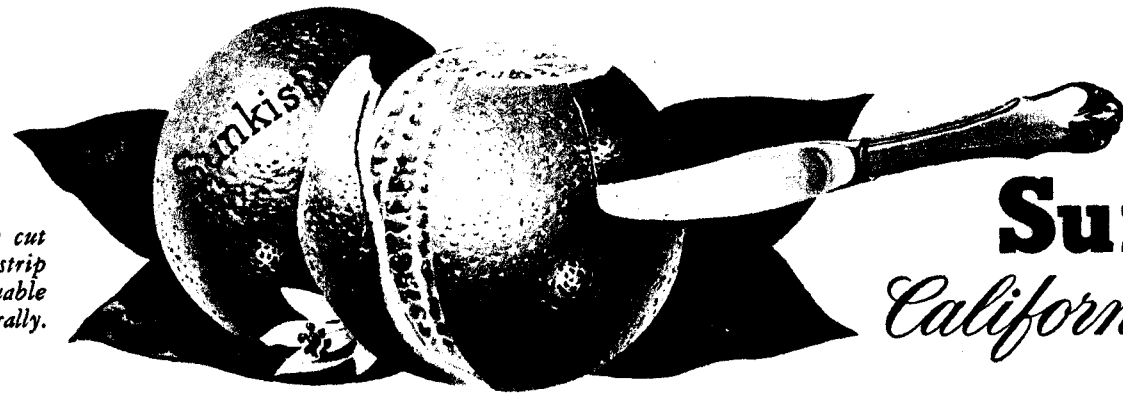
California oranges provide a maximum amount of protopectins. Sunkist Oranges, carefully chosen for quality, are the finest of the California crop.



Sunkist is the only national brand that brings you all three... fresh oranges, canned orange juice and frozen orange juice... each the finest of its kind.

Be sure to get your protopectins... *Eat* Sunkist Oranges every day

To peel an orange quickly: cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.



Sunkist®
California Oranges

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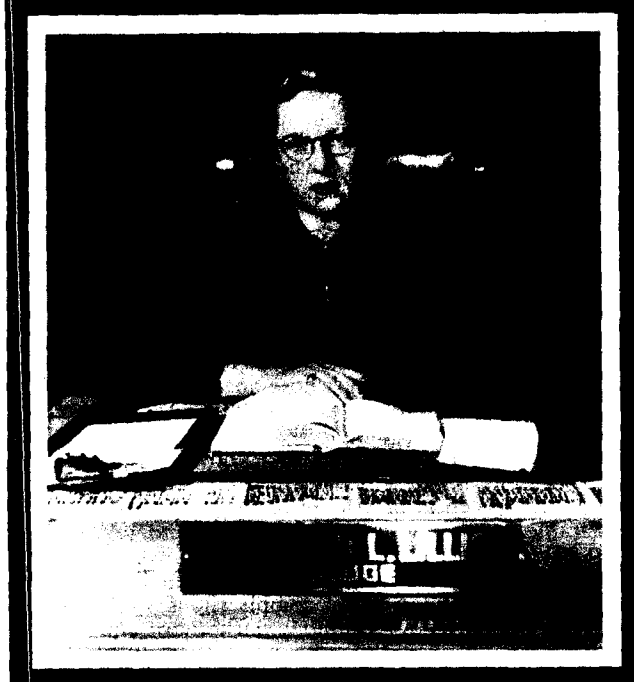
BEAUTY on [illegible]NCH



Judge [illegible] over one of the b[illegible] courts in the na[illegible] like Ingrid Bergm[illegible] quarrels there

B[illegible]

THE recent legal wrangle between movie star Ingrid Bergman and her ex-husband, Dr. Petter Lindstrom, produced a classic nugget of mistaken advice. Amid the mail that poured into the court where the actress was vainly seeking to arrange a summer visit of her thirteen-year-old daughter Pia to Italy, there came a missive from an irate lady in Pennsylvania.

"You," she addressed Judge Mildred Lillie, "ought to disqualify yourself from this case. It's obvious that you're one of those dried-up old maids who know nothing about life, and are too frustrated to be dealing in relations between men and women."

This counsel could hardly have been more in error.

Judge Lillie is married. As presiding judge of the Domestic Relations Court of Los Angeles County—whose 4,000,000 inhabitants produce a larger volume of divorces than any other similar jurisdiction in the country—she is almost certainly the nation's number one moderator of marital misadventures. At thirty-seven, she is probably the most presentable female to attain such prominence in the legal profession since Shakespeare's Portia—with a five-foot 8½-inch bathing-beauty figure, golden-red hair, a peaches-and-cream complexion, and features that might have been modeled from one of the classic Greek statues of Justice.

Mildred Lillie is possibly the only lawyer in history whose pulchritude was a legal issue. As an Assistant United States Attorney in Los Angeles, she successfully prosecuted a World War II draft dodger.

On appeal, the defendant's lawyer, after submitting that the government's arguments had been specious, protested that these arguments had been delivered, to the undue influence of the jury, by "a very attractive young lady."

When the case reached the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the fair prosecutor simply ignored the reference to her appearance and clinched the case by sticking to points of law.

On such points, she is an acknowledged expert. Within her profession, she is noted as the author of scholarly dissertations on specialized legal matters.

Among the lay public of her bailiwick she has a reputation—attested by a steady stream of speaking invitations and appeals for personal counsel—as a doctor of domestic difficulties. One woman wrote gratefully that Judge Lillie had resuscitated her ailing marriage just by the convincing way

Excerpts from the Bergman-Lindstrom decision

Children are not chattels to be passed back and forth between parents to satisfy their pride, convenience and desires, at the expense of the welfare of those children.

Plaintiff's (Dr. Lindstrom's) attitude throughout the hearing appears to have been that, having been given physical custody and control of the child by property settlement agreement and court order, he now need not do anything more than he is required to under the law, unless the court orders him to do so. On the other hand, the defendant, through her attorney, speaks of seeking and enforcing her rights under the property settlement agreement and subsequent order which she "bargained for and bought." The court wonders how long it will take the defendant to realize that although she and plaintiff might be able, between themselves, to place a dollar-and-cent sign on the rights of visitation and custody of a child, neither she, nor anyone else, can bargain for and buy the respect, love and affection of a child. That sort of talk may be impressive between parents who are willing to buy and sell such rights, but it is pure folly when you deal with the heart of a child. A child is not a piece of property to be bought and paid for, to be delivered under contract, and to be shelved until it is convenient to seek its favor. Respect, love and affection cannot be created on a piece of paper, nor guaranteed for future use, by agreement.

The court's only observation, outside the record, is that in litigation of this kind, regardless of which parent prevails, the child is always the loser. As a judge, and as an individual, I regret that any growing child must be subjected to the conditions and to the publicity that proceedings of this type create.

The court has taken the time to recite this lengthy opinion in the hope that it may make the parents of this child realize the seriousness of the problem involved and that they will make a real effort to solve it between themselves without the necessity of again going to court. The turmoil of protracted litigation in the future will serve no useful purpose and must end before irreparable damage is done to this child.

It will take sacrifice, patience, time, devotion and a determined effort on the part of defendant to reinstate herself in the affections of her child, and in addition it will take understanding, forgiveness, tolerance and an attitude lacking in prejudice and vindictiveness on the part of the plaintiff. Unless both of you put aside your pride and selfishness and your personal feelings, emotions and desires, this child will never have the normal affection and love that she is entitled to from both parents. As a judge, and as an individual, I urge you to co-operate to the end that another proceeding of this kind will not be necessary and that your child can live like other children in security and in love.

Ingrid Bergman

Pia Lindstrom

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"Most divorces," says Judge Lillie, "are due simply to the inability of two peop

Her Honor cavorts in the family swimming pool. Out of court, the judge is the convivial type, with a penchant for dinner parties, rumba dancing and boogie-woogie piano playing

Mildred and Cameron Lillie, shown here leaving for work, met when both were assistant U.S. attorneys. He's now in private practice. "We don't always agree on the law," judge says

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

she had extolled matrimony on a television forum. On the civic plane, she is active in a dozen organizations and causes ranging from social welfare to civil defense.

Yet friends know her as a person who talks the plain language of the working girl, enjoys a convivial drink, relaxes in such pastimes as rumba dancing and boogie-woogie piano playing—and, on one memorable occasion, passed at least a preliminary test as an amateur strip-teaser.

At the Los Angeles Bar Association's last Christmas party, the main skit on the entertainment program laid an egg at rehearsal. To give it some oomph, Judge Lillie was prevailed upon to take the key role, wearing a "breakaway" comedy gown. At the pull of a string, the garment parted company at the climactic moment, unveiling a leggy vista of long black hose and pink tights.

"Oh," yelled one exuberant barrister, "for a writ of habeas corpus!"

Most of Judge Lillie's time, however, is spent in a more sedate atmosphere. If you had to pinpoint the center of gravity of the nation's divorce traffic, it could well be in her courtroom.

In California, as in other states, divorces are processed in the superior court system like other lawsuits. But the many complications while trial is pending—such as alimony, custody of children, division of property and restraint of quarreling couples from physical violence—are settled in the Domestic Relations Court.

Through this arrangement, there come before Judge Lillie upwards of 90 per cent of the divorce and related actions filed in the county—an average recently of 1,900 a month, almost 100 every working day. Part of them she parcels out, after initial examination, to another judge and two commissioners. The rest she hears herself.

From morning until night, the short corridor leading to her courtroom—and, often, the walks and lawn outside—are crowded with litigants, relatives, witnesses and lawyers, as well as the children whose futures are in the balance.

The uneasy scene is punctuated periodically by a crush of traffic and the flash of news photographers' bulbs as some Hollywood celebrity joins the tense procession. In recent months, such antagonists as Barbara Payton and Franchot Tone, Xavier Cugat and Lorraine Allen and Errol Flynn and Lili Damita have appeared at the court.

Cases That Would Have Fazed Solomon

Yet the often colorful issues involved in suits brought by Hollywood luminaries pale in comparison with the domestic complications of more obscure people. A former dancing teacher wants temporary alimony, but her husband pleads that most of his income is still going for payments on the dancing lessons that brought them together. A former model, leaving her husband, wants no alimony, but earnestly desires possession of the "art photos" he took of her during their connubial bliss. A girl seeking support for two illegitimate children sired by different men demurs at marrying either father—on the ground that "I was brought up very strictly and have to be careful whom I marry."

Judge Lillie's contribution to this cavalcade has been, in the words of a colleague, to "combine compassion with dispassion." Once the gavel has rapped in her court, her pulchritude is eclipsed by a judicial poise that has fazed many a participant who has been under the misapprehension that her femininity implied softness. One attorney, instructed at the conclusion of a proceeding to return at a future date, replied with a Groucho-Marxian leer, "It will be a pleasure to return to *this* court, Your Honor."

"Flattery, my friend," Judge Lillie rejoined dryly, "will get you nowhere."

By the time two contending lawyers have finished their arguments, the judge usually has brought the discussion around subtly to substantial agreement on equable terms. Then, with scarcely a pause, and without fluffing a syllable, she will dictate a complicated ruling. The governing element is always workability.

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o sit down together and discuss their problems." In her court, they get a chance

"In this court," she comments, "we are dealing with human emotions, not with just cold law."

One minute she may lower the legal boom on a bartender who has been side-pocketing his tips to the detriment of his estranged family. A few minutes later she may, on her own initiative, reduce the alimony payments a young engineer has volunteered to make, suggesting that he's miscalculated his budget.

More cases than not involve physical violence between spouses. Judge Lillie has no qualms about threatening a fractious husband with jail—a measure she refers to privately as "tossing him in the clink"—but she doesn't always blame the husband. "More often than not," she observes, "the wife is a nagger and got what she asked for."

Defiance of Her Order Was Costly

Most of her rulings are enforceable by contempt citations. One man was sentenced to five days in jail and fined $500 for flouting her order and taking one of his children out of the state.

Custody of children is an issue in more than one half of the cases. In this field, Judge Lillie's watchword is the California law which says that the court has jurisdiction over children of divorced parents, until the youngsters become of age.

In the Bergman-Lindstrom case, Judge Lillie was less concerned about the purported rights and grievances of the parents than about the welfare of the child. Before the squabble was brought into court, she arranged for Pia to come quietly to her home one evening. Over milk and crackers, they talked for two hours about various interests of Pia's until the girl spontaneously confided that she did not want to go to Italy.

Judge Lillie's legal opinion in the case won acclaim as a masterful statement of parent-child relationships.

"A child is not a piece of property to be bought and paid for, to be delivered under contract, and to be shelved until it is convenient to seek its favor," she wrote. "In litigation of this kind, regardless of which parent prevails, the child is always the loser. . . . Unless both of you put aside your pride and selfishness and your personal feelings, emotions and desires, this child will never have the normal affection and love she is entitled to from both parents. . . ."

Whenever she can, Judge Lillie tries to prevent the kind of tragedy epitomized by the Bergman-Lindstrom case. On an average of once a day, she will call an abrupt halt to a court proceeding and suggest that the litigants step into her chambers.

"Most divorces," she observes, "are due simply to the inability of two people to sit down together and discuss their problems objectively. If you can just move them to do that, it's often the solution."

Her favorite example is a case in which she set a father and mother talking in her chambers at two thirty one afternoon, while she continued holding court. At four thirty, she found them still engrossed in discussion. The wife was weeping. By seven o'clock, they were receptive to the judge's suggestion that they postpone their separation for a couple of weeks. She gave them some pointers on being more considerate to each other. They never came back.

She locates points of friction almost intuitively. At one reconciliation conference, the wife said that her spouse was a model husband all week, but got drunk every week end. Judge Lillie referred him to Alcoholics Anonymous. Several weeks later the wife telephoned her.

"My husband has stopped drinking," she said. "But he's started talking back to me!"

"Just as I suspected," Judge Lillie told her. "Now that he's got a little backing, he's starting to stand up for his rights. You'd better be a little more careful the way you talk to him!"

Judge Lillie eschews box scores of reconciliation work as inconclusive, since there's no way to follow cases through and see whether reconciliations last. But her renown as an agent of harmony has grown to the point where seldom a day goes by without several letters and phone calls beseeking her mediation. In her court she counsels an average of two couples a day.

What causes family trouble?

Here's the judge's answer

WIVES

1. **Nagging**
2. **Insufficient interest in the home**
3. **Carelessness about personal attractiveness and physical relationships of marriage**
4. **Carelessness with money**
5. **Belittling husbands before others**
6. **Excessive activities outside the home**

HUSBANDS

1. **Excessive drinking**
2. **Refusal to let wives handle funds**
3. **Tyrannical attitude**
4. **Refusal to assume home responsibilities**
5. **Failure to confide in wives**
6. **Spending too much time away from home**

Her success undoubtedly is due considerably to the fact that her knowledge of human tribulations was not gleaned from books.

She was born Mildred Kluckhohn in Ida Grove, Iowa, the product, ironically, of a broken home. As a child, she went with her mother to live with an uncle on a small fruit farm, in northern California.

Her childhood was one of genteel poverty. During her high-school years, she worked in a canning factory to get enough money to go to the University of California at Berkeley. There, she earned her way as a cook in several Berkeley homes, as a department-store detective, and as a typist—a job she qualified herself for by hammering at a typewriter 12 hours a day for 10 straight days. Halfway through college, she decided she did not have the imagination for the art career on which she had embarked, and turned to law, obtaining her degree in 1938.

On the District Attorney's Staff

Her legal prowess in private cases, along with Democratic party activities, brought her to the attention of Sheridan Downey, then a U.S. senator from California. He suggested her appointment to the staff of the United States District Attorney in Los Angeles in 1942.

In that post, she won official plaudits for her skillful handling of difficult World War II prosecutions—notably in alien evacuation, draft evasion and prisoner-of-war cases.

One of her cases involved a religious sect that cited the Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," as grounds for refusing military service. Mildred sat up half the night with the Bible. The next day, arguing that "if you take one passage of a book, you have to take them all," she cited in rebuttal 1 *Peter*—"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake . . . for the punishment of evildoers"—and won the case.

The setback she remembers most keenly was when she was assigned with Assistant United States Attorney Cameron Lillie to prosecute a food-contamination case in Fresno. Over his objection, she put on the jury an elderly man she sized up as easily persuaded. His vote hung the jury. Lillie went back alone a few weeks later and, with a new jury, won the case.

Notwithstanding this episode, Lillie had such a high opinion of her legal ability that he kept urging her to try for a municipal judgeship. Finally—"to shut him up," she says—she wrote an application to Governor Earl Warren. To her surprise, she got an appointment. She also married Cameron Lillie.

After two years on the municipal bench, she was promoted to a $16,750-a-year superior court judgeship, and in July, 1950, became the first woman ever to head the Domestic Relations Court in Los Angeles.

Judge Lillie's working day begins at eight thirty in the morning, and often does not end until midnight, as, ensconced on her living-room sofa in stocking feet, she pores over files of pending cases.

"No Shop Talk" Rule Ensures Peace

Her husband is now in private practice and visits her courtroom only occasionally, as a spectator. They live in a modernistic hillside house with a swimming pool, on the edge of Hollywood. They have no children. Their main domestic ground rule is "no shop talk."

"I have great respect for Bud's legal ability," Judge Lillie says of her husband. "But like all lawyers, we don't always agree on the law. And I don't think it's proper to discuss pending cases with anyone." She even declined to tell him, despite some wheedling, what night Pia Lindstrom was coming to the house.

Many of their evenings are taken up with dinner parties. Their circle of acquaintances sometimes seems to comprise about half the people in Los Angeles, and it is always receiving unexpected additions. Clambering, scantily clad, onto a doctor's X-ray table one day, Judge Lillie was jocularly reminded by the technician that she had once sent him to jail. Recently she had to intercede with the management of a fashionable Los Angeles restaurant to save the job of a bus boy: he had interrupted his table duties to give her an excited report on his marital stabilization since his last appearance before her.

Several times a week, Judge Lillie makes public speeches, usually on the subject of her work. Her outside interests include the Soroptimists, a professional women's organization; the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; the Volunteers of America; and several bar groups.

Her prominence and popularity have caused increasing speculation about her political potentialities, although judicial ethics prevent her taking an active hand in party affairs and she disclaims aspirations in that sphere.

"I'm not a politician at heart," she says. "I'm interested in politics from the standpoint of securing good government, but not to further myself."

As a superior court judge, she has to stand for election on a nonpartisan basis every six years. In 1950, she was elected without opposition. Although her prospects for 1956 couldn't be much brighter, there is one vote she suspects she's lost already—that of the Chinese laundryman who does her husband's shirts.

He rang the doorbell one day, catching her dripping wet from the swimming pool. When she asked who it was, the voice that came through the closed door conjured up a picture of a fellow jurist given to gags, and she refused to let him in until he owned up to who he was.

The baffled laundryman walked away, and, when Bud went down to retrieve his shirts and explain, shook his head despairingly and said: "Your wife very beautiful—but no brains!" ▲▲▲

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Francis Wallace's 13th FOOTBALL

The Preseason All-America Eleven

DEKKER, Mich. St.	*End*
McPHEE, Princeton	*End*
EVANS, Penn	*Tackle*
MODZELEWSKI, Md.	*Tackle*
ATHEY, Baylor	*Guard*
MICHELS, Tennessee	*Guard*
CATLIN, Oklahoma	*Center*
SCARBATH, Maryland	*Back*
OLSZEWSKI, California	*Back*
LATTNER, Notre Dame	*Back*
VESSELS, Oklahoma	*Back*

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS—Stohlhandske (Texas); Babcock (Ga.); Bell (Penn); Barker (Wash. St.); Smith (Ill.); Perry (Mich.); Meilinger (Ky.); T. Scott (Va.); Nagler (S. Clara); Steinbrunner (Wash. St.); Lewis (Wake Forest)
TACKLES—Karpe (Cal.); H. Miller (Ga. Tech); Atkins (Tenn.); LaPradd (Fla.); R. Nelson, Rowland (Okla.); Forester (SMU); Fleck (Syr.); Meadows (Duke); Little (Tex. A&M)
GUARDS—Rhoden (Rice); Alessandrini (ND); Donaldson (Ky.); Kennedy (Wisc.); Sewell (Texas); Manoogian (Stan.); Millett (Holy Cross); Willhoite (USC); Kush (Mich. St.); Matuszak (Tulsa)
CENTERS—Moomaw (UCLA); G. Morris (Ga. Tech); Cosgrove (Md.); McClain (Prince.); Tamburo (Mich. St.)
BACKS—Marlow (Ala.); Giel (Minn.); Cameron (UCLA); Ameche (Wisc.); Heinrich (Wash.); Hardeman (Ga. Tech); Varaitis (Penn.); Agganis (BU); Reich (Kan.); W. Tate (Ill.); Reynolds (Neb.); McAuliffe (Mich. St.); Dawson (Texas); Hoag (Kan.); Bratkowski (Ga.); O'Connell (Ill.); McPhail (Okla.); McHan (Ark.); Kozar (Tenn.); Maloy (H.C.); Casares (Fla.); Price (Col.); Burkhart (Wash. St.)

Gridmen of the Year

Back of the Year
JACK SCARBATH, Maryland

Lineman of the Year
TOM CATLIN, Oklahoma
(Center Line-backer)

Coach of the Year
JIM TATUM, Maryland

Soph Back of the Year
ALAN AMECHE, Wisconsin

Soph Lineman of the Year
DON TATE, Illinois
(Tackle)

California's Johnny Olszewski blasts through Oregon State line for a 12-yard gain. Injured in mid-1951, he averaged 7.3 yards in 89 carries

Collier's for August 30, 1952

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PREVIEW

THERE will be more and better college football players around this fall than at any time since the men trooped back to the campuses after World War II; and because today's game is as technically advanced over the 1946 model as the jet is over the jeep, this playing season could be the most satisfying of all time. Off the field, however, football will have more interference than TV in a fringe area.

The player profusion is owing to the fact that freshmen competed last year. Coaches will have three seasoned classes to work with instead of the usual two; and the campaign may develop a few of those real rarities—the sophomore All-American. Freshmen will still be eligible in the Southern and Southeastern Conferences, and mid-term frosh in most other sections; but few of them are expected to affect the gridiron fortunes of their schools. Veterans returning from the Korean action will just about cancel out losses to the military, which should be negligible since most squadmen belong to the ROTC or are scholastically deferred.

We've had to cope with 207 individual reports, dealing with a new high of 847 players, to bring you this thirteenth annual Football Preview. But in order to get a clear look at the preseason picture, let's adjust the focus.

College sports suffered some terrible blows in 1951. Football escaped the gambling scandals which blighted basketball; but the gridiron had its own exposés—cribbing, doctored records, players enrolled under aliases, charges of goon-squad tactics on the field—with some of our proudest institutions involved. All this trouble was embarrassing, but not exactly surprising to close observers who had long recognized college football's deep-rooted schizophrenia: the insistence on amateur standards in a profit-making business.

What happened in football, and is still happening, is a familiar story. A bad undercover situation finally erupts; He Who Gets Caught becomes The Fall Guy, while everybody else heads for cover; the officials whose laxity was most responsible for the explosion holler loudest and then run wild in a righteous scramble to lead the way to reform. In this case, the officials were the college presidents, who knew all along that the stork did not bring winning teams and large gate receipts. Nevertheless, at the January meeting of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, they really pulled tight on the checkreins by recommending adoption of a code that ruled out postseason bowl games, spring practice and athletic scholarships.

The members of the NCAA (athletic directors and faculty representatives), all appointees of the presidents, dutifully endorsed the objectives, the philosophy and all the details of the code—except the important ones. They blandly voted that spring practice would be limited to 20 days; that the major bowl games would be held this season, with further study after that; that all financial aid to athletes would be administered by the institutions. And the minions made this rebellion stick. The presidents retired in good order by labeling their code "advisory." The presidentially dominated Ivy League, and a few minor groups, decided to follow the recommended code to the letter. And the major conferences did tighten up their own rules.

Meanwhile, the controversy over unrestricted television coverage of college games continued. Last year's program has been liberalized slightly: there will be coverage on 12 dates this season, with no experimental blackouts; efforts will be made to include small college games; and tentative plans for '53 include a possible division of TV receipts among the 300-odd football-playing members of the NCAA.

My long-range prediction remains, however: there's no substitute for being part of the crowd; and eventually TV will create more fans, as radio did. Certainly, some protection should be given the small colleges now; but you can't stop progress, and the present drastic restrictions will eventually fade.

It must be admitted, too, that the real-gone football filberts who delight in the technical side of the sport would welcome a camera in every backfield this fall, because the college game is fast approaching the pros' in complexity and perfection. The current fashion in offense could be called "a conglomeration of variations." All this is being done cleverly, too; and the college kids are absorbing it.

Michigan State, for instance, lines up in the T with an unbalanced line. The play can take off from there, shift into the single wing, left or right, or slip into tangents of the split-T, double wing, winged-T or other doodads. It sounds like a nightmare and was, to Notre Dame and eight other squads last year. It was named by 31 of my scouts as the "offense which most impressed." Maryland's explosive buck-lateral series off the split-T followed with 25 votes. The sharp Illinois "all-weather" T got 12 votes; TCU's spread was fourth with 10; Princeton's single-wing technique won fifth place with nine votes.

The "better mousetrap" of the '51 season was definitely Dutch Meyer's spread at TCU, which made a sharp impression with a surprise 436 net yards against a good Southern California squad. My guess at the most popular 1952 offense, nation-wide, would be the split-T with spreads.

The idea in all this is, of course, to confuse the defense. But the defense is also getting the glamor treatment. Pitt now has added former head coach Johnny Micheloson as an over-all defensive coach—the logical development of the two-platoon system. The safety man is assuming much of the importance of the offensive quarterback, although the latter is still the gridiron pearl of great

Paul Dekker, Michigan State, End

Frank McPhee, Princeton, End

Bob Evans, Pennsylvania, Tackle

Dick Modzelewski, Md., Tackle

John Michels, Tennessee, Guard

Bill Athey, Baylor, Guard

Tom Catlin, Oklahoma, Center

Johnny Lattner, N. D., Back

Jack Scarbath, Maryland, Back

Billy Vessels, Oklahoma, Back

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price. If he is a runner as well as ball handler and field general, and if he can also punt, we have the old-time triple-threat man.

The two-platoon system remains controversial, however; and the Pacific Coast failed in a move to have the Rules Committee abandon the free substitution rule from which the platoon Pandora sprang. But the committee did make several important changes designed to curb rough play. The "personal foul," which called for a 15-yard penalty, will now find the offending player given a mandatory suspension for striking "an opponent with his fist, forearm, elbow or locked hands . . ." Clipping is now defined as any "blocking of an opponent other than the ball carrier from behind." The penalty for defensive holding has been upped from 5 to 15 yards.

The passer will now get protection against roughing as long as the ball is in flight; and he'll be allowed to use his hands to ward off opponents. There will be a 15-yard penalty for simulating a fair catch. Tricks to jump the ball in play will be discouraged by a rule, with a 15-yard penalty, requiring a team to come to a full-second stop after coming out of a huddle and lining up. And you'll see rubber footballs in use where teams mutually agree.

Attendance dropped 2.5 per cent in '51 and Fritz Crisler reported a disturbing decline in Michigan's annual net profits for all sports to $236,277. But only three name schools—St. Bonaventure, San Francisco and Loyola of Los Angeles—dropped football. Transferees from these schools, as well as about a dozen who left Army after last year's "honor system" breakdown, are distributed over the nation's gridirons, with the largest concentration in the Missouri Valley.

Finally, amid all the other confusion, the casualty rate for coaches dropped sharply. Only 14 major schools have had top changes, and several of these were voluntary.

So, here we go with the 13th Preview, and dire events no doubt portend; but I prefer to believe old Joe Jinx got his dates and voodoo all mixed up last year when he gave the hook to six of my first eight backs, removing them from effective contention through injuries. But who's complaining? I still wound up with the national champ (Tennessee); 10 of the top 20 teams; 22 wins and four ties in 35 key games; four of eight sectional leaders. And included in my first 33 All-Americans were nine of the official Collier's eleven; ten of the consensus eleven; and all eleven of three major selectors.

Sorry, folks, but in this business you have to get your bragging in when you can; and I'll explain about the big ones that got away as we go along. You'll find the old gadgets and, as usual, a few new ones, since it costs no more to be wrong wholesale. Team rankings try for a balance between actual strength and toughness of competition—which is why you will sometimes see a squad with a better record poorly placed. Where records are not listed, adequate information was not forthcoming.

Here's a sampler of how the '51 estimated won-lost records held up: Of the final 20 top teams, I had three on the nose (Tennessee, TCU, Clemson); missed 10 by one game or less; six by two or less. One bad sting by a yellow jacket: Georgia Tech by 4½ games!

Now let's see who's who in '52:

EAST

The situation in this section is even more confused than normal. Harvard, which built the first football stadium, has retreated so far from the great days of Haughton and Brickley that 17,732 seats have been removed from the stadium ("maintenance costs and reduced attendance"); and though coach Lloyd Jordan will field a respectable squad this year, those chairs will hardly be missed.

Princeton, however, is still manufacturing gridiron glory and reveling in it. Dick Kazmaier, last season's national glamor boy, was named the senior who did most for Princeton; and though he's taken his diploma and departed, the Tigers are still saber-toothed, with a good chance of running their string of 22 straight to 31. Frank McPhee, a student of religion, should be eloquent in carrying the single-wing gospel of Coach Charlie Caldwell, who points out that he lost his entire backfield. Which is about what modest Charlie said last year at this time.

Penn seems about to break the Ivy schedule corral, possibly with some acquiescence from the group. The Quakers will be quarrelsome enough in the new company, with men like Joe Varaitis, Bob Evans and Ed Bell to make their points; but they will face five teams, including Notre Dame as a starter, which have had spring practice and played freshmen last year—both advantages being prohibited by Ivy League regulations. Since the schedule for '53 will range even farther afield, you can make your own guess as to whether the Ivy League will be able to pen up Penn.

The Penn-Princeton battle (Oct. 11th) should settle the Ivy League, and probably the Eastern, championship. I'm picking Penn to break the Tiger streak because George Munger has more seasoned headliners back and should be able to field a steadier squad in the third game.

None of the remaining Ivy squads threatens the top two. Cornell seems to have had a drop in backfield material and also lost the five offensive blockers in the middle of the line. Tuss McLaughry is resting comfortably at Dartmouth with a squad that will, however, hardly be hot enough to melt any ice.

Yale had, in the words of an opponent, a "magnificent freshman team"—which might cost Herman Hickman his gag about having "a line so good that not even the Yale backs could get through it." At Columbia, it's a "thin blue line"; but Mitchell Price is described by Coach Lou Little as a radar-sharp passer and fine all-round player, and by the coach of an opponent as "the best quarterback since Otto Graham."

Army? Well, the word is around that the bird dogs are pointing again—toward West Point. Coach Earl Blaik has Leroy Lunn, Fredric Meyers and Neil Chamberlin, who are of the caliber of the old Army boys, and coming up for next year's squad Blaik has bagged a dandy center in Bob Farris, who would have been a valuable Vanderbilt junior this year. It won't take many more like him to put the Kaydets back on the ramparts. Waste no tears on Navy, where Eddie Erdelatz refers to a "lot of guys named Joe who just like to play football." These Joes are "screened and assisted"; and the schedule is no longer suicidal.

Holy Cross, with pass master Charlie Maloy at quarter, a good team and a favorable schedule, should have the best record among the "independents." Boston College, definitely on the rise, has plenty of high-octane backs, including Joe Johnson, whom they style "best in the East." But Boston U. claims that title—and would get more support at this stage—for Harry Agganis, "The Golden Greek" who is already locked up for delivery to pro Paul Brown at Cleveland after he is graduated in June.

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: **MARYLAND 9-0**

2.	MICHIGAN STATE	9-0	12.	SOUTHERN CAL	7-3
3.	GEORGIA TECH	10-1	13.	PRINCETON	8-1
4.	NOTRE DAME	9-1	14.	WASHINGTON ST.	8-2
5.	OKLAHOMA	9-1	15.	KANSAS	9-1
6.	WISCONSIN	8-1	16.	VIRGINIA	9-1
7.	ILLINOIS	8-1	17.	MISSISSIPPI	8-2
8.	CALIFORNIA	9-1	18.	TEXAS	8-2
9.	PENNSYLVANIA	8-1	19.	HOLY CROSS	9-1
10.	UCLA	7-2	20.	TENNESSEE	8-2
11.	OHIO STATE	7-2			

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: Kentucky 9-2; Colorado 8-2; Alabama 8-3; Duke 7-3; Washington 7-3; Georgia 8-3; Tulsa 9-1; TCU 7-3; Rice 7-3; Michigan 6-3; Wyoming 8-2

First Flight

Maryland 9-0 — Virginia 9-1

Second Flight

Duke 7-3 — Clemson 6-3
N. Car. 5-5 — Wake Forest 6-4
S. Car. 7-3 — Wm. & Mary 6-3
VMI 6-4

Third Flight

West Virginia 6-3 — G. Wash. 3-6
Wash. & Lee 5-5 — Citadel 5-5
Virginia Tech 4-7 — Louisville 4-4
N. Carolina St. 5-5 — Furman
Richmond 5-5 — Davidson

First Flight

Ga. Tech 10-1 — Tennessee 8-2
Mississippi 9-1 — Alabama 8-3

Second Flight

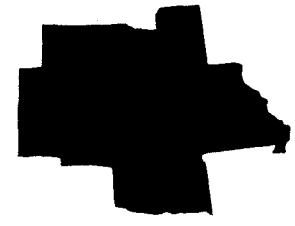
Georgia 8-3 — LSU 4-6
Kentucky 8-3 — Auburn 4-6
Tulane 6-4 — Miami 6-5
Florida 6-4 — Mississippi St. 3-6
Vanderbilt 4-6 — Miss. Southern 8-3
Chattanooga

First Flight

Texas 8-2 — Rice 7-3
TCU 7-3 — SMU 6-4
Arkansas 6-4

Second Flight

Baylor 5-5 — W. Texas State 5-4
Texas A&M 5-5 — McMurry 6-4
Texas Tech 8-3 — New Mex. A&M
Tempe 8-2 — E. Texas State 7-2
Hardin-Simmons 6-3 — Flagstaff
Arizona 6-4 — North Texas State
Abilene — Texas Western



First Flight

Oklahoma 9-1 — Colorado 8-2
Kansas 9-1 — Tulsa 9-1

Second Flight

Nebraska 5-5 — Iowa St. 4-5
Missouri 4-6 — Houston 5-5
Oklahoma A&M 4-6 — Wichita 5-5
Kansas St. 3-7 — Detroit 4-5
Drake 4-5 — Bradley

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...le Miss and Alabama, their toughest games

Syracuse, about ready to break through, was hopped up when fullback Bill Wetzel returned from Korea, where he drove a tank at the front and was the only survivor of one action. (Welcome home, Bill!)

Red Dawson should end Pitt's "coach-a-year" policy (four-for-four), though he will have nothing like the classy backs he directed at Michigan State. Hal Lahar also got caught briefly in the revolving door at Pitt en route from West Virginia to Colgate, which is serious about its gridiron chastity.

Otherwise, it's Bucknell, winner of 13 straight with a chance to go all the way again, though Coach Harry Lawrence reminds of 16 seniors lost. Maine is picked to retain the Bean Pot Trophy in the Yankee Conference, which also includes the state universities of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Williams, with a club that could make it three straight championships in the Potted Ivy circuit, is tooting for Tommy Dorsey, Jr., who, his coach Len Watters says, is really of All-America caliber. (Blow, Pappy, blow!)

MIDWEST

The heartland annually dominates football. This year only Iowa might be called an outsider, as losses were unusually heavy and coach Forest Evashevski is bringing in a new single-wing system with variations.

The other big ones are bunched in a handicapper's dream. The winner looks to be Michigan State, where Biggie Munn is building up another tornado that looks capable of sweeping right along and carrying the 15-game winning streak to 24. Ten from last year's squad graduated to the pros, but that old assembly line really operates. And 77 of the 96 men listed on the spring roster will be around in '53 when the Spartans enter formal Big Ten competition! Paul Dekker is rated a better all-round end than the highly regarded Bill Carey, now lost by graduation.

Munn is moaning about the lack of a quarterback; but his sorrow is a smile compared to that of Frank (Weep No More My) Leahy, the Johnnie Ray of the chalk lines, who foresees one of Notre Dame's worst seasons—and seems to believe it. Most folks, though, like the look of the Irish. Johnny Lattner is described as the best since Lujack—and Lujack, who has given up pro ball, will be there to coach him, giving rise to reasonable speculation that Leahy might be grooming him as a successor. There's a flock of other young backs like Worden, Heap and Guglielmi.

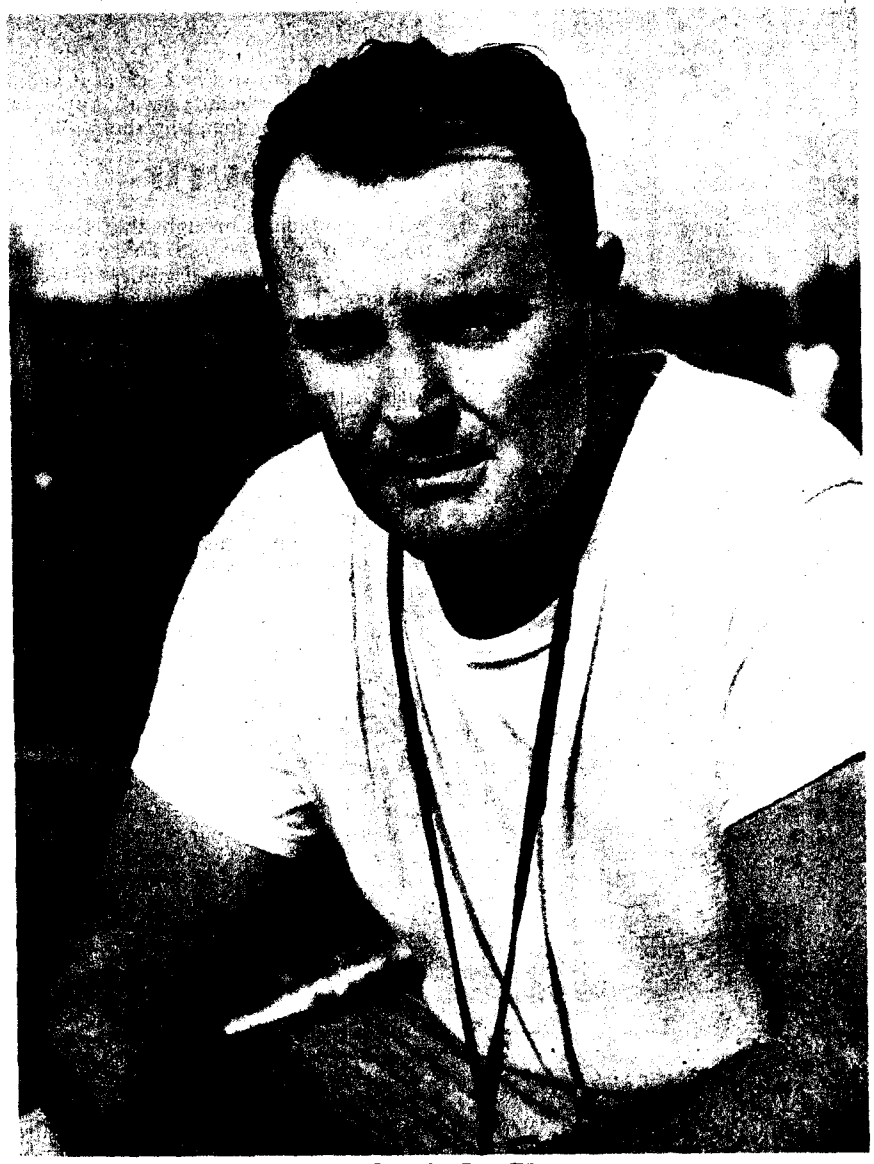
Worlds will collide at South Bend (Nov. 8th) when Oklahoma comes in for a clash between the two dominant schools and coaches of the postwar period. It's getting a bigger build-up than any game since the famous Ohio State-Notre Dame thriller of '35. (Sorry, no public sale.)

And Madison will be swarming (Oct. 4th) when Illinois and Wisconsin meet there for what my inspired vision tells me will be the Big Ten title, the Rose Bowl bid and potential coach-of-the-year honors for Ray Eliot or Ivy Williamson. The Illini took this one last year; and they're loaded again, with a supersafety in Al Brosky and with Tom O'Connell running those plays just as they come off the blackboard. But they can't go to the Rose Bowl again, a psychological handicap that has been known to hurt Big Ten teams.

Further, Wisconsin has Alan (the Horse) Ameche, another Nagurski (says Nagurski), who plowed to a new conference rushing record of 744 yards in his freshman season. And the Badgers constructed such a fine defensive dam that they were rated number one in the nation—and were also best offensively in the Big Ten.

If Wisconsin plants the Illini, they can just about get the roses in their noses by taking Ohio State the following week. But the Buckeyes aren't crossed easily in Columbus, particularly early in the season. And coach Woody Hayes will need this game to muffle the move, with more powerful support than ever, to bring back former mentor Paul Brown now of the Cleveland Browns. Vic Janowicz is gone, but the freshmen he kept on the bench look good, especially quarterback John Borton. Tony Curcillo is slated for fullback. The over-all material is as good as Michigan State's, but thin on seasoned linemen.

Purdue raced down the stretch last season to win the last four games,



Coach of the Year
Jim Tatum of Maryland

First Flight

Penn 8-1 Princeton 8-1
Holy Cross 9-1

Second Flight

Navy 6-3	Boston 7-3
Pitt 5-4	Dartmouth 6-3
Penn State 6-4	Army 4-5
Syracuse 7-2	Fordham 5-3
Villanova 6-3	Yale 5-4
Cornell 6-3	Columbia 4-5
Boston College 6-3	Harvard 5-4

Third Flight

Bucknell 8-1	Lehigh 6-3
Colgate 5-4	Delaware 5-3
Brown 3-6	NYU 3-5
Rutgers 6-3	Lafayette 3-6
Temple 4-6	Carnegie 5-3

New England

Coast Guard	Wesleyan
Maine	St. Michaels
Williams 7-1	Trinity
New Hampshire 6-2	Middlebury
Rhode Island 6-2	Colby
Connecticut 5-3	Springfield
Massachusetts 5-3	Vermont
Amherst 5-3	Norwich
Bowdoin 4-3	Bates
Brandeis	Tufts

First Flight

Michigan St. 9-0 Wisconsin 8-1
Notre Dame 9-1 Illinois 8-1
Ohio St. 7-2

Second Flight

Purdue 6-3	Minnesota 6-3
Michigan 6-3	Indiana 4-5
Northwestern 6-3	Iowa 3-6
Marquette 5-4	

Third Flight

Cincinnati 8-2	Western Michigan
Dayton 8-2	Kent State
Miami 7-2	Baldwin-Wallace
Xavier 7-3	Marshall
Toledo 7-2	Western Reserve
John Carroll 6-3	Ohio Wesleyan
Ohio 6-3	Muskingum
Youngstown	

First Flight

Wyoming 8-2 Denver 8-2
Utah 7-3 Utah St. 8-3
Colorado A&M 7-3

Second Flight

Brig. Young 6-4	Colo. College
New Mexico 5-4	Colorado St.
Montana 4-5	Western St.
Colorado Mines 5-3	Adams St.
Idaho St.	Montana St.

First Flight

California 9-1 Southern Cal 8-2
UCLA 7-2 Washington St. 8-2
Washington 7-3

Second Flight

Santa Clara 7-2	C. of Pacific 7-2
Stanford 6-4	Idaho 5-4
Oregon 4-6	San Jose
Oregon St. 4-5	Fresno

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
WISCONSIN over CALIFORNIA
Sugar Bowl
MARYLAND over OKLAHOMA
Cotton Bowl
GEORGIA TECH over TEXAS
Orange Bowl
KANSAS over VIRGINIA

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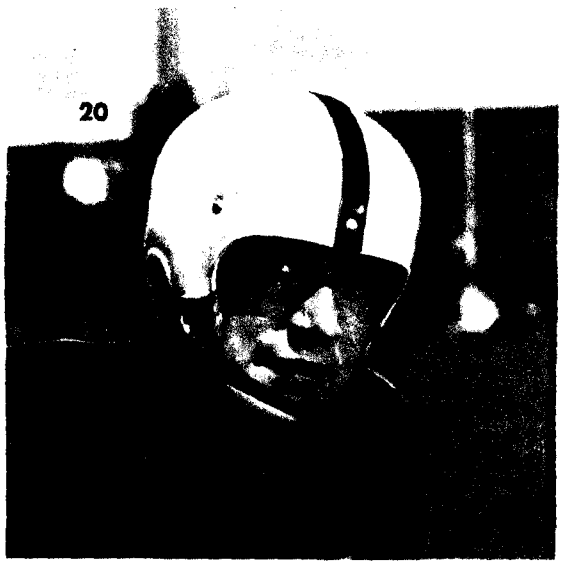
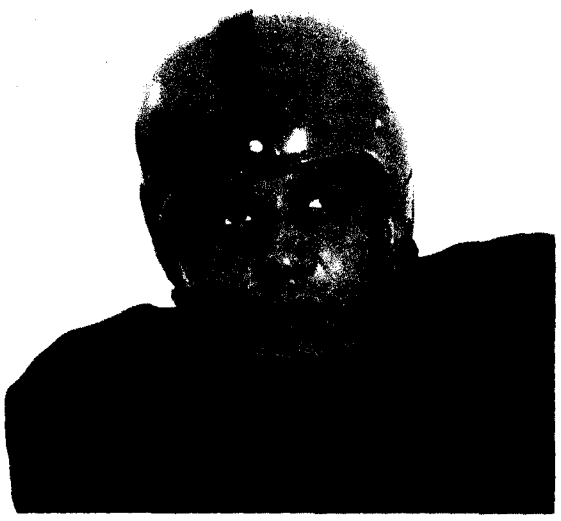


Soph Back: Alan Ameche of Wisconsin



Soph Lineman: Don Tate of Illinois

Seasoned by varsity play as frosh, many sophs are key men

second place in the Big Ten, second total-offense honors and almost catch the Rose Bowl special. All the important backs are back, led by Dale Samuels, the T-quarterback who has completed 155 passes in two years for a .468 average and 17 touchdowns. They play all the tough ones except Wisconsin and are not at all perturbed. With 40 sophomores on the squad, the Boilermakers should have a full head of steam by November.

Wes Fesler is happy at Minnesota for one big reason—an unadvertised sophomore named Paul (Duz) Giel, whom he found waiting last year. Wes has just the type of offense for one of those kids who duz everything; and Paul, playing on a team that won only two games, wrote a page of new school records, plus a Big Ten total offense mark of 1,079 yards for six games. He also punts and plays defense. And this year he figures to get some blocking, so get a new page ready. But how about a defense that gave up 258 points? If Fesler could get together with Benny Oosterbaan at Michigan on a little lend-lease, they would both be better off. Benny is looking for a tailback like Giel, but has defense to spare. Nobody is going to push those Wolverines around, of course; but it looks like a repetition of last year, when they failed to win or tie for the Big Ten title for the first time in five seasons.

Northwestern expects to be better than it has been at any time since its Rose Bowl team of '48; but everybody else is better, too, so the Purple record may not be. Bernie Crimmins—who moved downstate from Notre Dame, where he was assistant, to Indiana, where he's head man—inherits a tight first team with that old Hoosier trouble: not enough reserves for a consistently tough schedule.

In the Mid-America Conference—a well-knit, smartly coached group—the top teams usually do a good job of confounding both one another and the dope; and five of them will be back at it again this time. By a schedule break, however, Kent State could sneak by them all.

SOUTH

The evangelists brought that old-time amateur religion to the Tobacco Trail last year, banning bowl games in fertile territory. But Maryland and Clemson sinned and were cast into the schedule darkness for this season. Maryland came up with an independent card that will qualify her for the national championship, if she can take all the chips. In any event, another bowl bid looms. About that, Maryland ain't sayin'; but I hear from other sources that "something might be done about this unwieldy 17-school setup"—meaning, the Southern Conference might become a two-party system. You can take it from there.

Any doubt about Maryland's class was removed by testimony from Tennessee folks after the Sugar Bowl game. Jim Tatum, my pick for Coach of the Year, has been building toward this spot since he left Oklahoma six years ago. He has everything the prescription calls for, including Jack Scarbath, a superb split-T quarterback, and a line, led by Dick Modzelewski, which restrained opponents to a 75.5-yard-per-game rushing average last year. The Terrible Terrapins go in with a 12-game streak and should be near the top all season. The two toughest games, Ole Miss and Alabama, come at the end of the trail.

Its new schedule gives Clemson tougher opponents than usual; but the Tigers have had a way of coming up to situations. They ranked second in the nation on aerial blocks last year, did not allow a touchdown pass; and that secondary defense is back intact. Virginia could cut a clear path, as it almost did last year except for an early 14-42 defeat by Wash-Lee. Coach Art Guepe has All-America candidates in end Tom Scott and Mel Roach, a sophomore who might this year develop into the best quarterback in Cavalier history. The tip on Duke will come against SMU (Sept. 26th). The well-stacked squad has caught fire under "Smilin' Bill" Murray and features a terror trio at tackle—"Country" Meadows, "Tank" Lawrence and Ray Green.

Carl Snavely, current president of the Coaches Association, has brought in one of his pupils, George Barclay, recently of Washington and Lee, to install the split-T at North Carolina. Otto Graham also helped during the spring in the search for a quarterback. The material is good, with more depth than in recent years, but the schedule is triple tough. Wake Forest figures to have another of its down-the-middle squads, with Jack Lewis, a premed student, rated a terrific 50-minute end by foe and friend. Coach Rex Enright, tougher than usual at South Carolina, might upset some of the impressive applecarts on his schedule.

Three new coaches enter here: William and Mary expects its fourth mentor in eight months (correct) to lead it out of the recent sea of sorrows; and Coach Jackie Freeman just might win the conference title. Carl Wise followed Barclay at Washington and Lee, and Horace Hendrickson replaced Beattie Feathers at North Carolina State. Each brought his carpenter tools and the customary optimism.

SOUTHEAST

The Dixiegrids, who have been sending strong delegations to the national conventions in recent years, seem to be taking a bit of a breather this time. Only Georgia Tech has really impressive credentials. But they won't go unchallenged. The Rambling Wreck rolled right over my predictions, beating ten opponents and tying one last season, and went on to an Orange Bowl triumph, thanks largely to the premature "arrival" of a group of earth-scorching 200-pound freshmen babies not expected to start clicking until this season. They're all back, and Engineer supporters now speak only in such superlatives as "Shorty Hardeman, finest back in the South"; "Hal Miller, most efficient offensive tackle"; and "Larry Morris, potentially the greatest fullback in Georgia Tech history."

But the figures point to Bobby Marlow, Alabama senior, as "the finest back in the South." He was my eighth-ranking man last year; and when no word came during the season, I figured he had been hurt, too. But Bobby had made the mistake of racking up a few tackles; so he became a 60-minute man. While he still averaged 6.4 yards a play on offense and scored 72 points, his team lost six games. And who's interested in the hero of a lost cause? This year he'll have more help and is expected to play only offense.

You can almost set your watch by General Neyland's operations at Tennessee. After losing only one scheduled game and playing in the Cotton and Sugar Bowls during the last two seasons, he is now regrouping for a new assault, which usually takes a year to develop. He has the linemen, with John Michels and Doug Atkins as superterrificos; Andy Kozar is the big backfield muscle; and if Pat Shires should ignite at tailback, the Volunteers might anticipate the general's plans even this year. Ole Miss has the best running backs in the league and could be the sleeper. The alarm clock will go off against Kentucky (Sept. 27th); if the Johnny Rebs win that one impressively, they can begin looking forward to a big date with Maryland (Nov. 15th).

Kentucky is switching to a running game following the loss of that superb second-story artist, Passing Babe Parilli. It has fine linemen, led my Gene Donaldson and Steve Meilinger; fair backs; and the good reserves always present in a first-class operation. At Georgia, coach Wally Butts has perhaps the best passing battery of the year in Zeke Bratkowski and Harry Babcock, with Babcock, a two-way end, looming as an All-America candidate. But the rest of the squad may not be up to a rough schedule.

Coach Bob Woodruff, rocked when Haywood Sullivan left Florida for pro baseball, will have his well-known calm seriously threatened if his other backfield ace, Rick Casares, is drafted. Casares, an unusually versatile player, is the only top-flighter endangered by a possible military call as the season was about to begin. Charlie La Pradd, 'Gator tackle, could be the top defensive lineman of the conference.

Vanderbilt, following the departure of Bill Wade, is also retooling to a running game. Bill Edwards has a good defense, and an offense spearheaded by another outstanding end, Ben Roderick, and might be tough again in November. Tulane, where Raymond (Bear) Wolf succeeds Henry Frnka as pilot, has fine backs in Max McGee and Les Kennedy to build around. LSU, hardest hit by graduation of all the major teams, also has a schedule even Maryland might not be able to handle.

Ralph Jordan, who has been performing minor miracles at Auburn, has added some splits to his T to take advantage of the running ability of quarterback Vince Dooley. Murray Warmath, succeeding Slick Morton at the helm of Mississippi State, will be digging in the basement with back Joe Fortunato as his chief helper. Miami was depleted by graduation but has good youngsters and should develop in late season. Fullback Bucky McElroy of Mississippi Southern, a school on the upgrade, has already been drafted by the Chicago Bears.

SOUTHWEST

This may cost me the ten-gallon white hat the Dallas folks gave me—but there just doesn't seem to be much to brag about in Texas but some little old linemen. This situation is unprecedented but comprehensible. The Southwest graduated a flock of senior stars, and the schools didn't play freshmen last year; so the coaches lack that seasoned class of sophomores which exists in other places. And this figures to hurt them in the first three games, which almost every conference team devotes to strong intersectional foes. It is quite possible, of course, that on the field the lads may confound my calculations; in which case my address will be Parts Unknown.

Texas gets the nod by a longhorn's sneeze. Gib Dawson is the ranking back of the section; Tom Stohlhandske and Harley Sewell are top linemen; and the sophs are excellent. But their quarterback-passer, Bunny Andrews, played only 12 minutes last season. And the Steers open with four outsiders, including Notre Dame and Oklahoma—after which they take on Arkansas, a team that could be the dark horse of this consistently unpredictable field. The Razorbacks have the best all-round backfield in the league, sparked by Lamar McHan, a most versatile T-quarterback;

Sophomore Squad

(The All-Americas of 1954)

ENDS: Arnelle (Penn St.); McNamara (Minn.); Boydston (Okla.); Duckett (Mich. St.).

TACKLES: Preziosio (Purdue); D. Tate (Ill.); Bixler (Kan.); Jackson (Penn); Morze (BC).

GUARDS: Reichenbach (Ohio St.); Fournet (LSU); Salsbury, Debay (UCLA); Bowersox (Md.); Lee (ND); Stensby (Wisc.).

CENTERS: Szymanski (ND); Hazeltine (Cal.); White (N. Mex.); Simpkins (Ky.).

BACKS: Ameche (Wisc.); Shaw (Ore.); Parker (NCU); Guglielmi (ND); Barger (Duke); Luna (Ala.); Lutz (Duke); Dean (Va. Tech); Muirhead (Miss.); L. Morris (Ga. Tech); McDonald (Mich.); Hardy (Colo.); Carroll (Okla.); Ford (Pitt); Reynolds (ND); Cifra (Neb.); Abbruzzi (Rhode Island); Heap (ND); Eidom (SMU); Clinkscale (TCU); Raster (Navy); Kane (BC); Goodsell, Borton, Watkins (Ohio St.); Bolden (Mich. St.); Quinn, Graham (Tex.); Waller, Horning (Md.); Paslay (Miss.); Hynoski (Penn); Frye, Emery (Prince.); Lalla (Colg.); DeMoss (Ill.); Dandoy (USC); Calame (Okla.).

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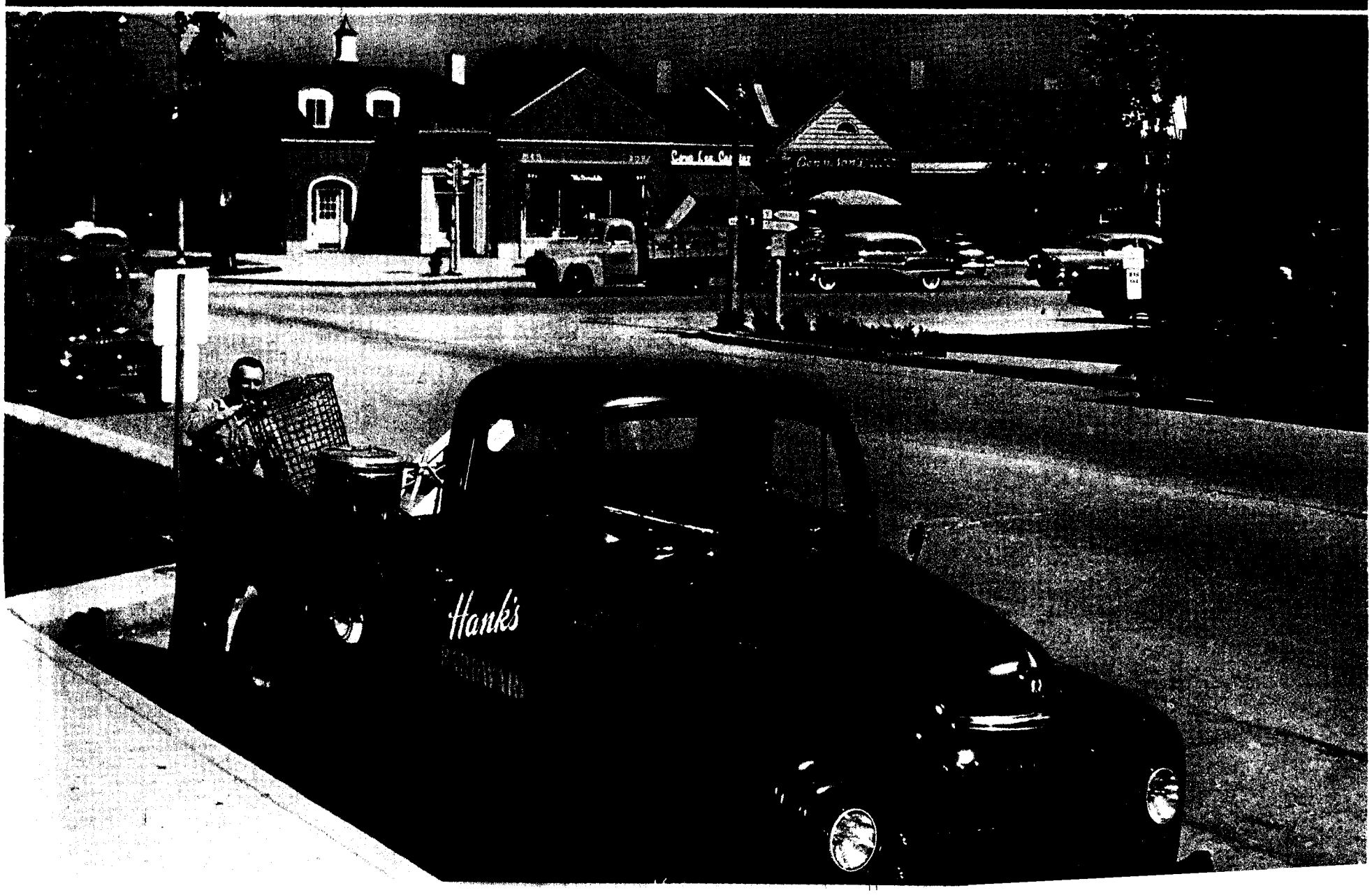

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they lost a few linemen but have sophomore replacements.

Picking against coach Dutch Meyer at TCU is hazardous when he returns 15 of the first 22 of last season's titlists, plus Ronald Clinkscale, a highly regarded sophomore back who runs the 100-yard dash in 9.6. But the '51 record was a poor 6-5, including a Cotton Bowl defeat; two top backs, Gil Bartosh and Mal Fowler have questionable knees; Bobby Jack Floyd was lost during the spring—and the spread needs a good fullback in there. (So okay, Dutch, make a bum outa me.)

Jess Neely of Rice is another of those calendar coaches who builds three years ahead. He isn't due until next season; but the last time around, he made the grade a full year ahead; and his squads are frequently better than they look on paper. Depends on how fast his '51 sophs develop. But there's no doubt about line-backer Don Rhoden, whom his teammates call Deep Freeze—because Donnie chills 'em when he hits 'em. Dan Drake is a capable quarterback.

SMU could be the fooler. With Fred Benners gone, coach Rusty Russell, an offensive genius, has switched to a running game and has plenty of good men to work it, including Jerry Norton, a junior, and Frank Eidom, a sophomore so highly touted that he might have won several of the close ones the Mustangs lost last year if frosh had been eligible. Bill Forester is a tackle with plenty of bounce—and he also switches to fullback on Operation Bulldozer.

Baylor lacks Larry Isbell and many others. Jerry Coody, a ministerial student, shoulders the offense, and Bill Athey, described by one competent critic as "the best college guard I ever saw," is defensive floor manager. Texas A&M lost a flock of senior stars; but I'm told this might be one of those cases where it was a good idea. Plenty of sophs and Don Ellis, a "Doak Walker-type" transfer from LSU, plus tackle Jack Little might add to a long shot, if you go in for those things.

In the Border Conference it's Texas Tech again, almost as usual, but smarting over a "smoke-filled-room" action which kept it from Southwest Conference membership. Indiana's Clyde Smith has taken over at troubled Tempe, and they couldn't have picked a higher-type man to get them off that rap of a year's probation for, let us say, "confused identity." Warren Woodson has switched to Arizona from Hardin-Simmons, which moved up Murray Evans from an assistant's job. And who do you think is Murray's assistant? Feller called Sammy Baugh. Has a ranch 80 miles away; part-time associate coach now, but will be full-time associate when he retires from the Redskins next year—mebbe.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Surprise! It's Oklahoma again. Bud Wilkinson has yet to lose a game in Big Seven competition, while taking five straight championships. And some say this will be Oklahoma's greatest team. The highly touted 1949 backfield of Vessels, McPhail, Crowder and Carroll will be reunited, now that Tom Carroll has returned from Korea and will play as a sophomore. There's no doubt about the class of the others, seniors now, including Billy (the Kid) Vessels, who seems to have completely recovered from his knee injury. Center Tom Catlin, my Lineman of the Year, is a 50-minute coach's dream.

There are a flock of other seasoned men and Bud can point for the Irish.

Unsung Lineman
Bill Turnbeaugh of Auburn

Unsung Back
Mitchell Price of Columbia

The only reason I'm picking, perhaps foolishly, against the Sooners in the big one is because I've never known a good Notre Dame team to fail when the chips were down. I'm picking the Sooners for the Sugar Bowl, though the Big Seven has ruled against postseason games. The circuit might change the ruling.

Kansas was supposed to be a barnburner last year, but an injury to Charlie Hoag slowed them up. Fourteen of the first 22 return, with a very important addition—Gil Reich, a transfer from West Point, who could be a surprise All-America quarterback since he does everything well on offense and defense. If Reich and Hoag both have good years, Oklahoma had better not think too much about Notre Dame—particularly since the Jayhawks catch the Sooners the week after they play Texas.

Colorado, well stocked and confident, plays Oklahoma and Kansas in the first three games, but nothing else should bother them. Sophomore Carroll Hardy is a comer. Nebraska was the "most snake-bitten" school of the '51 season: Bobby Reynolds was out with a bum shoulder before the season began; and when he came back, he got a lime burn in his eye. Now he's a senior and at Lincoln they feel he will at least approach his antics as a sophomore. The squad is much improved; so if Bobby starts bobbin' again, be prepared for anything. They still haven't settled that argument about who's tops among Reynolds-Vessels-Hoag. Several critics picked Hoag to surpass the other two this time, which wouldn't annoy me since he was my Soph Back of the Year in '50.

Dan Faurot, the Missouri mentor, still doesn't show much on paper, but he must have something since he opens with nothing less than Maryland and California and goes on from there. Iowa State will cause trouble; and Kansas State will add two of the Army boys to their fine all-round back, Veryl Switzer. Elmer Stout, former Army center, is now a topflight fullback and linebacker at Oklahoma Aggies, where we also find John Weigle, former Georgia Tech star end.

Tulsa should take the Missouri Valley Conference and perhaps go undefeated. In addition to 16 of the first 22 from last year, they've picked up valuable transfers. And at Houston is J. D. Kimmel, an ex-Army tackle who probably will be as good as any you'll find. Detroit has picked up Ted Marchibroda, an exceptional T-quarterback and passer from St. Bonaventure.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

In June, the Skyline Eight abolished athletic scholarships and forbade "solicitation of any student with an offer of financial aid or inducements." Presumably this includes mental athletes. But the Rocky Mountains must be quite a place to police.

On the field, Wyoming, with three top backs, again seems best; but Utah, Denver, Utah State and Colorado Aggies see themselves in the fight, which should insure a merry time this fall among the far-flung crags and valleys. All the leaders are exceptionally well stocked with experienced men, and each school has its leading man. This is a hunting ground where the pros bag unadvertised names; so watch for Larry White, the soph center Dud DeGroot is bringing along at New Mexico. The only coaching change was at Montana, where Eddie Chinske moved up after Ted Shipkey, a long and honorable campaigner in these wars, retired to the tire business.

PACIFIC COAST

Johnny O (for Olszewski) is the key to the Coast this season, as he was last, when California lost its only two games while Johnny's joint (a banged-up knee) was jumping in and out and under whirlpool baths and diathermy machines. It was not operated upon, but it stood up under a rugged spring practice. Everybody agrees that Lynn Waldorf has everything else he needs (everybody but Large Lynn, of course). If Johnny boomerangs back, we might even see a Coast victory in the Rose Bowl.

At Southern Cal it has become the custom to say that the coach's problem is "which eleven to play?" Jess Hill played the right eleven for the first seven games last year and this time might go through. He has gone back to what looks like the old Howard Jones system, which ground out tailback stars; long-threatening Al Carmichael might come through in his senior year. This could be the UCLA year Red Sanders has been working toward since he came from Vanderbilt four seasons back. His first 22 squadmen are as good as you'll find; and junior Paul Cameron may be an even better tailback than that Giel lad at Minnesota. Line-backer Donn Moomaw heads a fine host of defensive gangbusters.

Coaches, get ready to drool. Al Kircher, who succeeds Forest Evashevski at Washington State, inherits Bob Burkhart, who set a new Coast passing record; Ed Barker, an end who set a new national record of 46 receptions for 864 yards; Don Steinbrunner, perhaps a better all-round end ("better than half of the pros right now"); 16 all-staters from an undefeated frosh team—and other such items. But the schedule was arranged by See America First, Inc., and opponents will be pointing. Still, anything might happen here.

Last year I wrote about Stanford: "If Chuck Taylor can fire them up, they can do it"—which Chuck and they did; but I cautiously picked them to show instead of on the nose. This time the consensus is against the Indians being red-hot again. But Washington is in about the same spot Stanford was last year. The Huskies lost four games by one touchdown or less last time; but now have Don Heinrich back to pitch for them. I'm picking them fifth, on expert advice, so they will probably win.

The Broncs may start bucking again at Santa Clara, where Dick Gallagher (who coached Cleveland's incomparable pro receivers Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli) rates Gern Nagler a great end. Oregon is retrieving gradually, but has a terrific sophomore back in George Shaw, who broke the NCAA record for pass interceptions (13) as a freshman last year. Oregon State's losses were too heavy to rank them beyond stubborn; and College of the Pacific comes up with its annual backfield luminary in Tom McCormick, who goes both ways.

THE STANDOUTS

Now get ready to admire some fancy footwork to cover the fact that last season I picked neither the Back, the Lineman, nor the Coach of the Year. My back was Janowicz, who was below par physically after the first game and virtually sat out two in midseason; and whose Ohio State team flopped. But did you notice who won the trophy as star of the East-West game when he was feeling good? V (for Victory) Janowicz. He also happens to have been my Soph Back of the Year in '49, and Bill McColl of Stanford was on my soph team that year. Last year I wrote at length of my reasons for picking Les Richter for Lineman of the Year over McColl. So McColl won. But (here it comes again), did you notice whom the Los Angeles Rams traded eleven pros for? Richter.

All my choice for coach, General

Little All-America Squad

(A token list)

ENDS—Currin (Dayton); Lyssy (Hardin-Simmons); Craig (Carnegie); Campbell (Florida St.); Rogers (Conn.).

TACKLES—Flyzik (George Washington); Nolan (Mass.); Kooistra (New Hampshire); Sullivan (Williams); Petrich (Citadel); Ashley (E. Texas St.).

GUARDS—Spada (Wesleyan); DiSpirito (Rhode Island); Kitsos (Lehigh).

CENTERS—Agostinelli (Bowdoin); McVay (Miami, O.); Knop (Louisville).

BACKS—Dorsey (Williams); Ledyard (Chattanooga); Pagna (Miami, O.); Myers, Talmage (Bucknell); McCormick (CoP); McElroy (Miss. South.); Natali (Cal. Teachers).

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urn the spotlight on these men . . .

Robert Neyland, could do was win the national championship and 19 straight regular-season games. Not good enough. So along comes this freshman, Stanford's Chuck Taylor, out of nowhere and noses out my man. But three others of my 11 finished in the first 10 of the official poll.

So, for this year, I'm taking a flier on Back of the Year—in the sense that Jack Scarbath of Maryland has not had the build-up of some of the others. He ranked 20th in the rating for national backs. But Dick Kazmaier ranked *seventeenth* last year at this stage; and ran away from the pack because he was the leading man of an undefeated team in the spotlight. Scarbath is in an even better publicity position.

So it's Scarbath, followed by the other members of my first-string backfield—Johnny O, Lattner and Vessels; though almost any of the first dozen on the All-America squad might make it—with a particular bow to Harry Agganis, who the pros say is *it*, and who might leap the barrier of an inferior schedule. Oklahoma's Tom Catlin is my Lineman of the Year because I've been assured for two seasons now that this lad is superior in every sense. Watch the special way Bud Wilkinson plays him—the only rest Catlin gets is when the ball is in enemy territory. I'll back him up with Dick Modzelewski of Maryland, Bill Athey of Baylor and Frank McPhee of Princeton.

Let's make it a Maryland landslide by picking Jim Tatum as Coach of the Year; with a vote of confidence for Biggie Munn, (Mich. St.); Ivy Williamson (Wisc.); Ray Eliot (Ill.); Red Sanders (UCLA); Art Guepe (Va.); and Woody Hayes at Ohio State. I'm passing up Leahy, Wilkinson, Waldorf and Caldwell because the coaches, who do the picking, have a way of passing previous winners. (So, I suppose, after picking him two straight years, this time the winner will be Neyland.)

The sophomore squad is large, and easier to pick this time because so many are proven men. My first team will be the first named at each position; and the others will follow in order. Alan Ameche could crash the first-string All-America backfield, perhaps even become Back of the Year.

Now bring up the flower wagon for my Unsung Heroes. Mitchell Price of Columbia is one of the many who could be first-string All-America backs if they happened to play on a championship team. And Auburn's Bill Turnbeaugh is something special among unsung linemen. Bill, who has extremely poor vision, made the third All-Conference team as a junior.

He is as close to a blind man on a football field as you are ever likely to find. He plays by ground vibrations and the pressure against him, fights for the ball carrier according to the direction of the block against him. He stands six feet three inches, weighs 255, is big enough to grab interference and ball carrier at the same time, and has been known to include a fellow Auburn defender in his catch. He doesn't wear contact lenses because then he "sees too much" and gets confused; and because they sometimes get mixed with dirt and get painful.

You don't believe it, maybe? So I wrote his doctor, and this came back over the signature of R. N. Bedsole, O.D.: "Bill Turnbeaugh . . . Extreme myopia (nearsightedness) with astigmatism in both eyes. Unaided visual acuity 20-200. Impossible to see clearly at over arm's length."

Think that's something?

Every year I sit down with my crystal ball. . . . ▲▲▲

Unsung Heroes

MITCHELL PRICE, Columbia (Back)

BILL TURNBEAUGH, Auburn (Lineman)

BURT INGWERSEN, Illinois (Line Coach)

Unsung Squad

(A token list of boys who belong on the All-America squad but who figure to get shut out because of team records or better-publicized men on their own squads. Twelve '51 topflighters broke out of this limbo. Those in capitals have the best chance)

ENDS: RODERICK (Vand.); Ward (Col.); ALDERTON (Md.); Weigle (Okla. A&M); JOSLIN (Ohio St.); Norris (NCU); McClary (Wash.); Thomas (W-L); Capuano (BU); Layman (Wyo.); McShulskis (Kan. St.); Bischoff (WVU); Martin (Ga. Tech); W. Martin (TCU); Emanuel (Neb.).

TACKLES: KIMMEL (Houston); Anderson (Rutg.); MORGAN (Md.); Krueger (Cal.); Miller (LSU); Lawrence (Duke); HIETIKKO (Ohio St.); Hegarty (Villa.); Kreamcheck (W&M); Turnbeaugh (Auburn); Zatkoff (Mich.); Prewett (Tulsa); Fry (Ky.); Haslam (Tenn.); Huizinga (NW); Minnick (Neb.); Gilbert (Miss.); Chapman (Rice); Earley (SC); Delavan (CoP).

GUARDS: Buonopane (HC); Reich (Dart.); Lenzini (Ill.); Smith (UCLA); O'Brien (Wisc.); ROBERTS (Okla.); Mitinger (Yale); Lunn (Army); PEVIANI (USC); Holohan (Tenn.); Bauer (Ill.); Shalosky (Cinc.); Mims (Miss.); Donarski (Ariz.); Cataloni (BU); Rowe (Yale); Chickillo (Miami, Fla.).

CENTERS: Merrill (Ohio St.); Hugo (Denver); DeRose (Villa.); GRIGGS (Ky.); Welsh (USC); O'Shaughnessy (Mich.); Arns (Iowa St.); Tepe (Duke).

BACKS: Norton (SMU); LEAR (Miss.); HEAD (Wash. St.); WORDEN (ND); Geldien (Wyo.); BROSKY (Ill.); CROWDER, GRIGG (Okla.); Gedman (Ind.); Ane (USC); Drake (Rice); Witt (Wisc.); Pollard (Penn St.); Johnson (BC); HAIR (Clem.); Switzer (Kan. St.); Franco (Navy); Sprague (Wash.); Reynolds (Pitt); WELLS (Mich. St.); Fortunato (Miss. St.); Baker (Ore. St.); WAUGH (Tulsa); STOUT (Okla. A&M); FULLERTON (Md.); Webster (NC St.); CARMICHAEL (USC); H. Smith (Prince.); Mioduszewski (W&M); H. Jones (Ky.); Kennedy (Tulane); J. Smith (Duke); Hren (N'western); Samuels (Purdue); Dooley (Auburn); McKOWN (TCU); Ellis (Tex. A&M); P. Carr (Houston); Marchibroda (Det.).

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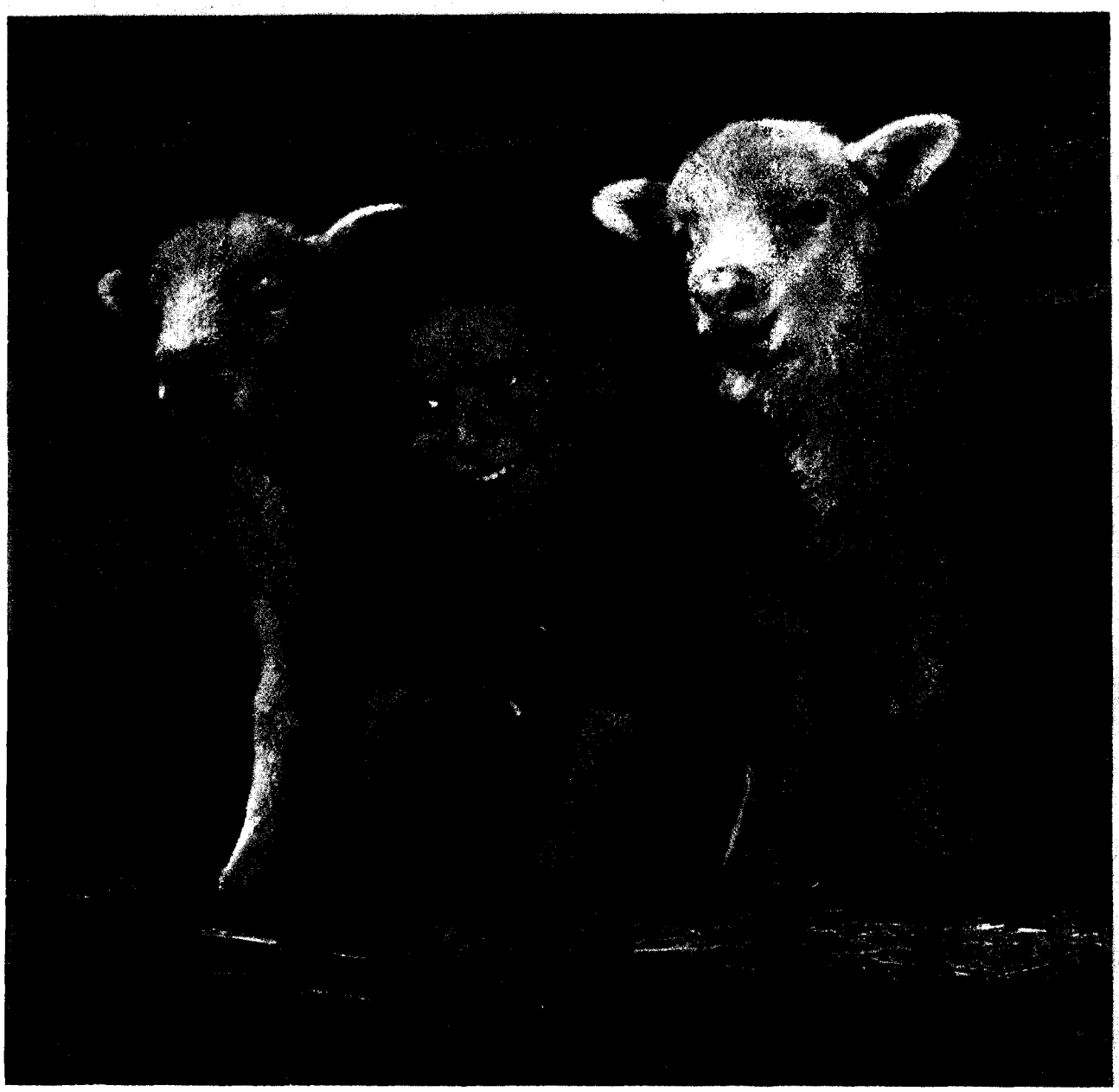

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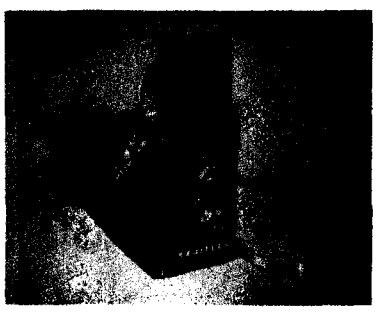

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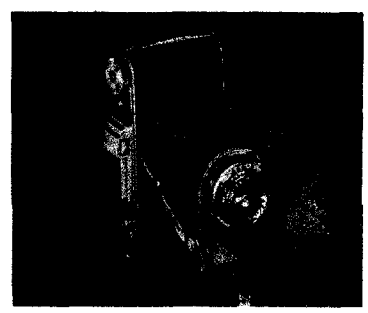

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What can we expect of our French allies? Here's an illuminating answer—not from the mouths of politicians, but from the tough, individualistic farmers who once terrorized the Germans

AN AMERICAN politician, running for re-election, reads the newspapers, cons the columnists, meets with his party organization—and then, if he is intelligent, goes into the country and listens to what the farmers are saying. The newspapers are not enough; if a candidate heeds them alone, he is likely to be very badly fooled.

French newspapers are more distant from the people than our own, if that is possible. One day of reading the Paris journals can bring on a state of confusion that may last for weeks.

I do not know what the people of France are thinking, but I do know to a certain extent what the farmers, winegrowers, teachers and kids of the little village of Poligny are thinking and talking about. This seems important to me. People like these are the soul and guts of France. They continued to fight the Germans after their government and armies were gone. It should not be surprising that they are as tough and individualistic as our own farmers. I believe that the future of Europe will be decided by people such as these. I think that it is a good thing to hear what they have to say.

Poligny is in the Jura, the rich, rising lap of the great mountains which separate France from Switzerland. Some of the best wines of France come from this district.

The people are hardy and hard-working. During the war, a good number of the men were wounded in their unrelenting war against the occupation forces, and lots of them bear the marks of the concentration camps. They were not broken. They remain incorrigible individuals, no two holding opinions exactly alike.

We were invited to visit by Louis Gibey, a teacher who raises grapes. Louis and his wife and his three little daughters live in a very old house on a dirt street in Poligny. His neighbors are the peasant farmers of the district. The street swarms with children, with dogs, and, morning and evening, with cows strolling to and from their pasturage. A hundred yards away, the vineyards begin their climb up the hills. The village lies in the pass that leads upward to Switzerland. It is a town of great age. Probably it was here when the Romans came. A tower and part of a city wall recall the Middle Ages, and its churches date from the twelfth century.

Louis' house is innocent of plumbing, but he does have a hand pump in the kitchen, a wonderful luxury. Most of the houses in the street get their water from the municipal fountain. With the Gibey family live one white rabbit, one Siamese cat with a crooked tail, known as Tail-tail, a lady hound-dog called Diane to indicate her hunting ability, and a reasonable facsimile of a basset hound, named Miro, also a great hunter, who can open doors. This remarkable dog can also slip up beside you, as you sit at table, and get your dinner from under your raised fork.

Every Family Has Its Hunting Dog

The peasants of the street love to hunt. Every family owns at least one hunting dog, and one dog named Ticot is so famous that the birth of his son, which occurred while we were there, aroused the whole street. The men hunt rabbits, hares, small deer, foxes and several kinds of game birds. They are crack shots, a characteristic which gave the occupying Germans no comfort.

By our standards, the peasant houses are not immaculate, and there is little physical luxury, but the food is good and plentiful, the wine superb.

We were given the best room in the house, newly plastered by our host. The children had new shoes for the occasion, but the shoes h been bought for glory rather than comfort a hurt the little girls' feet. Mostly the shoes w left off but kept on display, thus preserving b grandeur and comfort.

Once settled in Poligny, we promptly beca involved in the three important activities of Rue de Charcigny—and, indeed, the whole tow wine, hunting and politics.

Wine is by far the most important of these m ters to the townspeople. Each man has his own c lar, besides belonging to the co-operative wh ferments, bottles and markets his grapes.

You visit a man in his house, and he bring crusty bottle up from below ground. His w rushes wonderful cheese to the table. A little lugs in a loaf of bread approximately as big as is. The bread has a fine crisp crust and the sc taste of great French bread. Now you are rea for business.

Your host handles the dusty bottle as tenderly he might move a flask of nitroglycerin. A silen falls on the room as he slowly twists the co screw in. There is a tiny squeak as the cork con out. Your host looks at the cork, turns it ov smells it and then passes it to his guests. The qu ity of the cork is the first clue to the quality of wine. This bottle is of the year 1947, one of greatest years the district has ever known.

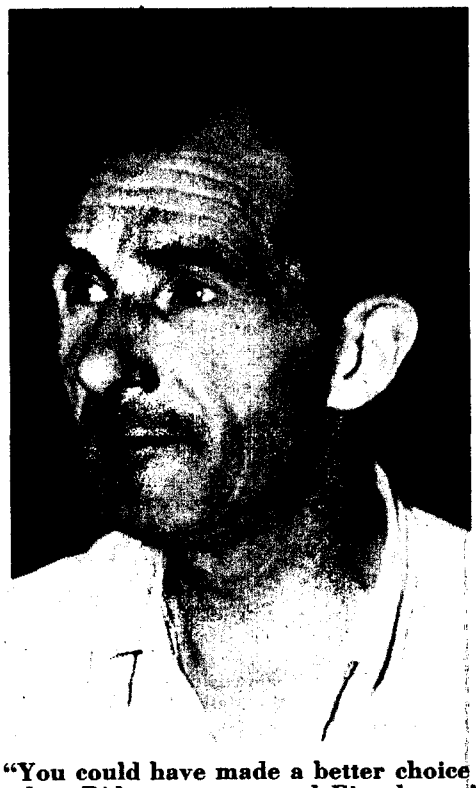
The host pours off a few drops, to get rid of bits of cork. Then he fills the glasses. Now glasses are clicked together and each man drin There is silence for a moment, and then the h says, "I detect a little harshness."

A neighbor sitting on his left is staring at amber wine. "Have you forgotten the season?" asks. "The vines are in flower."

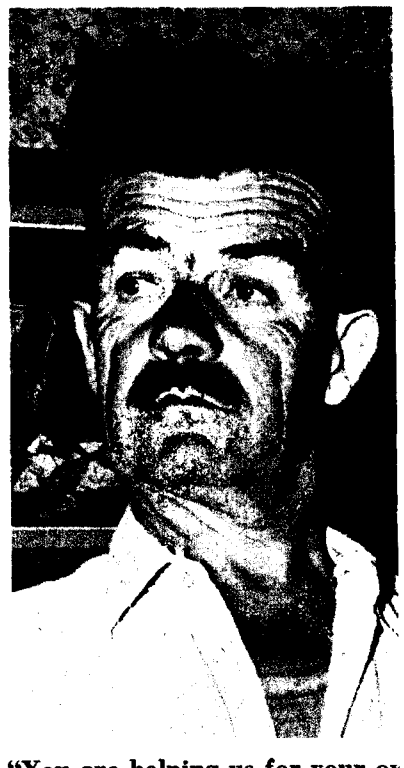
"Of course they are," says the host and he plains to us.

"You have had your scandals in government; we read about them"

"How can you be sure germs were not used in Korea? We hear so much talk"



"You could have made a better choice than Ridgway to succeed Eisenhower"



"You are helping us for your ov good . . . using us to defend y

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELAINE STEINBECK

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'RANCE"

By JOHN STEINBECK

In little village of Po[illegible] author (r.) and his hos[illegible] product

the spring, when the flowers are on the vines before the new grapes are set, the wine in barand in bottles remembers the time of its own ering. Then there is a little stir in the wine a small amount of refermentation takes place. flavor changes a little; it has a restless taste. then after the flowering, the wine settles down n. But whatever the reason for it, be it memor the warming spring air, or pure magic—it is ally true that the wine does grow uneasy and tle harsh during the vines' flowering.

Lives Dedicated to Making Wine

ow the glasses are refilled and perhaps a neighslips out and returns with a dusty bottle from own cellar. And the talk is of wine. For per- 1,000 years, the ancestors of these men have ed their vines on the slopes behind the town, the slow knowledge, or feeling, or instinct, has mulated. Wine is the greatest single thing in lives.

hey are like all country people. They boast their wine is the finest in France and yet they fault with every bottle they open. This bottle rky, this one is not cool enough, this one too . This bottle was shaken while being carried e table. It is exactly like my Aunt Mamie, who great cook. She serves a wonderful dinner, ect in every detail, and she complains the le time—the oven wasn't right, the eggs not h enough, the chicken too tough, the yeast in high, lovely biscuits was a traitor. I guess it is uality all perfectionists have, never to admit r work is perfect.

/e sat long at the table, eating the hunks of id and nibbling the soft country cheese and ng the firm Gruyère, which we call domestic ss cheese. A dairyman tasted the cheese with the same application the wine makers have devoted to the wine.

"In some places in the world," he said, "I have heard that people think the best cheese should have large holes. This is not true. The very best cheese has few holes and those very small and perfectly round."

"Remark the bread," our host said. "See, it is not white. This is a sadness. It is late in the season. French flour is getting low, and at the bottom of the barrel the flour is not white."

We do not want to do anything that will lead to war. We have peace now and we want to keep it"

Collier's for August 30, 1952

Visitors Who Dropped In Uninvited

Do not think that this process of eating and tasting has been eventless in other directions. Children have rushed in and out, carrying bread and cheese, sipping wine from their father's glasses. A minor dogfight has started and been settled. Our hostess is on her knees ironing clothes on a blanket on the floor. A cow has looked in and then withdrawn to chew and ponder. A mother duck has strolled through, followed by five yellow ducklings. Miro, the great hunter, has been licking the white rabbit all over from head to foot. Diane has been tromped, has howled and has gone away to feminine brooding. Three little girls have arrived with gifts, one a basket of fresh-picked cherries, one an apronful of tiny wild strawberries hardly bigger than beans and very sweet, and the third with a garland of wild flowers intricately braided together to make a kind of crown.

And now the time has come, by general consent, for politics, a game the French play with their own ground rules.

During the wine tasting we had gradually increased in numbers. A fierce, good-looking young man stood in the doorway. He had been a great *maquis* fighter against the Germans. I remarked that the trousers he wore looked like those worn by our airborne soldiers.

He laughed and said, "You know, your Army sold many kinds of things after the war, clothes and blankets and pants like these. And then they were all sold, so we French are making them." He gazed at his trousers. "I don't think they are as good," he said.

A thin man with a pinched face took the ball then. He had been captured during the war and sent to Buchenwald. He still limped on the leg the Nazis had shattered with an iron bar. He said:

"I should think you could have made a better choice than Ridgway to take Eisenhower's place."

We had been in Paris during the Communist rioting over Ridgway's arrival, and we were still a little sore about it. "Why?" I asked. "He's a good man. He did a good job in the East. He's a good soldier and a good administrator. And I should think you French would like him. He was the first big American general to land in France for the liberation. What have you got against him?"

A white-haired man, vice-president of the wine co-operative, spoke. "Well, with all the talk about Korea—it makes a bad impression to send Ridgway."

"With all what talk?" I demanded. "Do you

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The French Reds were admired—"until they told us we mustn't fight the Red Army"

mean to say you seriously consider that we are using germs?"

"One never knows," the vice-president of the wine co-operative said gently. "There's so much talk. How can we tell?"

I found that I was getting angry—a tactical error—and I said, "Look! Suppose you were a Communist general and your men were really ignorant, and suppose your enemy was dropping propaganda leaflets that disturbed your men and made them ask questions. Wouldn't you find it easy to tell your people the leaflets carried germs so they wouldn't pick them up? And if you had some epidemics anyway, wouldn't such a campaign do two things—excuse your bad medical service and also keep people from reading the propaganda?"

"How do we know?" the white-haired man said. "We hear so many things."

"Whom do you hear them from? I can understand a half-literate, completely dominated people believing this germ story, but I can't understand a modern Frenchman believing it."

U.S. Election Discussed

Louis Gibey, the vintner-teacher, said nervously, "Who will be your next President?"

"I don't know."

"Can Eisenhower be elected?"

"I don't know," I said. "Do you like him?"

An old peasant said, "We like him very much. He understands us. He said we must not rearm so fast that our living standard falls. We like that. We are just now beginning to get enough to eat."

"Suppose the time is too short."

The old man said, "We knew starvation under the Germans. We are afraid of hunger. We don't want to spend our little gains for guns."

"Well, if you had to choose between a little hunger and being taken over by the Kremlin, which would you choose?" I asked him.

"We don't think the danger is as great as you do. We don't want to spend our little gains."

"I don't either," I said. "Have you thought that a good part of the taxes I pay and all Americans pay is going to help Europe rearm? Think of the howls of rage that would go up if part of your taxes had to go to us. Would you like it?"

A jovial man, who wore a gigantic cummerbund of wool, smiled into his glass. "We wouldn't like it. But surely you don't think you are doing it for us. You are doing it for yourselves. You are using us to defend you."

"That is more or less true," I said, "and as realistic Frenchmen who do not believe in pure charity, you should be reassured by that. And if we go down, can you survive?"

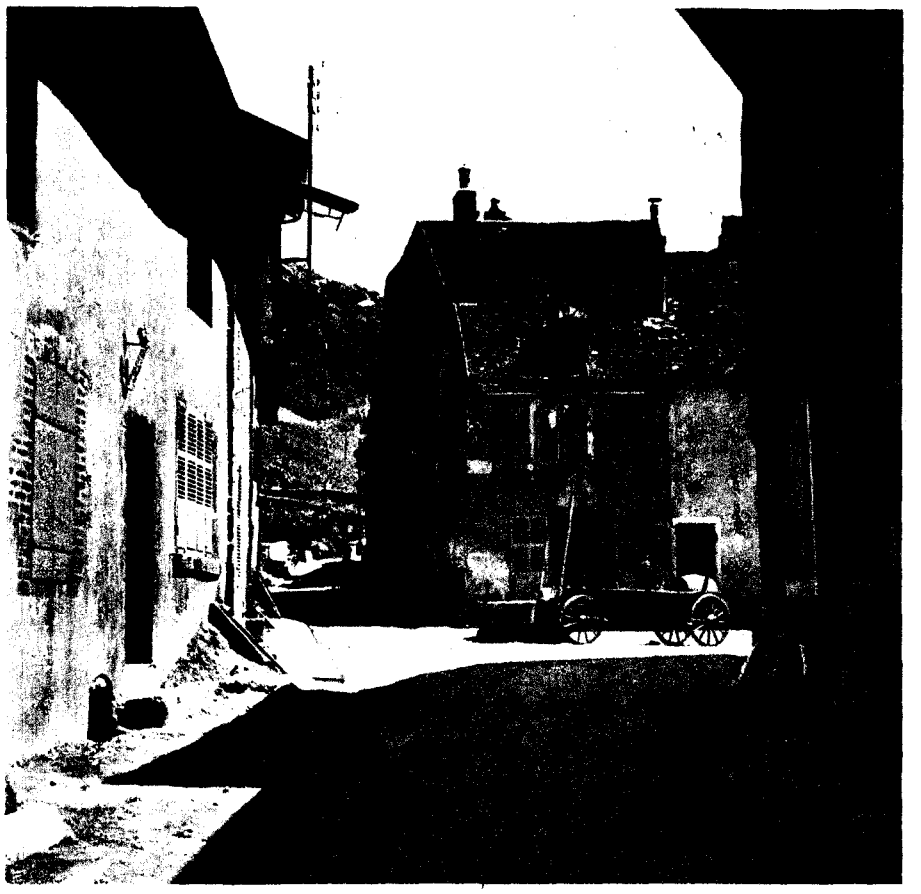
"We don't want war," Cummerbund said. "I was wounded in 1916 and wounded again in 1943. No, we don't want any war."

"You didn't want it when Hitler came in—but not wanting it didn't stop him. Do you think prayer will stop the Russians? You may not like us here, but if we hadn't come you would still be under the Nazis."

"There were the Russians," the white-haired man said. "The Russians fought very well."

"I've thought about this quite a bit," I said. "I want you to imagine something. Suppose we had not come into the war, and suppose the British had not. Imagine that the Russians had beaten the Germans all alone. Do you really think you would have your free wine co-operative now, your elections, your schools, even your churches? Do you really believe you would? Or would you have been like Poland, like Romania, like East Germany? Do you know any time when the Russians have not taken over when they could? Just think about it. And where they have taken over, has any freedom remained?"

A man in a ragged hat spoke—thickly, because his front teeth had been knocked out. "It is very confusing," he said. "But sometimes we think it might be better if you left us alone."



Poligny is an ancient wine-growing town in Jura foothills, near Swiss border. This is Rue de Charcigny, where Steinbeck visited

"You mean you do not want ECA money?"

Gibey said, "It is badly done. You don't know what happened. The money is given only to big companies. They use it to drive small companies out of business. The big companies are growing and the little ones are disappearing. It is very dangerous. The politicians are in it. We don't trust politicians."

I said, "I don't know the details, but it occurs to me the little companies cannot build heavier military equipment unless they get together. Have your little companies done that?"

"We think most of the money goes to the rich," Gibey said.

"And yet you say that you are getting on your feet. Don't you think our help had anything to do with that? We don't believe all politicians are bad."

An Answer to Charges of Scandals

The young man in the airborne pants said, "You have had your scandals. We read about them."

"Sure we have. And also we have our thousands of honest men, and they are the ones who matter in the long run. The proof is that we function. The American government is not about to fall to pieces."

"We are cynical about politicians," Gibey said. "We remember what the politicians did during the last war."

There was a stir at the door. A woman came in, saying, "Ticot's son is crying."

The argument stopped instantly. Everyone got up from the table. We walked rapidly down the street among the home-coming cows, then up a flight of stairs and into a peasant kitchen. Beside the stove in a big wooden box was chained a nondescript bitch, snarling with fear and rage. From under her heavy body came a thin squealing. Three men grabbed the snapping bitch and held her down, while a fourth reached under her and brought out a tiny white pup with brown markings. Its face was deeply wrinkled, and its eyes were navy blue and sightless.

They carried the pup to the light while it cried and sneezed. An end of straw stuck out of one nostril. The man who held Ticot's son pulled a long straw out of the puppy's nose. Ticot's son yawned widely and went to sleep in his hand. The circle of men admired the little sleeping puppy.

Pup Has Ticot's Markings

"He is indeed Ticot's son," they said. "See the brown triangle between the eyes. Ticot has the same mark. See those two round spots on the back. Ticot has them, and Ticot is the greatest—the greatest hunter in the whole Jura."

"Where is Ticot now?" I asked.

"Oh, you see, no one has hunted for a week. Ticot became disgusted. He has gone hunting by himself."

One man said excitedly: "I can tell by the sound of Ticot's voice whether he is hunting rabbits or hares or deer. He has a different voice for each."

"Who owns Ticot?" I asked.

"Why, everyone. Everyone who goes hunting. Ticot is of this street. He is a free dog."

"And Ticot's wife?"

"Oh! That one!" they said, and dropped the subject so quickly that I understood Ticot's wife was not above reproach.

The puppy was dropped back into the box, and Mrs. Ticot gently licked him all over without awakening him.

"Now we must go to the cave," the white-haired man said. "You will want to see where the beautiful wine is made."

Our party tromped down the stairs and into the ancient street. In a narrow, grass-grown road that was well traveled when the Romans came, Daniele and Lena Gibey had dressed their little sister Jenny in trailing vines and had put a crown of wild flowers on her head.

Little Jenny was pulling the petals from a white daisy, reciting as she did:

"I love you (petal), I love you a little (petal), I love you passionately (petal), I love you not too much (petal), I love you to the point of insanity (petal), I love you not at all (petal)." The last petal fell, and as Jenny looked up in triumph at her sisters, the flower crown fell rakishly over one hoyden eye.

The wine cave turned out to be a twelfth-century church of the purest Gothic architecture. It was attacked and despoiled during the French Revolution. Church authorities look at it now and then, but it would take many millions of francs to restore it, and no one has them. The round place where the rose window once was is bricked up. Inside, the triple columns rise cleanly to the groined ceiling. Under the pointed arches at the sides, the great wine barrels lay; they did not seem out of place in the cool, dusky church.

"It is cool in here," the men said. "It is better not to waste such a good place. When the church wants it, it is here, and meanwhile we keep the roof in repair."

The walls and columns were black with the dirt

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"TEACHING [illegible]TS THE SQUARE D[illegible]NCE," by John Gannam. Number 72 in the series "Home Life in America."

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They were cynical, but "their eyes had the French look, humorous, contentious"

of centuries, and the sweet smell of working wine made an incense in the air.

Parachute Pants said, "The floor fell in over there and underneath we found nearly two hundred skeletons. In some of the skulls were the arrowheads that had killed them. Soldiers, they must have been, from some old time."

An electric pump was moving wine from one great cask to another so that the sediment could be cleared.

The white-haired man said, "How can you be sure that germs were not used in Korea?"

I said, "Because we are not like that. If we wished only to kill, we could do it better with other weapons. But we have not used those weapons. We would be stupid to use germs."

"But you dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima."

"Yes, we did, and we believe that millions of lives were saved at the cost of thousands."

The white-haired man said, "It is so hard to know." And he went outside.

Why Frenchmen Abandoned Communism

The man with the cummerbund said, kindly, "You see, he is a Communist. He finds it very hard to change."

"You mean he is a member of the party?"

"I don't think so. The leaders are members of the party. He is not a leader. Most of us have changed here in Poligny, but he finds it very hard to change. He is an idealist."

"Tell me about the change in the rest of you."

"Well, when the Germans were here, the Communists had the best and most effective resistance. So most of us joined them, and we thought of ourselves as Communists. We were fighting to liberate France. We even thought of the Communist party as a French party. Then the war was over, and the leaders made a very bad mistake. Maybe you remember it. They told us we must swear never to fight against the Red Army. Then we knew it was not a French party at all, and we left it. You see, we are Frenchmen, and we would fight against any army that invaded us, Red or Blue or Green. It was a very bad mistake the leaders made.

"And the white-haired man?" I asked.

"It was his dream that men would be kind to one another and would share their goods and their work. It was a kind of heaven to him, and the Communists promised they would bring that about. He finds it very hard to give up his dream of heaven." The man smiled. "But I'm afraid he is weakening. The leaders of the Communists are making too many mistakes. When they are trained in Moscow, they forget what Frenchmen are like. They forget that first of all they are Frenchmen. The leaders are so full of hatred. They preach nothing but hatred. And our friend there has no hatred for anyone. It is a sadness to him."

"If what you say is true all over France, how do you account for the large Communist vote?"

Gibey said, "I think that millions of Frenchmen vote Communist as a way of protesting against the government. We think we should always protest against government. I think your own Thomas Jefferson advocated this as a way to keep governments from forgetting their purpose."

The wine pump gagged and gasped and had to be primed. Then we drew little glasses of wine from some of the older casks and sipped the unfinished wine, not perfect but aging into excellence.

An old man with a fine, fierce, bristling mustache said, "Maybe you Americans don't understand the French, either. You must learn that first of all we are French. That is the basic thing to remember. We will not be anybody's colony, even America's."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Our government says 'We are for America. Vote for us or you will get no American money.' That is a pressure, and we resent it. It makes us feel that our government is under the thumb of the Americans and that we have become an American colony. Frenchmen do not like this. Many vote for the Communists because of this. I do myself."

I said, "Perhaps you are caught between two historical forces, and you must choose between them. Maybe there isn't any third way. But consider this: We do not tell you how to plant your land, what to read or not read, whom to vote for. Your borders are not closed. You can travel in France or even leave France. You are not drafted for labor. Your crops are not taken away. There are no concentration camps, no secret executions, no secret police to listen in on your talk. You do not disappear in the night. Is Poland so lucky, or Romania or Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria? How long is it since you have seen a Hungarian tourist? All of these countries protested by letting the Communists in. But once in, the Communists do not listen to protests. You must think about this."

The man with the missing front teeth said passionately, "All we want is peace. We have peace now, and we want to keep it. We do not want to do anything—and we do not want you to do anything for us—that will lead to war. We are tired of war! We are bitterly tired of war! That's all we think about."

"Do you think that is the attitude of all Frenchmen?"

"I think so. Of course, I am not sure."

"Can you tell us the attitude of the Americans?" Louis Gibey asked.

"Not on many things, because we have as many ideas as we are people, but in some general things I think I can. We don't want war any more than you do. But America has no America to protect it. We want to keep our institutions. If they are to change, we want to change them ourselves and in our own time and by our own methods. We think the rest of the free world feels the same, but by an accident in time and economics it has fallen to us, whether we want it or not, to lead, to prod, to organize and to direct the opposition to the forces which would reduce all of us. If we do not do it, who will? Will you? Will the British? Will Italy or Scandinavia?

"Sure, you would *defend* yourselves. And the enemy would like nothing better than to pick off one at a time the ripe fruits of dissension and national pride.

"Do you think we really like to spend most of our income on weapons when that same money could build dams, plant parks, build symphony orchestras, set up schools such as the world has never known? Do you think we like to defraud ourselves of these things? We could do it, too. Don't think we couldn't. We could retire into our hemisphere and close our eyes to the rest of the world.

"And then, little by little, Europe would stagger and fall. And one day we would be faced with war, and do you know who would do the fighting against us? Your sons, drilled and lied to, figures moving and fighting on the end of a string manipulated from the Kremlin.

"Just remember that leadership is not chosen by a people. It is forced on them. We don't want it, but we have it. And thank Heaven we are not too tired nor too confused nor too cynical to use it. When you are grousing about our help, just think a little of that. Our farmers don't want it, either, but we will not go down without trying. That's my speech."

The wine peasants of Poligny sipped from their glasses, and their eyes had the French look, cynical and critical and humorous and contentious and very tough and individual. I couldn't tell whether I had got through or not.

Louis Gibey said, "I want to tell you about a paradox. You see, we have always thought of the Catholic Church as the symbol of reaction—the arm of the extreme right. But do you know, there is a whole crop of young priests in France now working for the social changes which are supposed to be the projects of the extreme left. Yes, it is a paradox. The Communists have become the reactionaries, rigid, formalistic, unchanging and unchangeable. It is the clergy now that leads to the left; maybe not the archbishops and cardinals, but the young, tough priests."

The hard-handed peasants of Poligny sipped their wine and chuckled. They love a paradox.

Through the open door came the shrill voice of Jenny chanting monotonously, "I love you, I love you a little, I love you passionately."

And I remembered reading in Albert Guérard's beautiful little history of France the poem:

She alone has received the conquered into her bosom,
She alone has tended all mankind under a common name;
A mother rather than a queen, she has turned her subjects into citizens;
She binds together the remotest lands by ties of pious reverence.
Thanks to her yoke of peace, the stranger believes himself in his own country;
We have become a single people.

It sounds like a hymn to America, but it was written by Rutilius Namatianus, a Gaul, in the fifth century A.D. And he wrote it about Rome. And Rome was falling.

Then Guérard quotes Virgil's great call to Rome four centuries earlier—"Thy fate it is to rule nations." If you change the word "rule" to "lead," it might be said of America today.

It was cool and peaceful in the ancient church and the battered faces of the peasants showed dimly in the semidarkness.

From far up on the mountain behind the town came the belling of a hound on track.

"Ticot," said Parachute Pants softly.

"I love you to insanity," shrieked Jenny in the road outside the church. ▲▲▲

One of townspeople displays weeks-old son of hound Ticot, famed throughout entire area for his great hunting prowess

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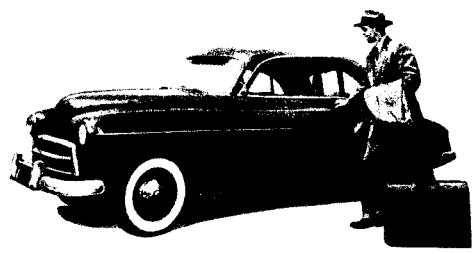

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Elinor Brent of National Cancer Institute, one of the seven research groups making up National Institutes of Health, checks cancer cell test

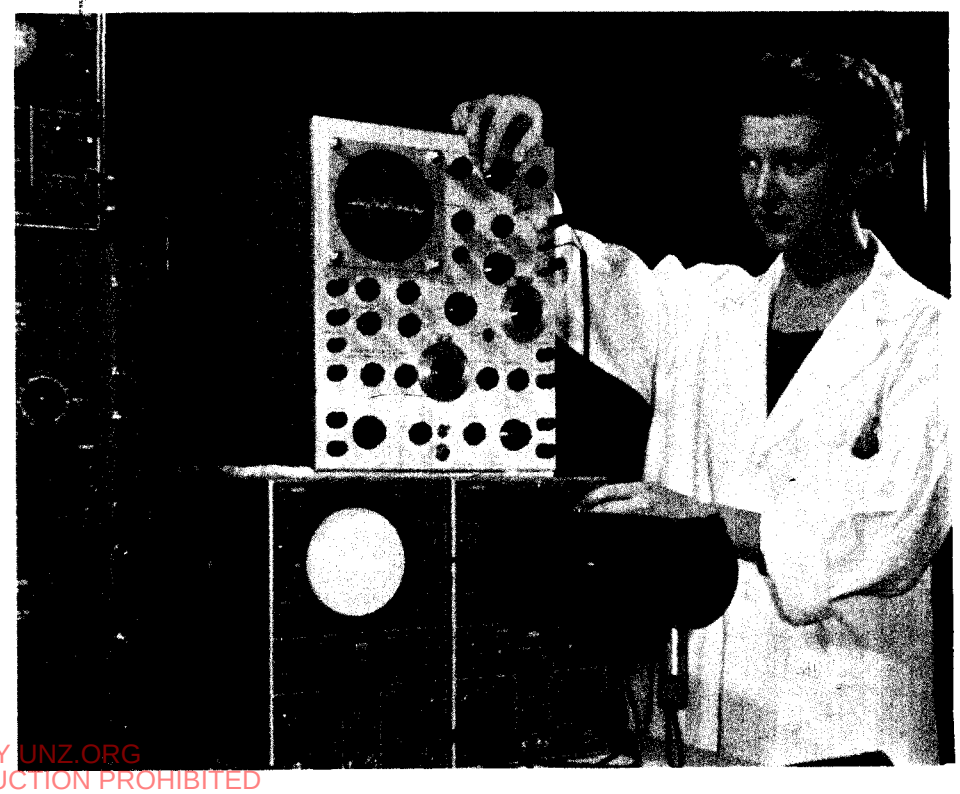
Both prevention and cures come under work of Cancer Institute. Deadly black cancer separation is closely watched by biologist Vernon Riley

At the Microbiological Institute, another of the N. I. H. groups, rabbit undergoes test for eye lesions by Dr. Leon Jacobs, in blindness study

Dr. Eloise Cram examines snail for parasite study at Microbiological Institute, which also carries on polio, respiratory disease research

Arthritis Institute biologist Mrs. Marjorie Romine prepares mixture of liver extract in search of new vitamin treatment for blood diseases

Complex electrical analyzer used to study electrocardiograms performs under guidance of Alma Bartol in National Heart Institute laboratory



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They're Adding Years to YOUR LIFE

A 90-year life expectancy is possible within a half century if chronic diseases can be licked. Little-known government researchers are tirelessly pressing the assault

By FRANK HOLEMAN

A GROUP of congressmen from the House Appropriations Committee visited the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Maryland, recently, to see what we're getting for our tax money. In the new laboratory where research work is going on with radioactive isotopes they met a dignified, white-haired gentleman busy with complicated equipment. It looked interesting and one of the visitors asked him to explain what he was doing. He made a good try. When he had finished, there was a moment's silence.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I still don't understand it," the congressman admitted.

"Neither do I," replied the distinguished scientist. "If I knew what was going to happen, I wouldn't be doing it."

But out of the Institutes' complicated equipment —and distinguished brains—have come so many wondrous boons to mankind that the congressmen quickly approved a budget for the current year of nearly $60,000,000. That's a sizable chunk of the taxpayers' money. Yet the chances are that you've never even heard of this outfit, although the institutes—the research branch of the Federal Security Agency's Public Health Service—have existed in some form since 1948.

Actually, as the plural name indicates, there are seven national institutes gathered into one administrative group at Bethesda. They deal with heart disease, cancer, mental health, neurological diseases and blindness, arthritis, microbiology (infectious disease) and research. The list is a sort of cross section of our major health problems.

Although the common cold still baffles the scientists, they have tamed far greater scourges. By conquering most of the important infectious diseases, and by raising our standards of sanitation and nutrition, they have helped to add 19 years to the average life expectancy of Americans born today—from only 49 years in 1900 to 68 in 1952.

Nobody knows the upper limit of the human life span. If progress in the next half century matches that attained in the first half, by the year 2000, average life expectancy would be around 90. From here on, though, it's going to be tougher. The big guns of medical research will have to be trained on a new target—long-term chronic diseases.

Remarkable possibilities are already in sight and you'll soon be getting good news about improved treatments for high blood pressure, and for other forms of heart disease. You'll hear more about the wonder-working power of hormones and steroid chemicals such as cortisone and ACTH. Cancer diagnosis and control methods doubtless will be improved, although no cure is yet in sight.

There are many other places in the country, of course, where scientists are working on these problems. But Bethesda is becoming the general headquarters of the fight against disease in the U.S. —and, indeed, the free world. Through grants to other institutions, its influence reaches far beyond its own busy labs, where 2,000 people are working.

Boss of the whole shebang is Dr. William Henry Sebrell, Jr., fifty, a friendly, round-faced Public Health Service career officer with thinning hair, piercing dark eyes and a mellow Virginia drawl. Once a famed vitamin researcher and authority on nutrition, Sebrell is an administrator now, working directly under Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, Surgeon General of the Public Health Service.

W. H. Sebrell, Jr. (left), N. I. H. head, with his boss, U. S. Surgeon General L. A. Scheele

"I think we can look forward in the next few years to a general increase in the length of life; a lengthening of the active period of useful life; and improvements in treatments of heart, artery and degenerative diseases," Sebrell said recently, peering into the future of research at Bethesda. "I foresee considerable progress in rehabilitation—making useful lives for people who today are crippled or disabled—and in the treatment of mental diseases."

Take these one at a time.

Grim Toll of Coronary Thrombosis

Obituary columns of our newspapers affirm daily the heavy toll of lives from coronary thrombosis—a blood clot in a main artery. National Heart Institute researchers are making good headway with anticoagulants—drugs which will dissolve clots and keep the blood moving.

Hardening of the arteries is another common dread as we grow older. Scientists have known for some time that certain heavy molecules in the blood are responsible for the fatty deposits which choke up and "harden" the blood vessels. But, for the first time, a team of workers at the Heart Institute has laid bare the whole chain reaction and is experimenting with a compound which alters the metabolism of the guilty molecules.

"So we have a very encouraging opening to therapy which will eventually, I think, keep our citizens from an early death of heart stroke," says Dr. Cassius Van Slyke, Heart Institute director.

Dr. Robert Gross of Boston has been working for three years on artery grafts, helped by a grant from Bethesda. And the institute is supporting six research projects on mechanical hearts—devices which take over heart-lung functions of the body for brief periods of time.

Much work is being done on control of rheumatic heart disease. ACTH and cortisone are valuable in treatment of some individuals, although no answer to the whole problem.

It has been learned, however, that the disease doesn't develop until a person has had several attacks of rheumatic fever, and that such drugs as penicillin and the sulfonamides can prevent those recurrent attacks.

In a Baltimore hospital, Institutes-supported scientists are studying a group of elderly people to gather basic information about geriatrics—the aging process itself.

At Framingham, Massachusetts, the Heart Institute is sponsoring an exciting long-range study of degenerative heart disease in 6,000 persons—just to see what happens from year to year in an average cross section of the population.

Antimalarial Drugs for Use in Korea

Many other projects of immediate practical value have been developed at Bethesda. Cities all over the world are beginning to put fluorine in their drinking water to reduce tooth cavities, for example, as a result of work at the Institute of Dental Research under Dr. H. Trendley Dean. Soldiers in Korea are taking antimalarial drugs largely developed at the Institute of Microbiology.

Most of the work in the laboratories, though, is pure basic research. Scientists sweat over slides, microscopes, notebooks and specimens which make no sense at all to the layman. But the important results of such projects are passed on to you, through your doctor.

Individuals often phone Bethesda with such queries as, "Where can I go for my hay fever?" "What can I do about my kid's measles?"

These persons are referred to their local public health officers or private physicians. The Institutes sticks strictly to its knitting—research.

When the new $40,000,000 Clinical Center, which is now nearing completion, is opened, however, the Institutes will send out calls to doctors for patients suffering from certain diseases which are under study at Bethesda. There, clinicians, basic researchers and specialists of all kinds will join in treatment.

It's a grand attempt to "put medicine back together again"—reassemble physicians, biochemists, nutritionists, physiologists, organic chemists, pathologists and many other experts—for a combined assault on disease. The newest, most expensive equipment will be available. One third of the hospital space will be for patients, two thirds for laboratory cubicles.

Everywhere you look at Bethesda, things are growing. Trim new buildings are springing up to house a power plant, shops, laundry and other utilities for the Clinical Center. New apartments are being built for additional workers. The staff of the Institutes is expected to just about double when the center opens.

Probably the best-known unit at Bethesda is the National Cancer Institute, which is also the oldest, having been set up by Congress in 1937. Dr. John R. Heller, a Public Health Service career officer like Sebrell, is now its director. "There

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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New $40,000,000 Clinical Center will be ready next June, enabling N. I. H. to take patients for first time

are many types of cancer—probably nearly as many as there are types of other diseases," says Dr. Heller, a crack administrator who made a national reputation as boss of the nation-wide venereal disease control program during World War II. "But even before we know what causes cancer, we may be able to control it—just as, before we knew the organism responsible for typhoid fever, we knew it was spread through milk and water, and could check it."

Thus, while one group of researchers is running down every clue to the basic cause of cancer, others are trying to find ways to control it after it appears.

Surgery and radiation have long been the main tools in the treatment and management of the disease. Institutes scientists are very hopeful of adding another—chemotherapy, which is the use of drugs in healing.

Seek Cure That Won't Kill

They have screened 3,000 compounds and found about a dozen which have more than ordinary tumor-damaging properties. The problem is to find, or make, a substance which will destroy cancer without killing the person who has it.

Some advances have already been made. For instance, the so-called antifolic compounds have been found to be very useful in the treatment of leukemia, so-called "cancer of the blood." They are not curative, but they arrest the course of the disease in some instances, prolonging life for two or three years. Some of the best work in this field is being done in Boston at the Children's Hospital.

In the Institutes' field laboratory at San Francisco, a scientist has found a way to put a tumor-damaging drug like nitrogen mustard gas—a deadly war poison—into an artery and deliver it directly to the liver or other diseased organ, where it can attack cancerous tissue.

"While this procedure is in its early stages, it offers promise as an adjunct to radiation and surgery," says Heller.

Those investigators hunting for the basic cause of cancer are now down to the cellular level—watching what goes on inside individual diseased cells, with the aid of elaborate equipment and techniques which were unheard of a few years ago.

As an aid to research, the scientists have grown large masses of living tissue from a single cell. Carrying this process one fantastic step further, they are now able to grow human skin in a bottle!

This work is being carried on in collaboration with the Navy Medical Center, the striking white-towered hospital at Bethesda, just across the highway from the Institutes. The Navy is thinking in terms of grafting such skin on battle casualties. Experiments to date haven't been entirely successful, but they show promise.

The Cancer Institute's principal contribution to the man in the street thus far has been its program of education about cancer in general.

Working with the American Cancer Society, state health departments and local medical groups, the institute is spreading the gospel of early diagnosis and quick treatment. Patients are being alerted to danger signs and physicians are being trained to diagnose the disease, which often is mistaken for something else until too late. A high-priority project at Bethesda is the establishment of a simple diagnostic test.

Grants and fellowships are given out to support promising work in other institutions, too. The idea is to make sure that medical research continues along all fronts.

Questions Asked by Solons

In spite of their avowed purpose, however, grants sometimes arouse considerable critical attention. Congressmen always want to know why the Mental Health Institute is paying professors around the country to make studies on such subjects as "What Is Love?" "Mental Health of the Hutterites," "The Peyote Cult as a Social Movement Among the Navajo Indians," and "Why Will a Kid Bleat More When It Is Away from Its Mother?"

Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the Institutes, explains cheerfully that the studies are not so foolish as they sound. They are part of a broad research program to find out why so many people have nervous breakdowns, can't get along with their neighbors, take to drinking too heavily, become drug addicts or become promiscuous.

The goat study, for example, is a roundabout way of finding out the effect of fear and maltreatment on children. Humans can't be used for experiments, of course, so the researchers work with young goats. They have found that a kid whose mother is nearby will run to her under stress and recover his calm quickly. Another, placed in an enclosure by himself, will turn rigid with fright under the very same treatment—proving the tremendous power of mother love, even among goats.

Old-established sciences such as chemistry and biology already have a great mass of basic data. The psychiatrists are just starting out, so to speak. Society's stake in the inquiry, however, is very high; about half our 1,450,000 hospital beds are filled with mentally ill, a quarter of a million more sufferers should be inside, and the states are spending millions for care each year.

An Apostle of Optimism

Dr. Felix is very optimistic about prospects of spreading mental hygiene, despite mounting tensions in everyday life. He isn't one of the gloomy savants who say we're going to pieces as a nation because of the strain of living with the hydrogen bomb, the Russians and the income taxes.

"We're not going to pieces, but we'll pay for this tension 15, 20 or even 50 years from now if we don't immunize our young to the insidious virus of anxiety and insecurity," the doctor warns. He is more concerned with children than with adults, because adults are "already formed."

Young Dr. Seymour Kety serves as research director for both the Mental Health and Neurological Institutes. For the latter group, which is headed by Dr. Pearce Bailey, Kety has set up a program which already promises amazing results.

Building on the work of other investigators, a holder of an Institutes fellowship has proved for the first time that severed nerves can be made to grow back together and function once more. While the research is still in the preliminary stage—it has been demonstrated on animals—the implications are tremendous. It may eventually be possible to repair the broken spinal cords of paraplegics, some of the most pathetic victims of war.

Other scientists are working on the chemistry of the nerves; the circulation of blood in the brain; the strengthening of the brain wall to keep measles, flu, mumps and other diseases from damaging it; and on the nutrition and metabolism of the eye. One grantee has devised a plastic replacement for the damaged cornea of rabbits' eyes, which may eventually be applied to humans.

Some of the most important discoveries about the brain, however, have been made in another unit at Bethesda: the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases.

There, Dr. Evelyn Anderson and her co-workers have found that the body's mechanism for regulating the amount of sugar in the blood is related to brain function—and that injury to the brain can result in symptoms like those of diabetes. Other disturbances in the body, especially the glands, can be produced by Dr. Anderson's techniques.

"This is evidence that nerve centers in the brain affect the body chemistry, or metabolism," says institute director Dr. Russell M. Wilder. "Here indeed is an attempt to bring psychosomatic medicine down to earth—to give it an organic explanation."

There is still no "cure" for arthritis,

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disease is too big or small for N. I. H.

which authorities say affects one person out of every 20 in some form. But several encouraging lines of investigation have been opened up.

One group of his researchers has found a way to make vital cortisone out of tomato vines, instead of costly and scarce cattle bile.

Others, working on grants from the Institutes, have discovered that the "business end" of ACTH has a much lower molecular weight than previously thought, and may eventually be synthesized from something much more abundant than its present source —the pituitary gland of cattle.

At Bethesda a research team has isolated in pure form a new protein-producing vitamin, B_6. Others have found a way to stop bleeding from radiation and a method of treating certain cases of shock with salt solution. These last two developments obviously will have great value to the country if atomic bombs ever should fall.

The discovery of synthetic pain-relieving drugs by the Institutes scientists has made the U.S. potentially independent of opium and its derivatives, such as morphine and codeine, from the Far East.

The researchers are enthusiastic also about the use of a relatively new drug, N-allylnormorphine, for painless childbirth. "It promises to prove a godsend in obstetrics," Wilder says, "by permitting the control of pain without danger to the baby."

The World Inside Viruses

Dr. Ralph W. G. Wyckoff, one of the world's great pioneers in the use of the electron microscope, which magnifies objects 20,000 times, works in the Arthritis Institute's laboratory of physical biology. By constantly improving techniques, Wyckoff has virtually opened up a whole new world to the researcher's eye—the world inside viruses. For the first time, investigators can now photograph the life cycle of the pesky little organisms which get inside living cells and cause a host of mysterious ailments.

Wyckoff's work is paying off in dozens of ways at Bethesda. It is of particular benefit to the Microbiology Institute, which handles research on infectious and parasitic diseases.

"Even though enormous progress has been made in these fields in our lifetime there remain many problems which require new knowledge and more research," says Dr. Victor H. Haas, director.

Among the unsolved problems are the "minor" respiratory illnesses—influenza, the common cold, grippe, intestinal flu, winter diarrhea—and much more serious things such as polio, undulant fever and various tropical diseases.

The outsider finds it hard to understand why medical science has conquered so many serious ailments yet still can't lick a relatively mild condition like the common cold. No one at Bethesda has found any solution, of course, but Haas is at least attacking the problem in two radical new ways.

Mass Study of a Disease

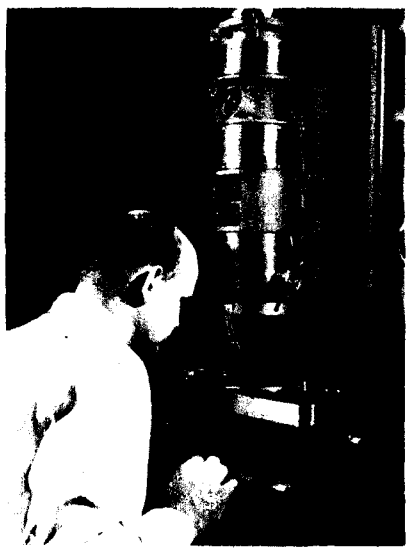
One is the so-called "community approach." Instead of studying an individual with one of the respiratory illnesses, Haas sends a task force into a city where there is a large outbreak. The investigators study the disease on a city-wide scale. They watch how it appears in schools, factories and offices; how it seems to change with the season; how it varies with the age of afflicted persons; and by what means it appears to spread.

The other new idea which Haas has hit upon is a "sectional research program." This is a system of collaboration with 80 nonfederal laboratories throughout the country working on better ways to immunize or treat people suffering from respiratory diseases, and many of the 80 receive grants-in-aid from Bethesda.

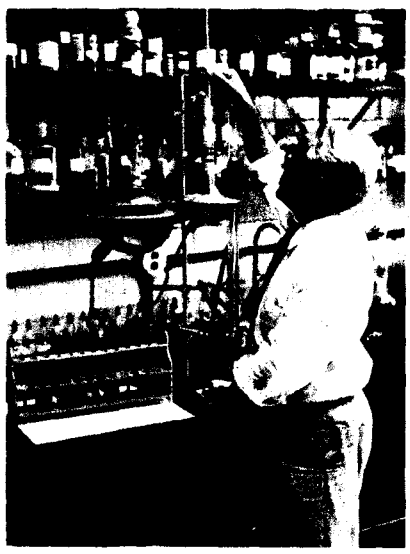
At the direction of Congress, the Micro Institute's Biologics Control laboratory polices the manufacture of all the nation's biological products, regularly inspecting plants which turn out vaccines, toxins, serums and the like. Its own Rocky Mountain Laboratory at Hamilton, Montana, produces all the yellow-fever vaccine used in this country.

With all these important responsibilities and projects, you might think Bethesda would be a sort of solemn place. But it isn't. A collegiate air of adventure and optimism pervades the whole enterprise.

"I wouldn't leave here for anything," says Alfred Siepert, brisk young executive officer in charge of administration. "The next few years around this place are going to be terrific. I'm afraid I'd miss something."



The electron microscope, vital to research, magnifies 20,000 times



In dental research, F. J. McClure runs experiment on body fluoride

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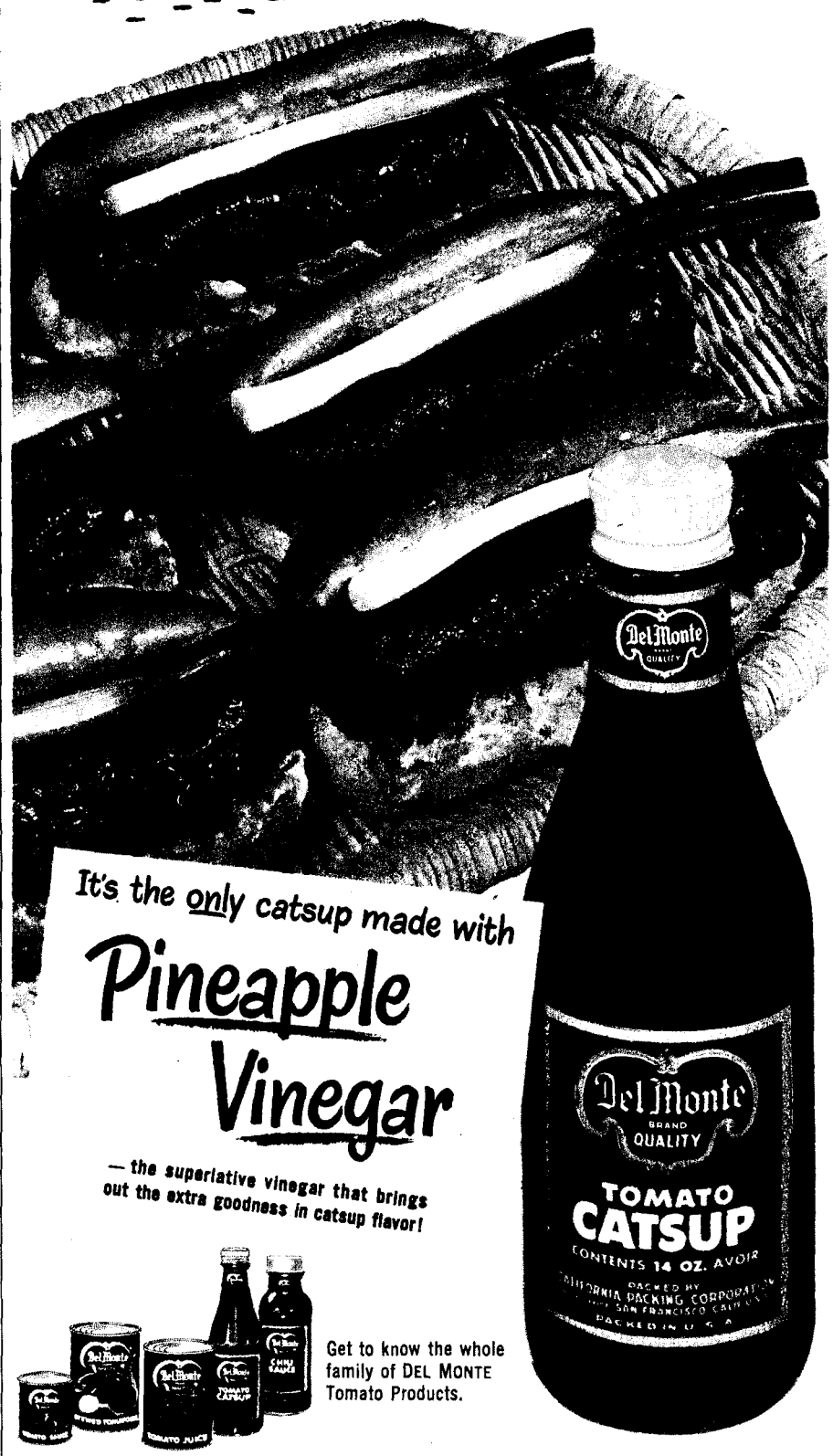

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LAST COVER

My brother knew that the fox still loved him, with a fierce, secret love no tame creature could give

By PAUL ANNIXTER

I'M NOT sure I can tell you what you want to know about my brother; but everything about the pet fox is important, so I'll tell all that from the beginning.

It goes back to a winter afternoon after I'd hunted the woods all day for a sign of our lost pet. I remember the way my mother looked up as I came into the kitchen. Without my speaking, she knew what had happened. For six hours I had walked, reading sign, looking for a delicate print in the damp soil or even a hair that might have told of a red fox passing that way—but I had found nothing.

"Did you go up in the foothills?" Mom asked.

I nodded. My face was stiff from held-back tears. My brother Colin, who was going on twelve, got it all from one look at me and went into a heartbroken, almost silent crying.

Three weeks before, Bandit, the pet fox Colin and I had raised from a tiny kit, had disappeared, and not even a rumor had been heard of him since.

"He'd have had to go off soon anyway," Mom comforted. "A big lolloping fellow like him, he's got to live his life same as us. But he may come back. That fox set a lot of store by you boys in spite of his wild ways."

"He set a lot of store by our food, anyway," Father said. He sat in a chair by the kitchen window mending a piece of harness. "We'll be seeing a lot more of that fellow, never fear. That fox learned to pine for table scraps and young chickens. He was getting to be an egg thief too, and he's not likely to forget that."

"That was only pranking when he was little," Colin said desperately.

From the first, the tame fox had made tension in the family. It was Father who'd said we'd better name him Bandit, after he'd made away with his first young chicken.

"Maybe you know," Father said shortly. "But when an animal turns to egg sucking he's usually incurable. He'd better not come pranking around my chicken run again."

It was late February, and I remember the bleak, dead cold that had set in, cold that was a rare thing for our Carolina hills. Flocks of sparrows and snowbirds had appeared to peck hungrily at all that the pigs and chickens didn't eat.

"This one's a killer," Father would say of a morning, looking out at the whitened barn roof. "This one will make the shoats squeal."

A fire snapped all day in our cookstove and another in the stone fireplace in the living room, but still the farmhouse was never warm. The leafless woods were bleak and empty, and I spoke of that to Father when I came back from my search.

"It's always a sad time in the woods when the

Colin managed to be in the woods every day. He told me how he had petted Bandit again, and how they had walked together a long way

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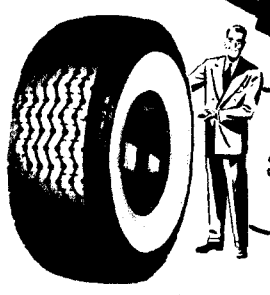

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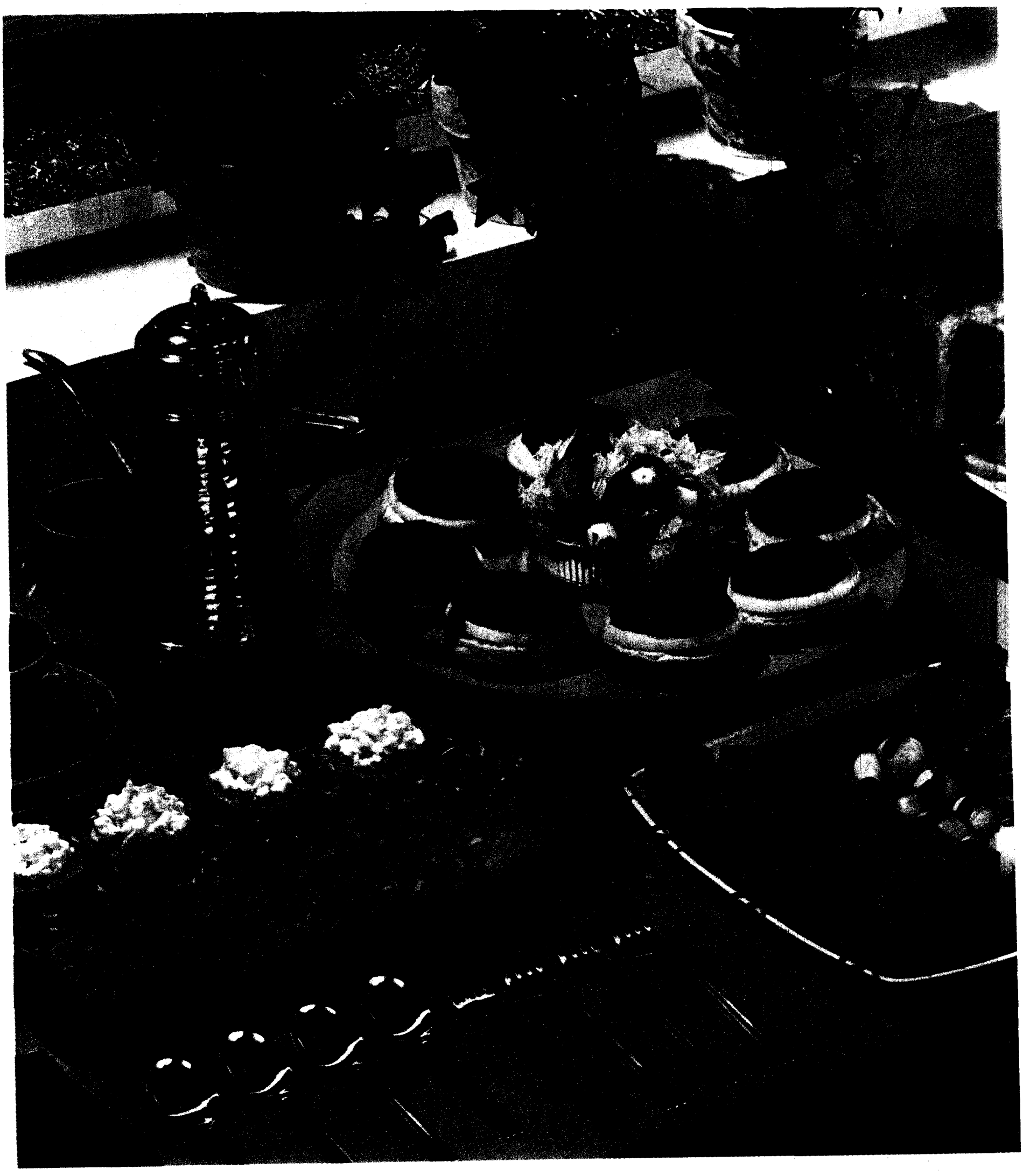

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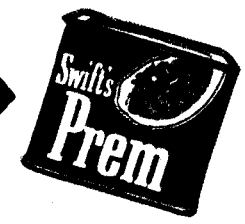
→ 

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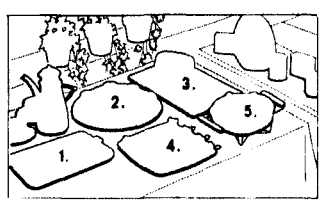

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Seven Sleepers are under cover," he said.

"What sleepers are them?" I asked. Father was full of such woods lore.

"Why, all the animals that have got sense enough to hole up and stay hid in weather like this. Let's see, how was it the old rhyme named them?

Surly bear and sooty bat,
Brown chuck and masked coon,
Chippy-munk and sly skunk,
And all the mouses
'Cept in men's houses.

"And man would have joined them and made it eight, Granther Yeary always said, if he'd had a little more sense."

"I was wondering if the red fox mightn't make it eight," Mom said.

Father shook his head. "Late winter's a high time for foxes. Time when they're out deviling, not sleeping."

MY CHEST felt hollow. I wanted to cry like Colin over our lost fox, but at fourteen a boy doesn't cry. Colin had squatted down on the floor and got out his small hammer and nails to start another new frame for a new picture. Maybe then he'd make a drawing for the frame and be able to forget his misery. It had been that way with him since he was five.

I thought of the new dress Mom had brought home a few days before in a heavy cardboard box. That box cover would be fine for Colin to draw on. I spoke of it, and Mom's glance thanked me as she went to get it. She and I worried a lot about Colin. He was small for his age, delicate and blond, his hair much lighter and softer than mine, his eyes deep and wide and blue. He was often sick, and I knew the fear Mom had that he might be predestined. I'm just ordinary, like Father. I'm the sort of stuff that can take it—tough and strong—but Colin was always sort of special.

Mom lighted the lamp. Colin began cutting his white cardboard carefully, fitting it into his frame. Father's sharp glance turned on him now and again.

"There goes the boy making another frame before there's a picture for it," he said. "It's too much like cutting out a man's suit for a fellow that's, say twelve years old. Who knows whether he'll grow into it?"

Mom was into him then, quick. "Not a single frame of Colin's has ever gone to waste. The boy has real talent, Sumter, and it's time you realized it."

"Of course he has," Father said. "All kids have 'em. But they get over them."

"It isn't the pox we're talking of," Mom sniffed.

"In a way it is. Ever since you started talking up Colin's art I've had an invalid for help around the place."

Father wasn't as hard as he made out, I knew, but he had to hold a balance against all Mom's frothing. For him the land was the thing, and all that pertained to it. I was following in Father's footsteps, true to form, but Colin threatened to break the family tradition with his leaning toward art, with Mom "aiding and abetting him," as Father liked to put it. For the past two years she had had dreams of my brother's becoming a real artist and going away to the city to study.

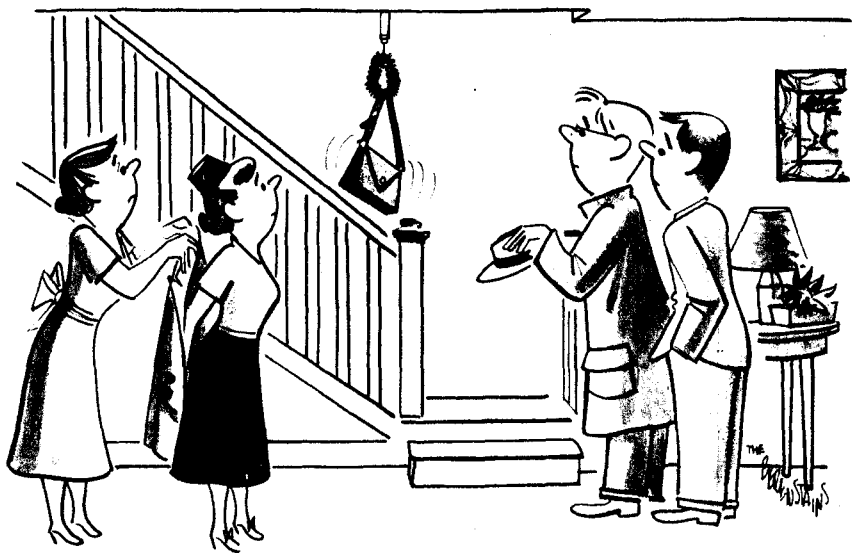
It wasn't that Father had no understanding of such things. I could remember, through the years, Colin lying on his stomach in the front room making pencil sketches, and how a good drawing would catch Father's eye halfway across the room, and how he would sometimes gather up two or three of them to study, frowning and muttering, one hand in his beard, while a great pride rose in Colin, and in me too. Most of Colin's drawings were of the woods and wild things, and there Father was a master critic. He made out to scorn what seemed to him a passive, "white-livered" interpretation of nature through brush and pencil instead of rod and rifle.

At supper that night Colin could scarcely eat. Ever since he'd been able to walk, my brother had had a growing love of wild things, but Bandit had been like his very own, a gift of the woods. One afternoon a year and a half before, Father and Laban Small had been running a vixen through the hills with their dogs. With the last of her strength, the she-fox had made for her den, not far from our house. The dogs had overtaken her and killed her just before she reached it. When Father and Laban came up, they'd found Colin crouched nearby holding her cub in his arms.

Father had been for killing the cub, which was still too young to shift for itself, but Colin's grief had brought Mom into it. We'd taken the youngster into the kitchen, all of us except Father gone a bit silly over the little thing. Colin had held it in his arms and fed it warm milk from a spoon.

"Watch out with all your soft ways," Father had warned, standing in the doorway. "You'll make too much of

SISTER



"Aunt Martha left her pocketbook on the bed, Mom . . ."

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

him. Remember, you can't make a dog out of a fox. Half of that little critter has to love, but the other half is a wild hunter. You boys will mean a whole lot to him while he's a kit, but there'll come a day when you won't mean a thing to him and he'll leave you shorn."

For two weeks after that, Colin had nursed the cub, weaning it from milk to bits of meat. For a year they were always together. The cub grew fast. It was soon following Colin and me about the barnyard. It turned out to be a patch fox, with a saddle of darker fur across its shoulders.

I haven't the words to tell you what the fox meant to us. It was far more wonderful owning him than owning any dog. There was something rare and secret like the spirit of the woods about him, and back of his calm, straw-gold eyes was the sense of a brain the equal of a man's. The fox became Colin's whole life.

EACH day, going and coming from school, Colin and I took long side trips through the woods, looking for Bandit. Wild things' memories were short, we knew; we'd have to find him soon or the old bond would be broken.

Ever since I was ten I'd been allowed to hunt with Father, so I was good at reading sign. But, in a way, Colin knew more about the woods and wild things than Father or me. What came to me from long observation Colin seemed to know by instinct.

It was Colin who felt out, like an Indian, the stretch of woods where Bandit had his den, who found the first slim, small foxprint in the damp earth. And then, on an afternoon in March, we saw him. I remember the day well, the racing clouds, the wind rattling the tops of the pine trees and swaying the Spanish moss. Bandit had just come out of a clump of laurel; in the maze of leaves behind him we caught a glimpse of a slim red vixen, so we knew he had found a mate. She melted from sight like a shadow, but Bandit turned to watch us, his mouth open, his tongue lolling as he smiled his old foxy smile. On his thin chops I saw a telltale chicken feather.

Colin moved silently forward, his movements so quiet and casual he seemed to be standing still. He called Bandit's name, and the fox held his ground, drawn to us with all his senses. For a few moments he let Colin actually put an arm about him. It was then I knew that he loved us still, for all of Father's warnings. He really loved us back, with a fierce, secret love no tame thing ever gave. But the urge of his life just then was toward his new mate. Suddenly he whirled about and disappeared in the laurels.

Colin looked at me with glowing eyes. "We haven't really lost him, Stan. When he gets through with his spring sparking, he may come back. But we've got to show ourselves to him a lot, so he won't forget."

"It's a go," I said.

"Promise not to say a word to Father," Colin said, and I agreed. For I knew by that chicken feather that Bandit had been up to no good.

A week later the woods were budding and the thickets were rustling with all manner of wild things scurrying on the love scent. But Colin managed to get a glimpse of Bandit every few days. He couldn't get close, though, for the spring running was a lot more important to a fox than any human beings were.

Every now and then, Colin got out his framed fox cover and looked at it, but he never drew anything on it; he never even picked up his pencil. I remember wondering if what Father had said about framing a picture before you had one had spoiled something for him.

I was helping Father with the planting now, but Colin managed to be in the woods every day. By degrees he learned Bandit's range, where he drank and rested and where he was likely to be according to the time of day. One day he told me how he had petted Bandit again, and how they had walked together a long way in the woods. All this time we had kept his secret from Father.

As summer came on, Bandit began to live up to the prediction Father had made. Accustomed to human beings he moved without fear about the scattered farms of the region, raiding barns and hen runs that other foxes wouldn't have dared to go near. And he taught his wild mate to do the same. Almost every night they got into some poultry house, and, by June, Bandit was not only killing chickens and ducks but feeding on eggs and young chicks whenever he got the chance.

Stories of his doings came to us from many sources, for he was still easily recognized by the dark patch on his shoulders. Many a farmer took a shot at him as he fled, and some of them set out on his trail with dogs, but they always returned home without even sighting him. For Bandit was familiar with all the dogs in the region and he knew a hundred tricks to confound them. He got a reputation that year beyond that of any fox our hills had known. His confidence grew, and he gave up wild hunting altogether and lived entirely off the poultry farmers. By September, the hill farmers banded together to hunt him down.

IT WAS Father who brought home that news one night. All time-honored rules of the fox chase were to be broken in this hunt; if the dogs couldn't bring Bandit down, he was to be shot on sight. I was stricken and furious. I remember the misery of Colin's face in the lamplight. Father, who took pride in all the ritual of the hunt, had refused to be a party to such an affair, though in justice he could do nothing but sanction any sort of hunt, for Bandit, as old Sam Wetherwax put it, had been "purely getting in the Lord's hair."

The hunt began next morning, and it was the biggest turnout our hills had known. There were at least twenty mounted men in the party and as many dogs. Father and I were working in the lower field as they passed along the river road. Most of the hunters carried rifles and they looked ugly.

Twice during the morning I went up to the house to find Colin, but he was nowhere around. As we worked, Father and I could follow the progress of the hunt by the distant hound music on the breeze. We could tell just where the hunters first caught sight of the fox and where Bandit was leading the dogs during the first hour. We knew as well as if we'd seen it how Bandit roused another fox along Turkey Branch and forced it to run for him, and how the dogs swept after it for twenty minutes before they sensed their mistake.

Noon came, and Colin had not come in to eat. After dinner, Father didn't go back to the field. He moped about, listening to the hound talk. He didn't like what was on any more than I did, and now and again I caught his smile of satisfaction when we heard the broken, angry notes of the hunting horn, telling that the dogs had lost the trail or had run another fox.

I was restless, and I went up into the hills in midafternoon. I ranged the woods for miles, thinking all the time of Colin. Time lost all meaning for me, and the short day was nearing an end when I heard the horn talking again, telling that the fox had put over another trick. All day he had deviled the dogs

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and mocked the hunters. This new trick and the coming night would work to save him. I was wildly glad as I moved down toward Turkey Branch and stood listening for a time by the deep, shaded pool where for years we boys had gone swimming, sailed boats and dreamed summer dreams.

SUDDENLY, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the sharp ears and thin, pointed mask of a fox—in the water almost beneath me. It was Bandit, craftily submerged there, all but his head, resting in the cool water of the pool and the shadow of the two big beeches that spread above it. He must have run forty miles or more since morning. And he must have hidden in this place before. His knowing, crafty mask blended perfectly with the shadows and a mass of drift and branches that had collected by the bank of the pool. He was so still that a pair of thrushes flew up from the spot as I came up, not knowing he was there.

Bandit's bright, harried eyes were looking right at me. But I did not look at him direct. Some woods instinct, swifter than thought, kept me from it. So he and I met as in another world, indirectly, with feeling but without sign or greeting.

Suddenly I saw that Colin was standing almost beside me. Silently as a water snake, he had come out of the bushes and stood there. Our eyes met, and a quick and secret smile passed between us. It was a rare moment in which I really "met" my brother, when something of his essence flowed into me and I knew all of him. I've never lost it since.

My eyes still turned from the fox, my heart pounding, I moved quietly away and Colin moved with me. We whistled softly as we went, pretending to busy ourselves along the bank of the stream. There was magic in it, as if by will we wove a web of protection about the fox, a ring-pass-not that none might penetrate. It was so, too, we felt, in the brain of Bandit, and that doubled the charm. To us he was still the little pet we had carried about in our arms on countless summer afternoons.

Two hundred yards upstream, we stopped beside slim, fresh tracks in the mud, where Bandit had entered the branch. The tracks angled upstream. But in the water the wily creature had turned down.

We climbed the far bank to wait, and Colin told me how Bandit's secret had been his secret ever since an afternoon three months before when he'd watched the fox swim downstream to hide in the deep pool. Today he'd waited on the bank, feeling that Bandit, hard pressed by the dogs, might again seek the pool for sanctuary.

We looked back once as we turned homeward. He still had not moved. We didn't know until later that he was killed that same night by a chance hunter, as he crept out from his hiding place.

That evening, Colin worked a long time on his framed box cover that had lain about the house untouched all summer. He kept at it all the next day too. I had never seen him work so hard. I seemed to sense in the air the feeling he was putting into it, how he was *believing* his picture into being. It was evening before he finished it. Without a word, he handed it to Father. Mom and I went and looked over his shoulder.

It was a delicate and intricate pencil drawing of the deep branch pool, and there was Bandit's head and watching, fear-filled eyes hiding there amid the leaves and shadows, woven craftily into the maze of twigs and branches as if by nature's art itself. Hardly a fox there at all, but the place where he was—or should have been. I recognized it instantly, but Mom gave a sort of incredulous sniff.

"I'll declare," she said, "it's mazy as a puzzle. It just looks like a lot of sticks and leaves to me."

Long minutes of study passed before Father's eye picked out the picture's secret, as few men's could have. I laid that to Father's being a born hunter. That was a picture that might have been done especially for him. In fact, I guess it was.

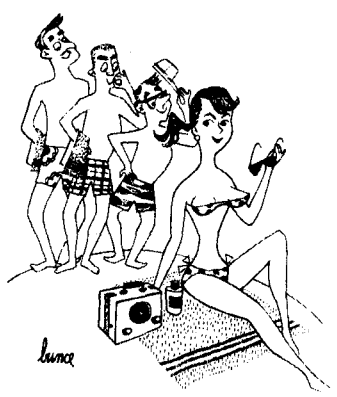
Finally he turned to Colin with his deep, slow smile. "So that's how Bandit fooled them all," he said. He sat holding the picture with a sort of tenderness for a long time, while we glowed in the warmth of the shared secret. That was Colin's moment. Colin's art stopped being a pox to Father right there. And later, when the time came for Colin to go to art school, it was Father who was his solid backer.

WELL, you see now the connection between that picture and this last thing Colin did that everybody's talking about, and maybe why he came to call this one Last Cover. That's a hunting term and it could have been the title of that boyhood picture of the fox. I have talked about the picture with men who know, since it was sent to me as next of kin. It will give my brother lasting fame, they say. It will make Colin, even though he is missing in Korea and may never paint another.

I have thought a lot about it these last weeks. Here I am, alive and everything—the ordinary one, just a stalk of the family bush—without a scratch after all the fighting down there. And a fellow like Colin was cut down in the first weeks. I want to do the right thing with what is left of him; I want his pictures to hang where the most people can see them.

It's strange how you have to look so hard at Last Cover—like that other picture—and then it sort of looms on you like the first time you saw the face of the man in the moon. And everybody seems to see a different thing in it. That's a quality of real art, they tell me; you see what you need to see, or what you are able to put into the picture. That thin, bearded boy, hiding there in fear and pain and misery in the mud and leaves, suddenly comes out at you. To many people it is the face of their own boy. Others see all suffering mankind there, or just Man, and the threat and uncertainty of these times. And others see the face of the crucified Christ, with the thorns on His head, in that pain-rent face with the closed eyes that startle you by seeming to open for you in certain moods or in certain lights. I don't know. Myself, I see the face of a hunted fox. ▲▲▲

WILLIAM BUNCE



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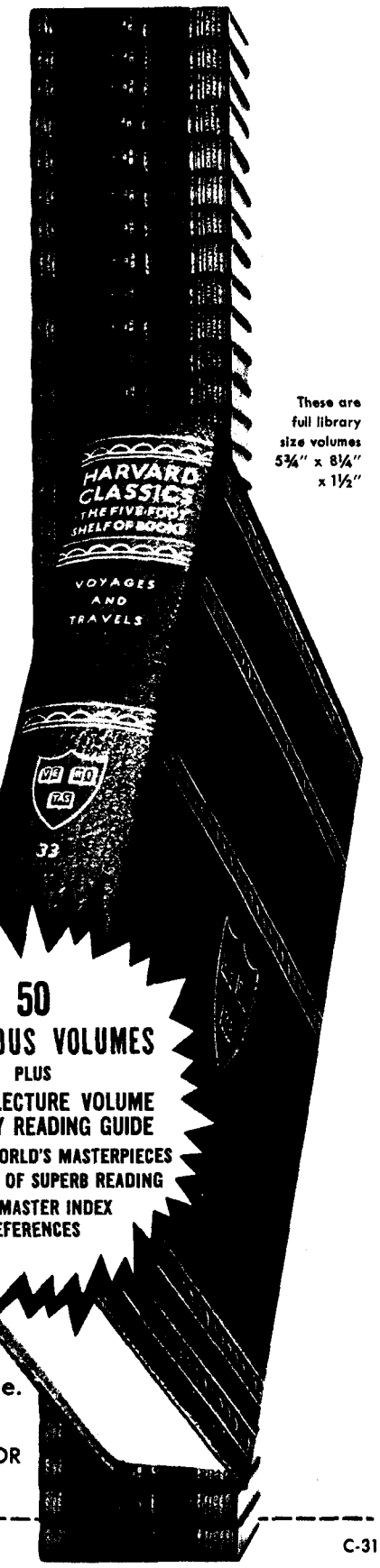

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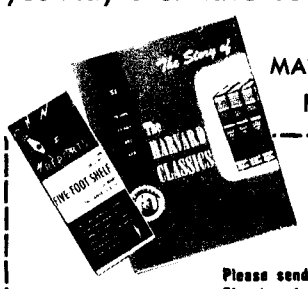

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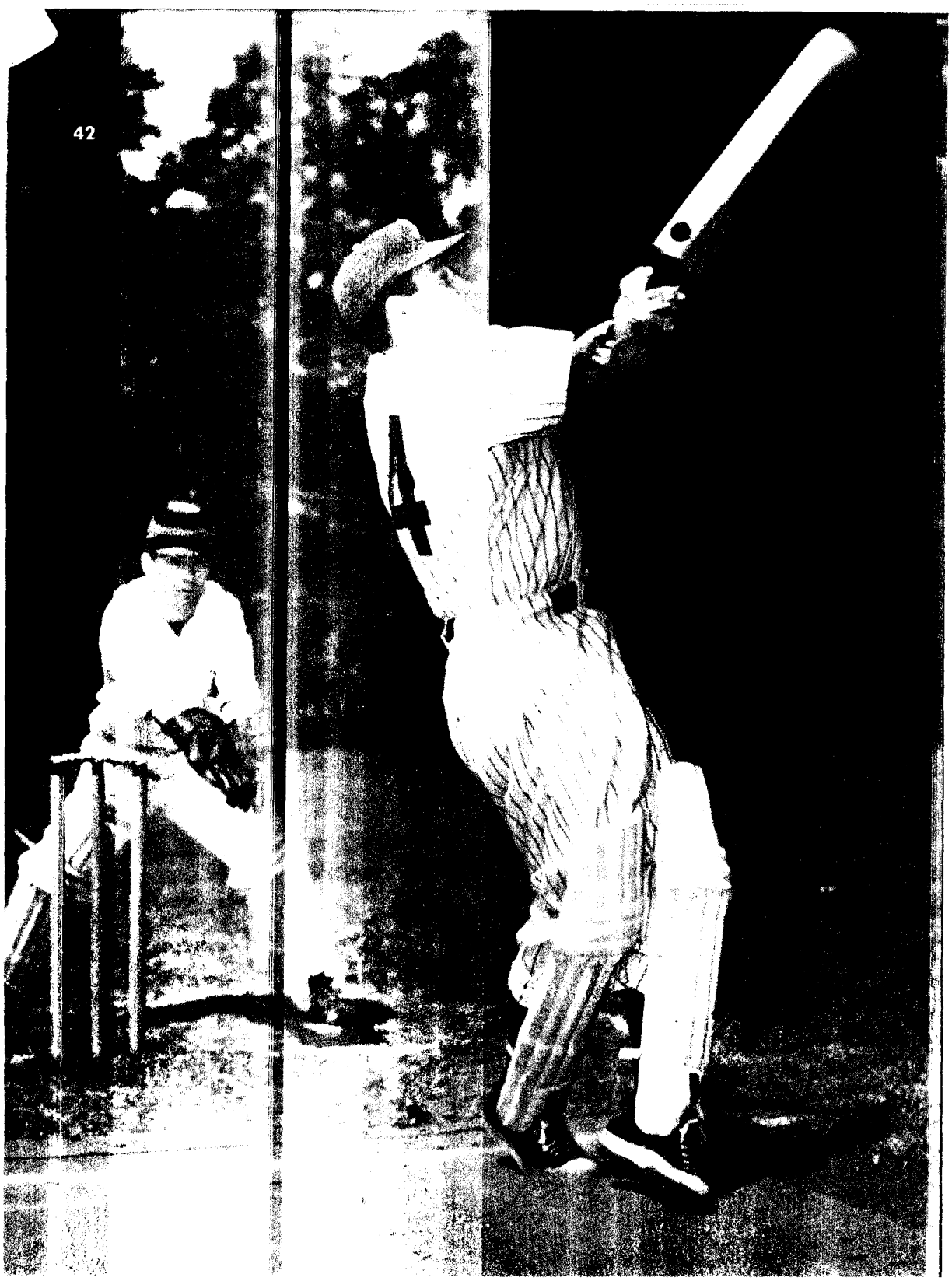

Playing cricket for first time, Phillie slugger Del Ennis protects his wicket (l.) by driving ball out of park for "boundary six" (home run) in game with Haverford College

Bowler Singh and pitcher Roberts look at smaller, heavier cricket ball

Catcher Burgess is more protected than wicketkeeper Dick Grundy, who wears only leg pads, leather gloves

Baseball ain't Cricket

When a ballplayer tackles the British game, the rules are his worst obstacle. You can't even dispute the umpire's decision!

By TOM MEANY

WHAT would happen to a baseball player who stumbled into a game of cricket, ancestor of our national sport? Would he act like a Class D rookie suddenly thrust into a World Series? Or would he, perhaps, lash out with all the speed and power typical of the newer game, and set an amazing record for runs scored?

The answer, judging by a recent test encounter between members of the National League's Philadelphia Phillies and the Haverford College Cricket Team, is that he'd probably become so ensnared in the rules of the British sport that he might never get his bat off his shoulder. But if he did—watch out, cricketers!

When Collier's suggested that I do some research on the subject of cricket-versus-baseball, I rounded up pitcher Robin Roberts, outfielder Del Ennis, infielder Connie Ryan, catcher Smoky Burgess and a few other Phillies and led them to the Haverford campus, just outside Philadelphia. Haverford, which has been called "the Notre Dame of American cricket," is one of the few schools in this country where the game is played; cricket has been on the Quaker college's athletic schedule since 1836, and several Haverford teams have gone abroad to face squads from Cambridge, Rugby and other British schools.

As an experiment, the Phillies' trip to Haverford was somewhat inconclusive. As an experience, it was fascinating. Most of the afternoon was spent getting disentangled from the rules.

Cricket is played between two 11-man teams on a large field which, like a baseball park, has no specific dimensions. There are no bases. Instead, two wickets, located 22 yards apart, are the keys to the game. Each wicket consists of three stakes about two feet high, spaced so that the total width of a wicket is nine inches. On top of the wickets are bails—sticks of wood about the size and shape of clothespins.

A cricket batsman has two objectives. First, he must defend his wicket with his paddlelike bat, so that the leather-covered ball, which is pitched ("bowled") from the opposite wicket, won't get past him and knock down the bails for an out. Second, he must try to sock the ball, which is slightly smaller than a baseball, far enough so that he and a teammate stationed at the other wicket can exchange places and thus score a run. The teammate then becomes the batsman.

As in baseball, if one of the opposing players scattered about the field—in front of, to the side of and behind the batsman—catches the ball on the fly, or can return it to the catcher ("wicketkeeper") before the runners can swap wickets, the batsman is out. Then another batsman steps up. That goes on until an entire team has batted

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and gone out Then the fielders trudge in and become the batsmen. The batsmen become fielders, otherwise known as the point, cover point, mid off, mid on, short slip, third man, square leg, deep mid off, deep mid on and, of course, the bowler and wicketkeeper It usually takes hours to retire a side, and one famous Australian batsman, Don Bradman, remained at bat for four days in a Test Match with Britain. ("That's for me," said Connie Ryan).

There are more rules to the game, but those were enough to confuse the baseball players.

Del Ennis Faces a Bowler from India

After being briefed by the Haverford cricket players, Del Ennis donned the cumbersome leg guards and gloves of the batsman, and stepped uneasily into the eight-by-eight-foot box, called the "ground," marked out around the wicket. Amar Singh, a Haverford sophomore from Darjeeling, India, strolled out toward the opposite wicket. He was the bowler.

Singh took his position some distance behind the wicket—and then, as Ennis winced, raced 20 or 30 feet before unleashing the ball with the stiff-armed, overhand motion used by cricket bowlers. Ennis blinked.

"My gosh," said Smoky Burgess. "He *runs* before he throws that thing? Brother! Imagine having some big guy like Jim Hearn of the Giants come galloping at you like that before turning loose his fast one!"

"What was that pitch he threw?" Ennis asked cricket coach Phil Garrett.

"That's a 'googly ball,'" Garrett said, "and a mighty good one. He gets a spin on it—something like Carl Hubbell's screwball."

Ennis swung hard at the next pitch, and missed. "Strike?" asked one of the ballplayers. "Not a thing," Garrett said. "He'd have been out if the ball had hit the wicket and knocked off the bails. It didn't, so he's still at bat."

Ennis feebly popped up the next ball, and it was caught not far from the wicket.

"Stay up there and take another crack at it," Garrett suggested.

The next pitch was a gone googly. Ennis dug in, swung hard, and slammed it out of sight, into a grove of maple trees several hundred feet away. The crowd of students and faculty members who had come down to Cope Field to watch the fun cheered wildly.

Coach Garrett grinned. "That," he said, "was a 'boundary six'—a ball hit outside the boundaries of the field, automatically good for six runs. It was also one of the longest blows anyone has hit here in years."

Ennis, satisfied that he could lick the game of cricket, retired, and Ryan took his place. It was obvious that he had learned from observation there is no such thing in cricket as a foul ball. He deflected one ball after another, becoming more cheerful all the time.

"What a batting average I'd have as a cricket player," he said. "This is great."

"Are there ever disputes on a play?" someone asked Garrett.

"Sure. Cricket has umpires, one at each wicket —when we can get them. In this country, cricket umpires are a real problem."

"We have the same problem," said Ennis.

Garrett laughed. "No, you don't," he said. "In your case, it might be called a problem of too many umpires. In our case, it's one of too few. Generally, the rival coaches have to officiate in an American cricket match."

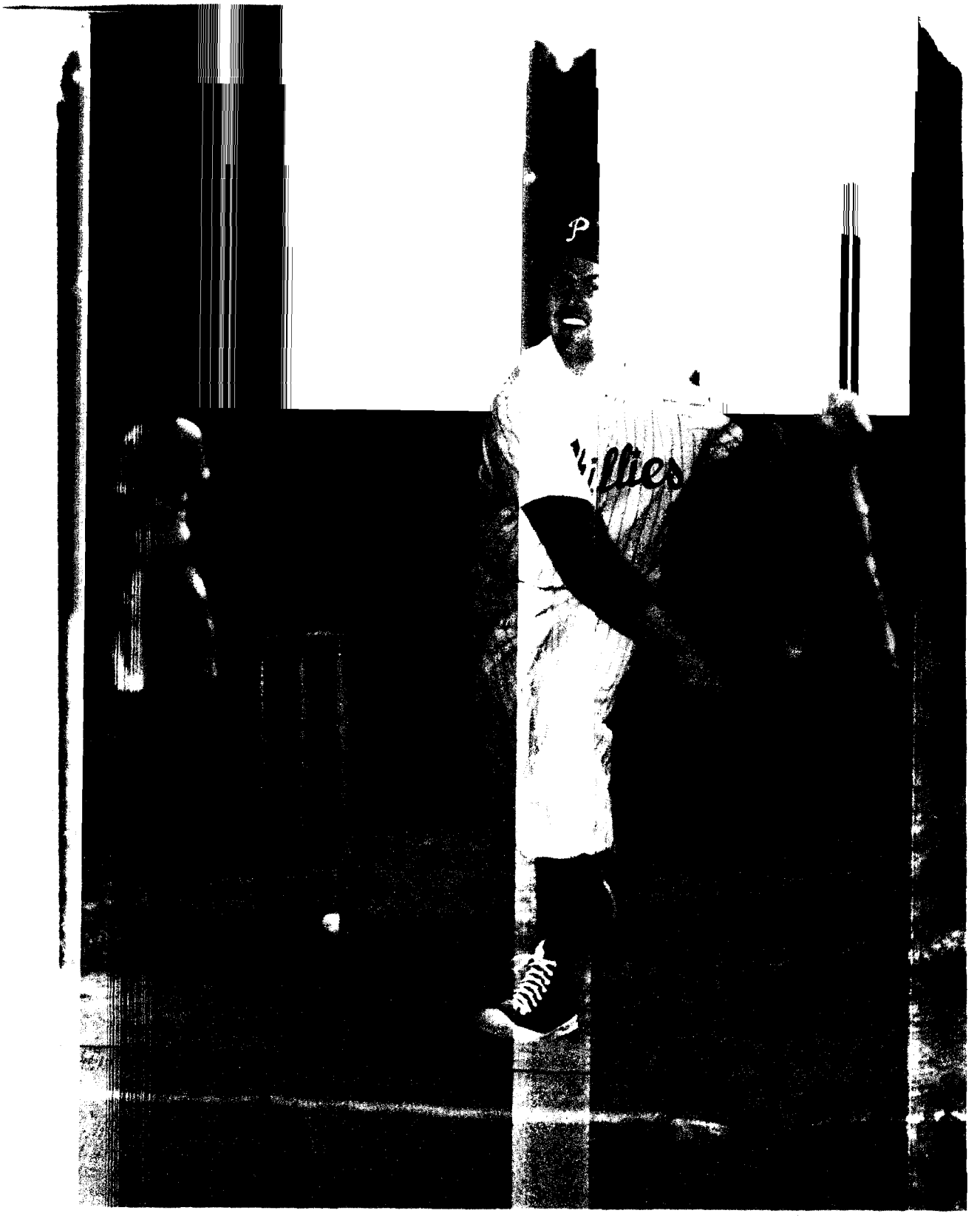
Burgess turned to his teammates and grinned. "How'd you like to see Leo Durocher and Eddie Stanky umpire a Giants-Cards ball game?" he asked. "Wouldn't that be something?"

"There are other differences between baseball and cricket umpiring," chimed in John Benton, of Philadelphia, scorekeeper for the Haverford team. "In cricket, the umpire never makes a decision unless he's asked. If, after you ask for a decision, he raises his finger, it means the man's out.

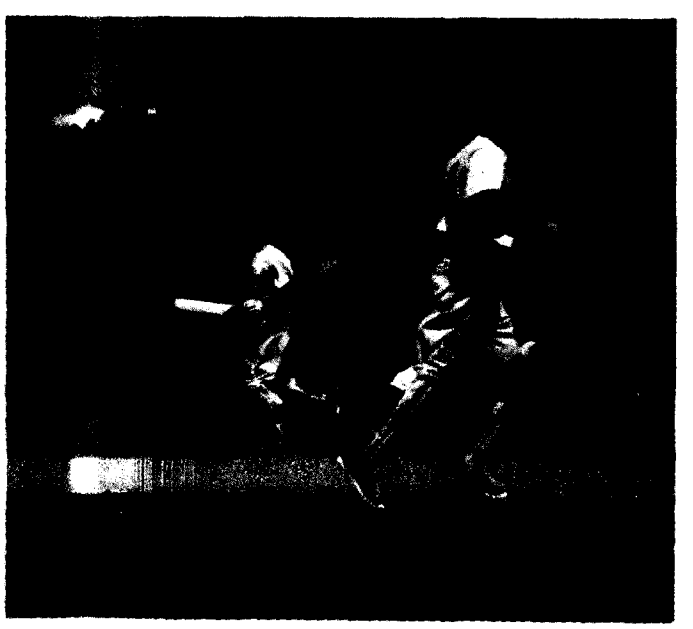
"And, of course, no player ever disputes an umpire's decision."

"You mean you can't beef on a lousy decision?" asked Burgess, incredulously.

"Of course not," said Benton. "That wouldn't be cricket." ▲▲▲



Hurler Robin Roberts tries "bowling"—cricket equivalent of pitching. Bowler runs up to wicket (l.) at top speed, sometimes covering 20 to 30 yards, before releasing ball



Ryan (l.) and Ennis run 22 yards between wickets after latter batted ball for single. Note players carry bats

Del Ennis displays difference in bats. Cricket "willow" is 4½ inches in width

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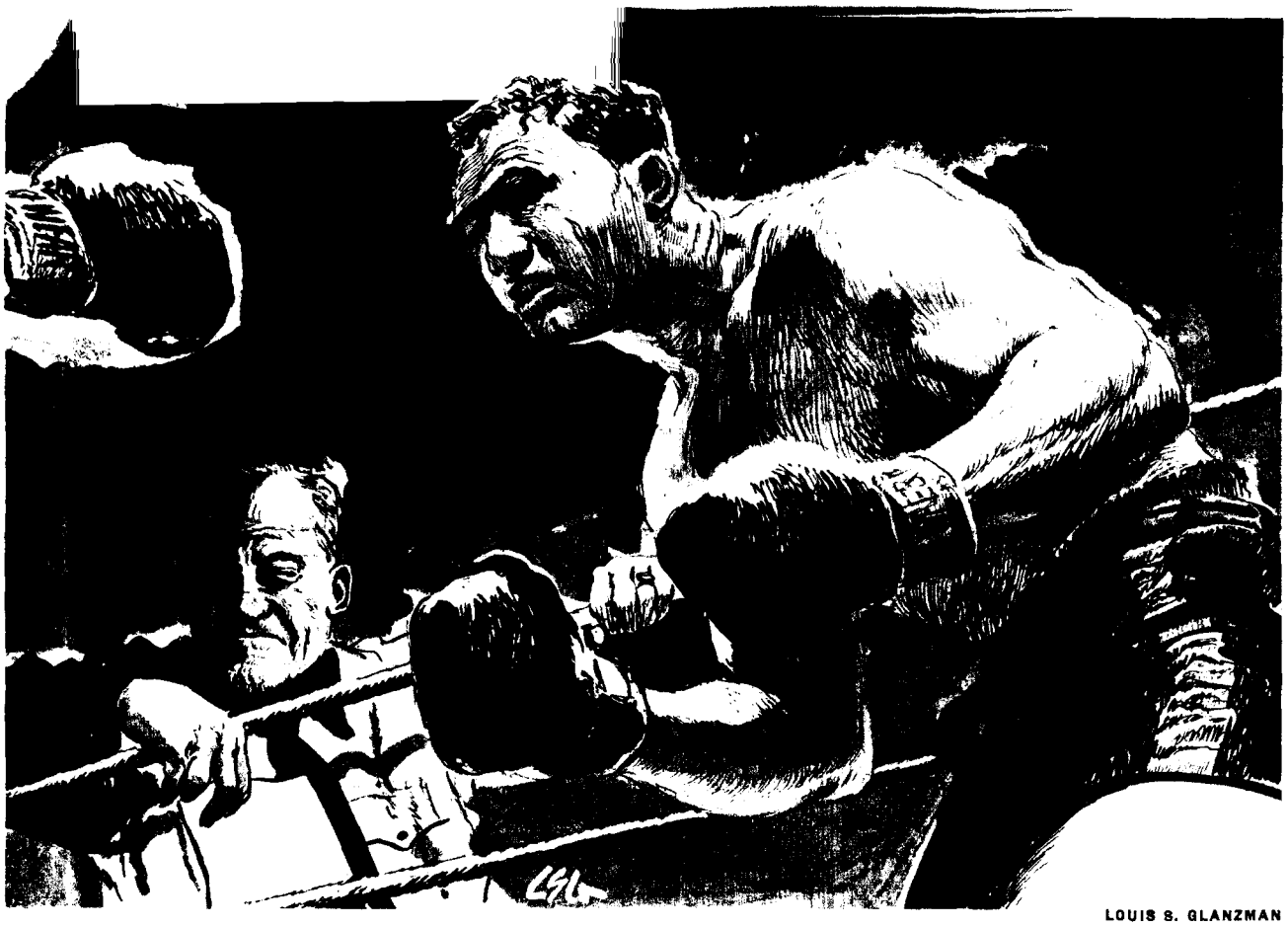

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

When he got up, he was through being neighborly. He smashed Callao to a pulp

The Unlucky Tiger

By RAY K. ROBINSON

FROM the back booth at Barney's you can get a glimpse of the whole prize-fight industry. The food is indifferent and the service is terrible, but through the fly-specked front windows you can look across Eighth Avenue and see Madison Square Garden, the shrine of all pugilists. The clientele of the café ranges from current champions to battered trial horses who never were able to make it but who stopped a lot of other fighters from making it.

Managers come there too, and talk over their beers, secure in the knowledge that some strong-backed punk from Kokomo will keep the brew available. It is natural that their conversation should often turn to the vanished phenoms. The phenoms are the young fighters who come up fast, full of dash and vinegar, and, without warning, slip down to the small type in Ring Magazine. They were good, but something happened, and they are seen no more. In Barney's, the talk often turns to Artie Garrett, who was the brightest phenom of them all.

Young Garrett was the smartest angle player since Euclid. He was a tough New York kid, and he had come up hard. When he broke in, the sports writers said he couldn't miss. The prediction seemed fair, because Artie could move and he could break a horse's back with his hook. He stormed through the Golden Gloves undefeated, as a middleweight and light heavyweight, and won nineteen straight pro fights. He was picking up savvy all the time, gaining weight and confidence every time out.

He was squared off as a heavy when he got drafted. Al Brown, his manager, sighed and hustled off to set up one last bout at St. Nick's before Artie had to report for his physical. The opponent was a boy named Vince Callao, another comer, and the meeting was billed as a stellar attraction.

Callao surprised Artie in the first round and floored him with a solid right hand to the side of the head. Garrett took a full count, blinking in surprise, because it was the first time he had ever been off his feet. When he got up, he was through being neighborly. He smashed Callao to a pulp, and the referee stopped it in the sixth round. Vince went tiptoeing away to the showers like an interpretive dancer.

When Artie was interviewed, on the eve of his departure for service, he whipped up a ragged salute and vowed that he was glad to do his bit. What he told his friends, in private, was in a somewhat different vein. But democracy has many defenders, and Artie Garrett, perforce, was one of them.

Al Brown, his manager, had never before shown signs of being a great patriot. But he sulked along Jacobs' Beach for a few days, and then he joined up too. He knew that Artie had a good chance to be the next heavyweight champion, and he feared that the Army would be careless with his merchandise. The word was passed, here and there, and Al wound up with his tiger in a Southern training camp.

Artie was a sergeant in no time. Theoretically a boxing instructor, he was really in training on the taxpayer's dollar, and was only turned out in earnest to headline cards at the Officers' Club. Al Brown, a pear-shaped and aging corporal, was always in his corner. The portly manager began to dream of the Garden marquee.

As usual, the military loused it up. They shipped Artie's commanding general out, and the fighter was left without a sponsor. The situation deteriorated until finally Artie found himself having to accept the suggestions of second lieutenants. After he had pulled K.P. a couple of times, the fighter had a solemn conference with his manager. They agreed that the whole United States military effort was aimed at destroying a promising pugilistic career.

As they brooded among the garbage cans, Al had an inspiration. "That Callao fight," he said. "The guy decked you. So you got headaches all the time. Ain't they unbearable?"

Artie brushed a potato peeling off his sleeve. As he remembered, his head had been hurting a lot.

"So you never get no relief," Al went on enthusiastically. "Come rain or shine, any type doctor, your sconce hurts allatime."

In a few days, Artie was in the base hospital. The medics looked him over, ran tests, and departed. They filled up chart after chart, but nothing happened. Al came to visit as frequently as he could, and bolstered his fighter's faith. "Act more like nuts," he advised. "Be way out on Mars most of the time, and make with the wild-animal noises."

So Artie practiced animal noises. The weeks went by, and his outfit sailed away for combat. Sometimes it got so that Artie wasn't sure he was just practicing. His roars brought attendants on the run, and, just for laughs, he would see how many of them he could stack up before they overwhelmed him.

WHEN he had been in service for eleven months, and in the hospital for five, a medical board certified him for discharge. Their report said that his X rays showed no damage, but that the syndrome followed a familiar pattern. The day Artie caught a bus for New York, he had a last meeting with Al Brown. They drank a stirrup cup together, and agreed to clean out the known pugilistic world.

Al had to get out of the Army too, but since he was overage, he and Artie figured it wouldn't take long. The military, death on logic, crossed them up again. Al got shipped out to the South Pacific.

While he waited, Artie kept in shape. He did not get any action until a millionaire pie-plate maker named Walker offered him a main event in Chicago. Artie took the match, for walk-about money, and chilled his foe in three heats. Then there was an opening in Pittsburgh, and it was like stealing money. Artie was still counting his end when the number one heavyweight contender busted a mitt in training, and Artie got a chance to meet the champion.

He had not counted on that, but there it was. The pie-plate tycoon was so hot to have a champion that he offered Artie all of the challenger's end, so the fighter signed for a Garden title bout. He was getting into shape at his Pompton Lakes camp, looking stylish for the rubes, when a scrawny little man pushed through the crowd and gave him the big hello.

It was Al Brown, back from the Army. Artie stopped working the bag, said it was nice to see old friends, but that he was corked up tight in the way of management. Al screamed foul, but he left quietly, dangling from the arms of two policemen. The customers were puzzled by this byplay, but when Artie started dismantling his sparring partners they forgot all about it.

The fight was getting a big build-up—bigger than usual, because Artie's millionaire patron had hired a platoon of press agents to leak out data on the sturdiness of his charge. That was why, on the day before they broke camp, Artie was surprised to see his rich manager stalk through the gates and order all admissions refunded.

"I know you're loaded, chief," the fighter complained, "but that's real money you're throwing away."

For answer, his manager thrust a New York tabloid under his nose. The most famous sports by-line in the country was over an exclusive story which said that Artie Garrett had been discharged from the Army as a psycho, as a result of damage received in the Callao fight. The commissioner had reviewed the evidence, and had canceled the title bout.

In the closing paragraph of the story, the sports writer commended one Alvin Brown, who, acting in the public interest, had been unable to stand by and see a good boy threatened with death or permanent injury. Artie tried to roll with the punch, but all he could do was make animal noises. He caught a bus to New York. For some reason, the pie-plate's Cadillac did not seem to be available.

Like all love stories, this one has a happy ending. Artie found Al. They had a few shots of rye together, and then the near champion pasted hell out of his ex-manager. But the dawn brought reason. Now the Tiger is campaigning in the Midwest. He goes under another name, and he's dyed his hair. He fights in medium-sized towns, for lean purses, and though he doesn't seem to give much of a damn any more, he looks about as good as ever. Under Al Brown's smart management, he may even get a shot at the Nebraska state heavyweight championship. ▲▲▲

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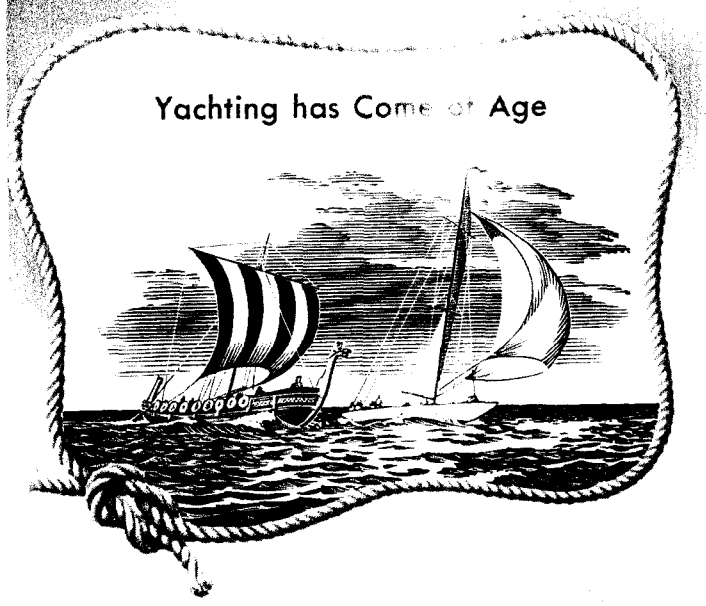

GIN HAS COME OF AGE

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ALEMITE

To Put Rose-Colored Glasses on Wash Day Blues

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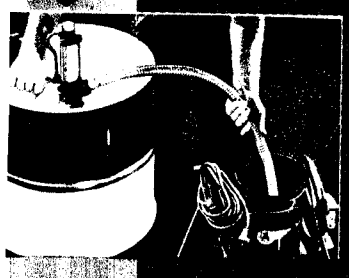

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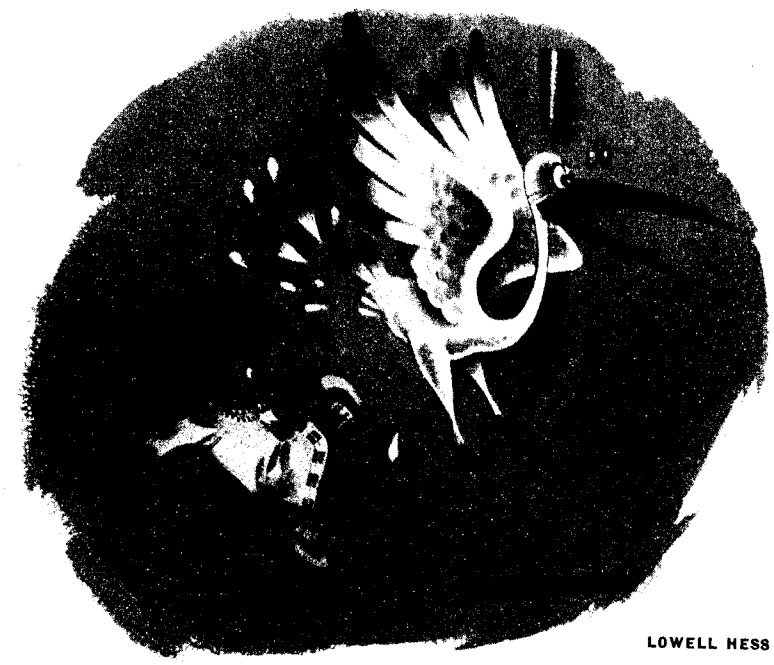
Smile When You Call M

And unless you want to send this part-Cherokee writer



LOWELL HESS

"I was a 'Too-later,' born too late to get on the Cherokee rolls"

By WAUHILLAU LA HAY

NOT long after I moved East, I found myself at a cocktail party in New Canaan, Connecticut. Gusseted to the teeth and on my best behavior, I made polite chitchat, and happened to mention that I was from Oklahoma.

"Not really!" said one lady, her eyebrows shooting up.

"How terribly interesting," murmured another, looking across the room to show her terrible interest.

"Isn't that where . . . that is . . . aren't there *Indians* in Oklahoma?" stuttered my hostess, eying her guests to see how they were taking this dreadful exposé.

"Yes," I said—pleasantly, I hope. "As a matter of fact, I am part Indian."

There was a long pause—a very long pause, broken only when everybody started chattering at once. A few of the less brave New Canaanites put their hands on top of their heads in case I might be scalp-happy.

Finally my hostess took me aside. "My dear," she cautioned, balancing every syllable, "you really shouldn't ever tell. No one would ever know."

So let's just come right out with it. I am part Cherokee. No one knows exactly how much. It could be as much as a fourth as as little as a thirty-second, but so closely has my family been connected with Indian affairs that we all think of ourselves as at least half bloods.

My father, a lawyer, represented the Cherokee Nation in Washington for many years, and one of my sisters is with the Office of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma.

My mother was born and reared in Scotland. Mom always referred to her side of the family as the non-Indians and would say, on occasion, "Yes, this is one of my nieces. She's white."

My name is a Cherokee male name meaning "Little Eagle," a fact I seldom reveal since gaining my last 20 pounds. I was so labeled because I was a "Too-later," born too late to get on the Cherokee rolls, and my two sisters and brother, abetted by my father, thought it would be nice to give me an Indian name, since I'd never get any money out of the United States of America.

There is no segregation so far as Indians are concerned in the West—unless you are a blanket Indian. But, in Santa Fe few Indians, usually only those married to rich "whites," are served in the "smart" places. This is a city where a large percentage of the people have some degree of *indio* and *mexicano* blood.

"But, darling," your hostess will always say, "these aren't YOUR kind of Indian."

Well, sure enough, there are all kinds of Indians—as there are all kinds of everybody. I am no prouder of a dirty, illiterate, drunken Indian than you are of a dirty, illiterate, drunken whatever you are.

The Eastern concept of American Indians is usually built around those "colorful people in blankets and silver and turquoise jewelry" you see around Santa Fe, or the shy little ladies who sell you souvenirs at the railroad station in Albuquerque.

Many times it has taken all my will power to keep from bopping some of those people who debark from The Chief or Super-Chief for a 10-minute stop at Albuquerque. They can't seem to realize that the souvenir vendors speak as good English as they do—or better. Right in front of the little Indian women, they discuss them, their dress, morals, state of cleanliness and wares.

I'll admit some Indians I know are pretty "strange." The more Indian blood, the more quirks in character, but they are pleasant quirks and usually laughable—even to other Indians. For example, one of my sister's coworkers at the Indian agency brings his own noon meal, and when the whistle blows, retires to the farthest corner of the room, turns his back and eats his lunch. He's not even a half blood, but he has inherited an old Indian feeling from his folks: that eating in public is not polite; eat-

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POCAHONTAS

on the warpath, don't talk about *lazy* Indians, either

ing, *per se,* is unattractive. The next time you're seated opposite someone who slurps his soup, you might think of my sister's friend.

I have never known many full bloods of my own tribe, but those I have known have been thoroughly delightful. They are quiet, well-mannered and dignified. They don't enjoy talking very much, but if they like you, they will beat their brains out to make you happy. The Indian sense of humor is well developed, and Indians enjoy jokes on themselves. They are vastly funny and many of them are childlike in a lot of ways.

I am intensely proud of my Indian heritage and, in a small way, I seem to have become a professional Indian, which is only a step below a professional Irishman or Scot. We don't have as much chance to yell as they do—having no common religion, no special days, no Bobbie Burnses. Anyway, this professionalism came into full flower when I was very young.

At that time the Society of Oklahoma Indians met yearly. A queen was always named at these conventions; she was chosen from "princesses" from various towns appointed by their mayors. One year, in Osage territory at Pawhuska, I was named queen. Even today I am happy about that honor because of how it came about. It wasn't because I was the prettiest, smartest or most talented. I was, in fact, an ungainly kid with a fuzzy, early-day permanent cut too short, but covered by a wonderful wig with long, black, Indian-looking braids.

My costume, lent to me by my official chaperon, the late Miss Alice Robertson, one of our first congresswomen, was a beautiful white buckskin dress, fringed and beaded with turquoise, red and white beads. The only drawback was that no one could dig up a pair of matching moccasins big enough for my healthy-sized feet.

Finally someone—no doubt an enemy, now that I look back—turned up with a pair that fitted perfectly. I put them on and stepped proudly into the lobby of the hotel where the convention was being held. Suddenly I found myself surrounded by a group of young and old squaws with their papooses. They all laughed fit to kill, covering their mouths and ducking their heads. I stood there, flabbergasted. Finally, an interpreter I knew came along and, when he saw me, laughed just as hard as the girls. It seemed that the moccasins I had on were those of an Osage brave.

Osages and Cherokee have never been particularly friendly. This may be because the more warlike Cherokee once chased the docile Osages off their rich farming land and shoved them back to Kansas. The U.S. government later granted the Osages land in Oklahoma, and the feeling of enmity may have been furthered when it turned out that those rocky acres were loaded with billions of dollars' worth of oil.

At the reception, we "princesses" were introduced to the hierarchy of the society. It turned out the name La Hay was pure magic. Sometimes in broken English, sometimes in shy, hardly understandable whispers, each man said something like: "You Joe La Hay's baby? Him fine man. Joe my fren always." Or, "I knew your daddy. Best Cherokee I ever knew." I blubbered out my thanks. Joe's baby won hands down.

There were all sorts of fireworks to come. As I was leaving Pawhuska, a photographer and an Associated Press reporter cornered me. So I had my picture taken in the wig and, since my costume was packed, draped in a Spanish shawl. The results were so flattering that all the rotogravure sections in the country printed them.

I have to laugh and yet have to crawl into a corner for a quiet cry over the things people say about Indians. Most of them are funny and most of them are said completely without rancor or meanness—just with abysmal stupidity.

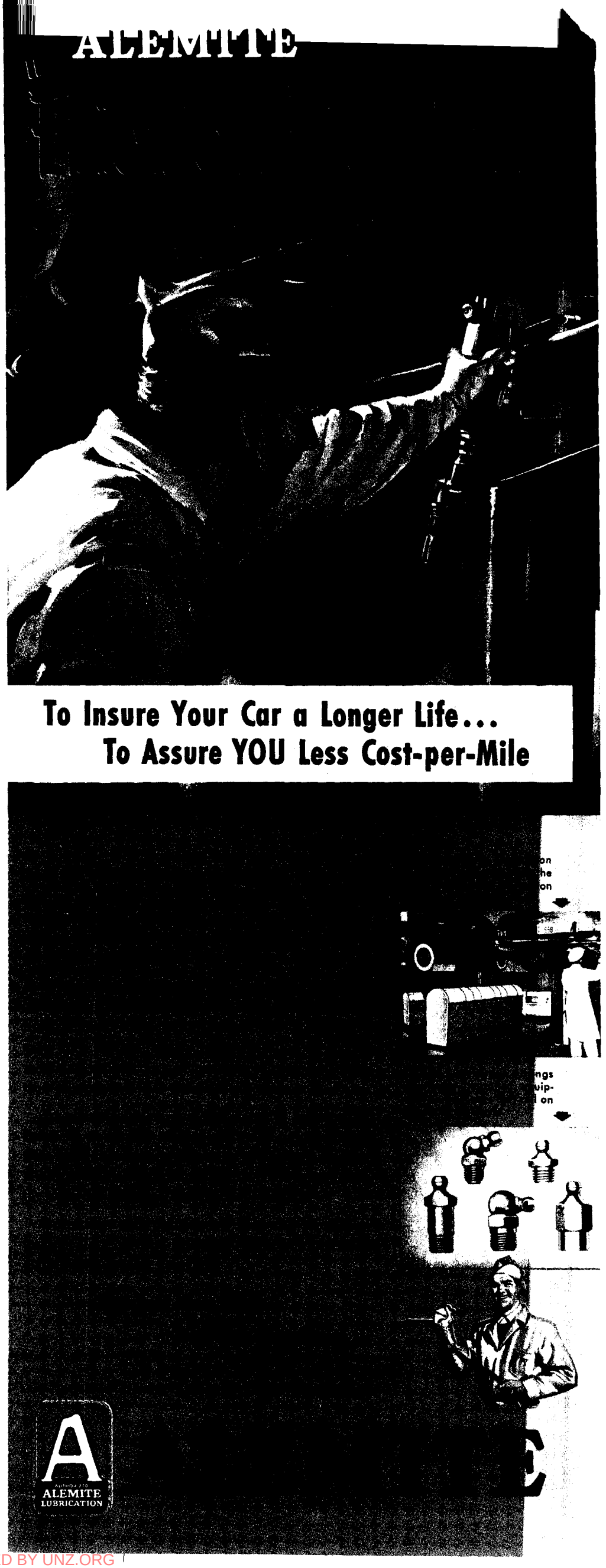
Not long ago I pinch-hit at a luncheon of some public-relations people who had been left without divertisement because a prominent speaker had canceled at the last minute. Practically every member of the group was an acquaintance or friend, and I thought it would be an easy speech to make.

Well, I hadn't reckoned with the young lady chosen to introduce me. A well-meaning Philadelphia-born gal, she fluttered: "I do wish we'd have had more time to get ready for Miss La Hay. It would have been so exciting to have had her appear in her native dress and tell us some of the quaint Indian customs in Oklahoma. I know that she'd have loved to do it, and that every single one of us here would learn so much about our (gay laugh) red brethren!"

I stood up and, through a haze of rage, started my speech. It went as follows:

"I will be glad to tell you something of our quaint customs in my native state. We reside in settlements which are called towns or cities, depending on their population. We live in structures known as houses. In these houses are divisions to which we have given the name rooms. These rooms are called dining rooms, kitchens, bedrooms, parlors and bathrooms. In each bathroom, we have a spring. Any questions?" ▲▲▲

After winning an Indian beauty contest, author posed for photos in Spanish shawl



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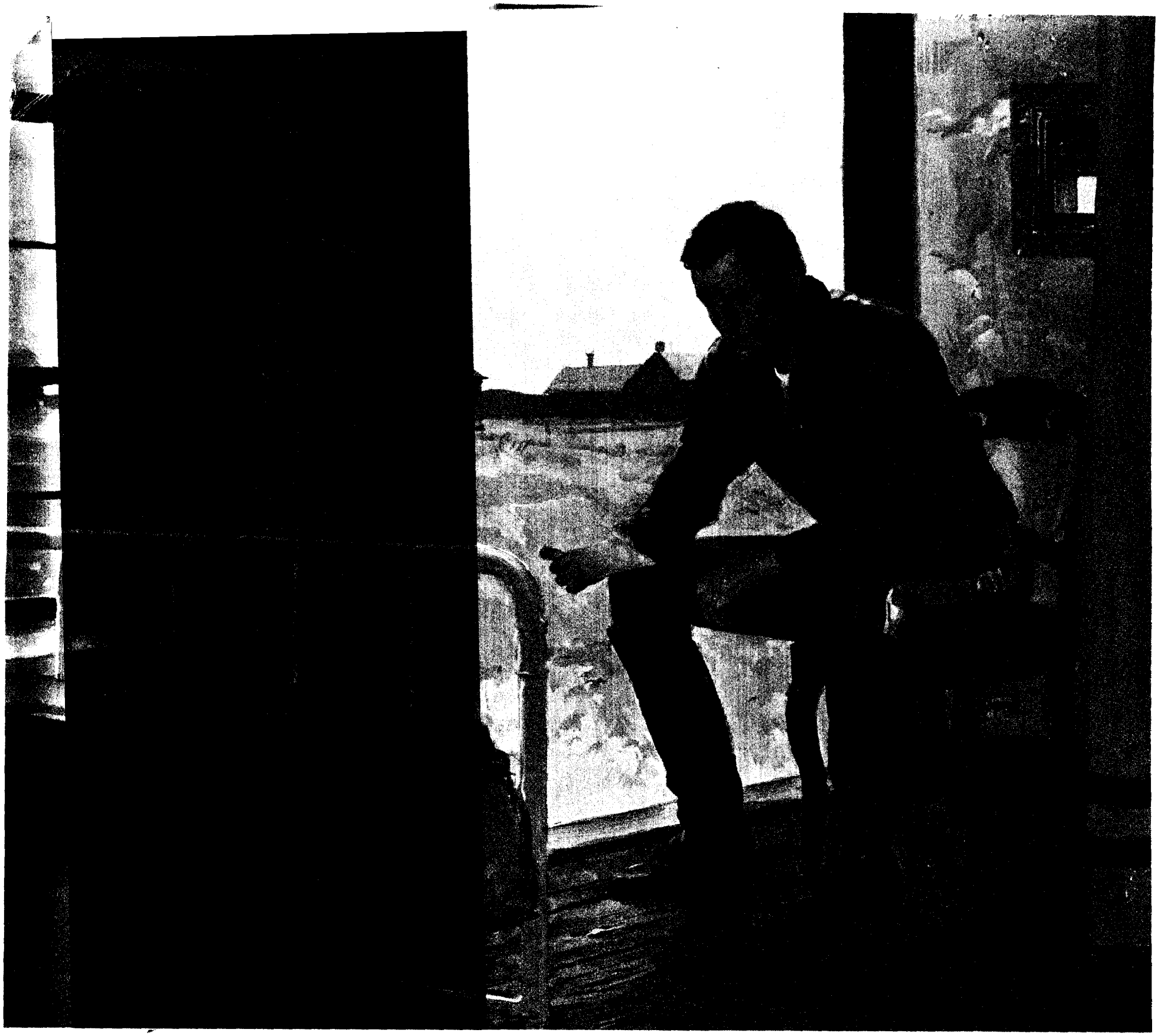

Matt sat in the open doorway and read the letter aloud

THE ANGLE OF A BULLET

By PAUL HORGAN

She had lied to him, deceived him, betrayed the trust of his deep concern for her—betrayed, in effect, his love for her and her own for him. Now she must win him back

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Suddenly he stopped. "W[illegible]rest?" Laura cal[illegible]d

NOT more than an [illegible]fter sunrise, the trumpeter, who serv[illegible]so as the major's orderly, ran down the [illegible]nty row of officers' quarters and banged on the [illegible]oor of the last and smallest house.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenan[illegible] he shouted. His young, excited voice seemed to do violence to the vast calm of the desert that lay rosy and hot in the early light of August. Almost at once, the door was opened from within by Second Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard, who stood in blue flannel shirt, gray breeches and black boots, with a silver-backed hairbrush in his hand.

"Yes, Orderly?" he said gently.

"The commanding officer's compliments, sir, and will the lieutenant report to him on the double."

"Thank you, Orderly, and my respects to Major Prescott, and I will report immediately."

The youngster in tight flannel saluted and ran up the row. Matthew, watching him, was already at work on possibilities. If it should happen that he must leave her for duty, there were things to t[illegible]l Laura, his wife, before he was gone. He turned i[illegible] to the crumbling adobe hut.

She came toward him. She touched him and he f[illegible]lt her tremble, but she arched her brows and her e[illegible]es danced and she mocked the unknown, saying, "Matt, don't be too long. I shall die of curiosity u[illegible]til you come back."

Almost in one movement, he kissed her, took up h[illegible]s neckerchief and his hat, and left her, thinking: I[illegible] has come sooner than you might have expected.

He reached the post commander's building at the head of the row. The flag was up, hanging inert, making its own shadow on the hot, sandy ground. Matt ran up the two steps to the tin-roofed porch of headquarters and into the narrow hallway. To one side was the office, to the other the living quarters. Brevet Major Hiram Hyde Prescott was at his table in the office. When Matt saw him, his right arm was already raised forward in mid-air, and hanging from his right hand was a pale-green paper. The single gesture told Matt several things. He was to read the paper. It was about something urgent. A decision had already been made. The commanding officer hated waste motion and liked to anticipate. Without speaking, Matt took the paper and read it standing. In Major Prescott's clear, heavy writing, it stated:

Received at Hq., Troop F, 6th U.S. Cavalry, Fort Delivery, Territory of Arizona, 23 August 1886, 6:10 A.M., *by heliostat.*

1. Horse herd, escort wagons, mounted platoon proceeding from railroad at Driscoll, Arizona, to Fort Delivery ambushed night of 21-22 August near Ransom Rock by undetermined number of Apaches under Chief Rainbow Son.

2. Fire exchanged, with four seriously wounded in platoon. All horses scattered and driven away to southwest. One Indian killed and abandoned.

3. Survivors entrenched pending rescue.

4. One survivor, Sgt. Burns, reached Ransom Rock heliostat relay station last night with news.

5. Sgt. Burns of opinion that Rainbow Son and followers driving horses toward Half-Moon Canyon as nearest natural refuge.

6. Awaiting signaled instructions.

"Well, it's hit us, sir," said Matt Hazard, putting

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the dispatch on Major Prescott's table.

"It happened night before last," Major Prescott said. "If it took Burns till the next night to reach the relay station on foot, under scouting conditions, the column was about twenty miles away from there. They must have been trailed and watched for several days. There must have been a good many or the platoon would've handled them. Rainbow Son has turned our men into foot soldiers, not only there but, unless we recover the herd, even here, in time, since our troop horses are in such poor condition. If the Apaches *have* headed for Half-Moon, we will find one advantage and one disadvantage in that. First, we will find them gathered instead of spread around the map; but second, if they have enough to eat they can hold us off there indefinitely. Is this pretty much as you see it?"

Hiram Hyde (so everybody spoke of him throughout the Army) sometimes looked most comic when he was most earnest; but those who served with him soon forgot to notice his bald head, his stony little black eyes, his big grown mustache, and his stocky build. What impressed them instead were his directness of manner and his whole dedication to the Army, a dedication which embraced the country it served, the regiment he belonged to, and the men of the troop that belonged to him.

"Yes, sir," Matthew answered.

HIS whole bearing asked what was now to be done about the situation. Whatever it was to be, there was a place for him in it, for the troop's other line officer, First Lieutenant Mainwaring, was in command of the detachment now dismounted, vulnerable, and waiting in the desert. That left only the surgeon, Captain Gray, as the last of the officers of the garrison.

"We must do three things," said Hiram Hyde, screwing up his right eye. "One, we have to get our people, especially the wounded, out of there; two, we have to get those horses back; three, we have to show the Apaches that we will strike back, and fast, even at heavy cost to us. And we have to do all these things at the same time. You remember what Half-Moon is like, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I've been there twice."

"Then you see the problem."

"Yes, sir. Or I will, sir."

"Yes. After all, I haven't stated it in your terms. You'll take out two squads of the second platoon, find Rainbow Son, recapture the herd, and kill or bring in all the Indians you can. Captain Gray will head a relief party, with led horses and supplies, to pick up Mainwaring and the first platoon near Ransom Rock. With two operations mounted out of this post in opposite directions at the same time, I'll have to stay here at the center. What will be the first thing you'll do?"

"Sir, I'll personally supervise getting my men and equipment ready."

"Then?"

"I'll move out in scouting order in the general direction of Half-Moon Canyon," Matthew continued. "It's the only lead we have."

"And then?"

"If I find them there, I'll have to work out something on the spot."

Hiram Hyde stood up. "It'll do. But I'll tell you what. I'll see to getting your outfit ready, if you want to have a little time with Laura. And I'll ask Jessica to take her on while you're gone. Those two have hit it off, you know."

"Yes, sir, I know. Thank you."

Hiram Hyde, looking at Matthew with an age-old compunction, was secretly moved by life as seen through the young and loving, and as met by the young and brave. The lieutenant had just been married in the East, and had brought his bride to Fort Delivery, Arizona, only five days ago. It was early to take them away from each other, perhaps forever.

"Yes," said the major. "Now git." . . .

They went arm in arm toward the hot, shadowed arroyo. "I've told you, Laura," said Matthew, his voice dry and unlike itself, "what has been known sometimes to happen when the garrison of one of these frontier posts is away."

"Have you? You did, but I've forgotten."

She looked at him prettily, as if they were strolling at a garden party. He wanted both to shake her and kiss her.

"If the Indians know the troops are gone, they will attack. The women and children are then in awful peril. The mothers must know how to shoot, Laura. I'm going to teach you what I can right now."

"So I can shoot Indians? How *primitive!*"

"Listen to me. There are standing orders that if they are in danger of capture by Apaches, our women are to take the lives of their children, and their own lives, rather than allow themselves to be taken alive."

They were both shaken by Matt's words, and they stopped walking. In a moment, she pressed his arm to tell him that he must not worry. He took her in his arms.

THEY were lost, until she remembered her duty again, which was to protect him from any weakness that he might feel for her sake, and she made them walk.. "What about where you're going with the troops?" she asked.

"A place called Half-Moon Canyon, two days' ride from here. They call it that because in its deepest part there is a huge, shallow cave, part way up the cliff, shaped like a half-moon, straight side down. The thing arches like a big, perfect shell. The cave floor is flat, and has boulders along the front. You never saw a better natural fort. It can't be reached from the top of the cliff, and the trail up to it can be guarded easily. People must have lived in it centuries ago."

"Why don't you build great enormous fires and have the smoke drive them out?" she suggested. He patted her hand kindly. "I know," she added. "You can't bear it if I try to be clever about the Army. When did Major Prescott get the message?"

"This morning, as soon as the sun was up high enough. You remember how the heliostat works. They flash messages in code from one relay station to another, fifty miles apart, using mirrors."

They came to a miniature canyon in the dry, rosy arroyo. He helped her down the bank. Up the draw a little distance, he found a place. As targets, he set up a row of three scrap pieces of tanned leather which he'd taken from his hip pocket. He stuck them in a sloping shelf of loose earth, and they were backed at a distance of a yard or so by the sunny arroyo wall with its overhanging rim of exposed hard gravel and sharp desert grass.

HE MARKED a place to stand facing the target across the draw. "Here," he said. He saw her smiling at him, and he scowled. "This is no game," he growled. "It is in dead earnest. Now, here." He drew and handed her his heavy Colt .44 Peacemaker cartridge revolver. Its weight dragged her little arm down, and she took it with both hands and wobbled it up to breast height. He was hotly exasperated now by what he most loved in her; for in her delicacy, her playful frailty, lay terrible danger if she sould have to meet the duty he was preparing her for.

"Laura, Laura!" he cried, and stood behind her, his arms around her, holding his hand over hers on the pistol grip, and beginning the lesson that was so hard for her to believe in and for him to be calm about. He raised her arm and brought the weapon's mouth down in a strong, steady arc until the gesture of aiming was made. He then stood away and let her do it alone. He talked about sights, and proper pressure on the trigger, and how to load and unload, and what to do with a firearm not in use. Then he stepped back and let her shoot.

Upon the explosion, there was an insect song from a ricocheting bullet, and a spray of dust, and one of the upright pieces of leather fell.

Matthew laughed. "You knocked it down, all right, but the wrong way. Try it again."

"What did I do?"

"You hit the bank above, and the bullet glanced off and struck the target from the rear."

"Oh, dear. Let me do it again."

"You couldn't do it again. What's more, it's dangerous. The bullet might glance our way."

"Oh, dear."

"Laura." He took her hands and spoke very soberly, leaning down. She looked up. He was tall, and she made him feel taller. They were powerfully alive to each other. "You are not supposed to hit the target from the back but from the front. Now aim lower, and do it right. There's a reason for all this. All right, now."

She fired. There was no result but the ringing of the shot. "What did I do then?"

"You shot right over the bank at the sky. Lower." He held her tightly again, and again rehearsed how to aim. "Exaggerate the low aim," he said sternly, while his blood pounded at her nearness. "Evidently you sight high."

He released her, and, when she fired, the bullet sang sharply off the bank again and struck the loose earth behind the little leather targets that remained. Dust came up.

"That's impossible, or nearly, to do it twice," said Matt. "Here." He took the revolver and fired and hit his target in the center. She cried out with admiration and begged to try it again for herself. He remembered again why they were there, and thought wryly of the mixture of love, duty, comedy and danger in which he was involved. The emotions of the morning left him. What he wanted was a perfectly clear head and a strong recollection of all the experience he had known or heard of that dealt with desert warfare against a brilliant, horse-mounted enemy. He handed the revolver to Laura and said, "Unload," and then, "Load," and then, "Fire," and, for as long as he could allow himself, he made her familiar with the weapon. She was an excellent pupil. Presently he had to say to himself that if the fearful need ever arose, she would, in respect to handling a firearm, be able to do what was prescribed by standing orders. It was hard comfort. Taking her back to their quarters, he walked rapidly. She felt he was already gone.

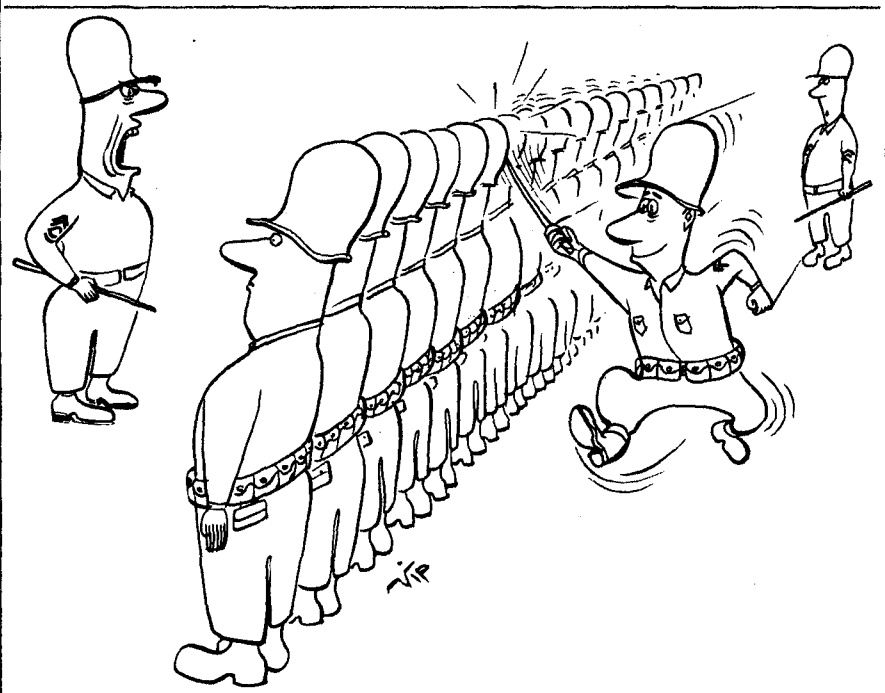
"Here," he said at their door. "You stay here."

He went inside and put the revolver with a belt of cartridges on a marble-topped table, gathered up his readied field equipment, and returned to the bare ground before his threshold. He embraced her. Across the quadrangle of Fort Delivery there was the glisten of distant and continued activity at the picket line. The horses were saddled and packed. The troopers repeatedly inspected buckles, straps, canteens and arms. With all but one standing in place, the trumpeter now sounded assembly. The call was for him, and Matthew turned from her, shutting his eyes against her real image so as to keep its last likeness in his mind.

Out of other doorways—in officers' row and in single rooms side by side where the married soldiers lived with their wives, who did the post laundry—women appeared. They stood silent and watched. They shaded their eyes with their forearms against what blinded them, inside and out. They heard a series of commands, small-voiced across the square, and they saw the guidon on its lance come up, and watched the column move out at a nodding walk toward the silky waves of heat in the distance, where everything they hated lay in wait for everything they loved.

THE commanding officer's wife seemed to be everywhere all morning. She was in the laundry room, working the women hard, and earning their gratitude because they saw how she tried to make them forget. She called on Mrs. Gray, whose husband was preparing the relief expedition to Ransom Rock, and Mrs. Mainwaring, whose husband awaited rescue, and after that she came to Lieutenant Hazard's one-room house, where she sat down with an air of planning to stay a while. She wore a broad, flat straw hat, a white shirtwaist, and an Army-gray skirt with a wide belt and a

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S **"O.K., Corporal. That'll be enough of *that*"** VIRGIL PARTCH

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silver buckle. From the belt hung a leather purse. The Army wives knew that in it she carried cigarettes and matches, and though she never smoked in public, she enjoyed her cigarette with friends whenever she felt like it. Jessica Prescott was a famous Army wife. She made an effect as abrupt as the rapid-fire syllables of her name.

"Well, Laura, I'm exhausted. You must take care of me for a little bit," she said.

She had come to take care of Laura, and they both knew it, but she chose to set a tone of comic heroism.

"Why don't you have a cigarette with me?" she asked, unsnapping her reticule.

"I've never tried it," said Laura.

"I can't think of a better time. Even if you dislike it, you'll feel that you've had a fling at something outrageous, and right now that'd do you as much good as anything."

They lighted cigarettes, and Laura puffed hopefully. Mrs. Prescott gazed about the little room. Laura, in five days, had turned a bachelor's hut into a dwelling that, if it had no style or riches, was given character by certain placings of objects, and Jessica nodded, glad to recognize that Army breeding (for, like her, Laura was an Army child) always showed, even in a one-room mud house. She suddenly brought her gaze back to Laura. Tears from the smoke had invited others out of a deeper cause.

LAURA put her cigarette down and covered her face with her hands in a sudden, timeless gesture.

Jessica said, "Yes, well, the first time may seem unbearable, but I will tell you something. It never gets one bit easier."

"What makes it worse," Laura said, "is that I deceived him at the very last. And now he's gone."

"You deceived him? Do you want to talk about it?"

"When his orders came this morning, early, his first thought was for me," Laura said. "He wanted to teach me to shoot, in case I—"

"Yes, I know. It's just true, you know. Well?"

"So we went to the gully out back there, and he gave me a lesson with that." She pointed to the big Colt on the table. "I acted out a lie."

"How?"

"I was already a very good shot. My brother Harvey used to take me out with him and we'd practice for hours."

"So you let your husband make a fool of himself over you today?"

"Yes, but I never thought it would matter, so long as he never found out. And he won't find out, but it matters horribly!"

"Indeed it does. Why'd you do it?"

"Mostly, I wanted him to make all that fuss over me," said Laura, with difficult honesty.

"It's a fright, how much of that we need," said Jessica.

"I love him so."

"Yes. So much that you'll risk everything just to express it, like any of us. Well. Are you going to keep worrying over that?"

"I suppose not. But I was really bad. I shot several ricochets just to show off, and pretended they just happened. Something he told me made me think of trying it."

"What was that?"

"That cave where they've gone to—Half-Moon?—was like a shell, he said, and he told me how hard it would be to get at men gathered together in the cave. So I had a picture of it in my mind, and I thought the shots could just hit the back wall, and bounce forward and hit whatever was there from that angle. It was something like that at the bank where we practiced this morning. It worked."

"Didn't you tell him, even then? It might turn out to be useful on his mission."

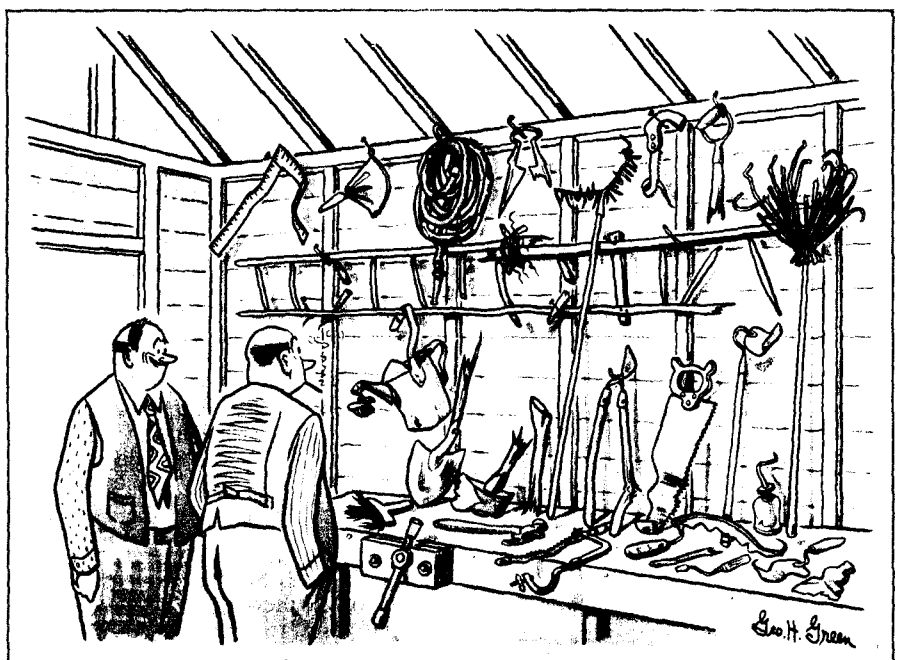
"No. I am learning not to talk about his work with him. He doesn't like it."

"I see." Jessica felt serious doubts and she showed them. "Why do young people always make everything so difficult? You should have simply *told* him. There's always a moment when it can be done, but it doesn't last, and when it's gone it'll always be too late. And if whatever it is ever comes to light by accident, then there's trouble. I sometimes think *trust* is the first thing to protect, no matter how hard it may be at times to admit deceits."

"When he comes back," said Laura, with some effort to be confident, "I'll have to see that he never finds me out in this one little thing. But I swear it will be the only one all my life that won't be open as day."

"I came to ask you, actually," said Jessica, sharply changing the subject to avoid open judgment of Laura's pathetic moral compromise, "if you want to come to stay with us at headquarters, till the troops return. My husband told Matt we'd look out for you," she added, for fear of having a kind heart herself. "It'll be almost a week, at best, you know."

The challenge, as she made it, was supposed to hurt as much as possible. She watched Laura frankly and fondly.



COLLIER'S

"I keep these around just to lend to the neighbors"

GEO. H. GREEN

Laura looked about at the hovel where she dreaded to be alone, but she could not abandon what her five days with Matthew had laid upon the room, and she replied, "Do thank the major, but no, I think not. I'll stay here."

Jessica Prescott merely nodded. But she was prouder of the girl than she wanted to say.

CONDEMNED to inactivity at the center of things, Prescott for days was, as his wife said, impossible to live with. He told himself bitterly that he should have led the troops out southwestward to Half-Moon. Was he insane to have given the command to a youngster only two years out of the Academy? He liked the boy, who was tall, good-looking, so much in love, and so serious about his work. But with what was at stake! And then Hiram Hyde convinced himself that he had had no choice but to send Matthew, and he set about reproaching himself for not personally having gone northward to the rescue of his first platoon now abandoned to the desert near Ransom Rock. Men wounded, suffering, hungry, under the August sky—the picture tortured him. Yet—his mind came full circle—what if in the absence of most of the troops, an attack should come to the fort? Should not the most experienced, the most responsible officer be on hand at the home station to defend that upon which all else rested?

His first relief came when Sergeant Burns, riding a horse borrowed from the few maintained by the Ransom Rock station, rode in to report that none of the wounded had died, that Doctor Gray and his squads were well on their way toward reaching the dismounted platoon by forced march, and that they had picked up a stray Indian, wounded after the ambush and left to die after a few days of travel. This Indian, with the fatalistic candor that often came just before death, had confirmed that Rainbow Son and the stolen herd had in fact retired to Half-Moon. The sergeant also gave over a bag of mail that had come by train to Driscoll, the railhead a week's ride away.

Hiram Hyde could now believe that his plans were sound. He must only hope that his men were equal to them. His thoughts kept drifting toward Half-Moon, where there was action. How he longed for action! The best he could do was devote himself to the mailbag. There was a letter or two for almost everyone on the post—there was one for Matthew—and he filled a little time by going personally, quite unlike a post commander, to deliver the mail at the various quarters.

Laura took from him the envelope addressed to Matt. "How nice," she exclaimed, turning it over. "It is from my brother Harvey, at Fortress Monroe. Thank you, Major."

"Getting along all right here?" he asked her.

"Yes. Yes, thank you."

"Well, I'm glad you say so. But you don't look as if you'd had any more sleep than I've had."

"When will we know?" she asked, putting her head down and then looking up at him again with startling seriousness. She looked like a haggard child.

"I give them another two days, maybe three," he said.

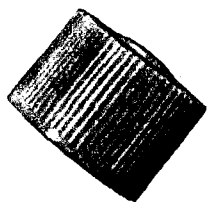
"Yes. Three. Thank you. I just wondered."

But her effort at resuming a social lightness was a failure, and they both admitted it by the way they stared at each other. The major indicated the letter in her hand.

"Well, anyway, you can read that, news from home, and the like."

"Oh, no!" she cried, "I would never dream of opening a letter addressed to my husband. Even from a member of my family."

Yes, he thought, nodding good-by to



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her, the bride and groom may live together in marriage, but they do not yet know each other very well. . . .

But Hiram Hyde had deliberately given Laura a pessimistic guess as to how long it might be before there was news. In the afternoon of the same day, a thin cry went up beyond the corral, making an instant effect in the almost empty fort. It was a sentry who called out, and when the others came out of their black doorways he pointed, and they saw the little trail of smoky dust moving, yet barely moving, on the white horizon. As they watched, there were flashes of sun off metal, and presently a flutter of yellow that was the guidon. In a sighing chorus, the women of Fort Delivery went together beyond the main gate to meet Hazard's second platoon.

The column could move only at a walk, for that was the pace of a large band of captive Indians, including Rainbow Son, who were marched by mounted guards. The squads were distributed also to herd the recovered horses. Matthew rode at the head of the column which moved slowly into the quadrangle. Herded horses were turned into the corral; prisoners were locked into the blacksmith shop and other sheds; and the skeleton platoon formed up for dismissal at the picket line. Facing them on his horse, Matthew saluted and dismissed them. They went to their welcomes.

In Hiram Hyde's office the report was made.

"You did it, by thunder!"

"Yes, sir," said Matthew.

"Where'd you find them?"

"Just where we thought. In Half-Moon."

"You mean actually in the cave?"

"In the cave. The stolen horses were half a mile down the canyon, under guard. We managed that first, and fairly easily. But the cave—there they were, behind their rock barrier in front, and thirty feet above us. We had good cover on the canyon floor, but that was about all. I went myself the first night to see if we could do anything from the top of the canyon walls on either side, and we couldn't. And they had the trail—it reaches both ways from the cave down to the creek—well policed."

HIRAM HYDE knew the place, and he saw the picture. The Indians had gone to their great shallow cave and drawn the pale sandstone cliff about their shoulders like a garment that would protect them forever. He could not see how twenty men attacking it from below could have overwhelmed it. He said as much.

"I know. I wondered too, sir." Matthew was animated. His face burned with vitality. "But I think I managed it in the only way possible."

"And what was that?"

"I shot them in the back."

Hiram Hyde grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "You *what?*"

"I shot them in the back, sir. I issued orders to every man—we had eighteen firearms—to watch for my signal when daylight came, and when I gave it, to fire together at the curving shell of the cave, above the heads of the Indians. The bullets sprang off, and even on the first volley, lots of them took effect. We used the Indians' own chief defense to destroy them. As I say, we shot them in the back."

Major Prescott stared at him. "Weren't they surprised?" he asked thinly, in his own astonishment.

"Demoralized! They didn't know at first what was hitting them. They had no place to hide. We got better and better at calculating our ricochets. The damage was tremendous."

"Wasn't it dangerous for you, if some of the shots angled back on your position?"

"No, though a few dropped around us. But they were spent."

"And our people didn't take any wounds?"

"A few scratches. But we had good cover. It wasn't long till the Apaches came down. Rainbow Son led them out. You know, sir? I think the *idea* defeated them as much as anything else."

Hiram Hyde rubbed his bald head and said, "How in thunderation did that ever come to you?"

Matthew paused. He frowned. If an elusive recollection drifted across his mind, he shook it loose and dismissed it. "I don't know. It just did."

"I never heard anything like it," Hiram Hyde exclaimed. He reached for Matthew's hand. "I'm not sure *I'd* ever have thought of it. But you did, and by God, I'm going to see you get recognition for it." The commanding officer was wild with professional excitement.

They talked a while longer, recording casualties, which were high among the Indians, and making an accounting of the recaptured horses. Then, with his elation still upon him, Hiram Hyde took Matt by the arm and led him out to where the women were waiting. He announced that to celebrate the capture of Rainbow Son, the brilliant battle of Half-Moon, and the brevet promotion he was by thunderation going to get for Second Lieutenant Hazard, the Prescotts were going to have the Hazards to dinner that very evening.

"Put on your grandest dress," said Mrs. Prescott to Laura. "We believe in all possible dog, if any."

"Won't you sit down, old man? There's an easy-to-assemble chair there on your left . . ."

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

LATER, in the early twilight, after newly pledged endearments, Laura said she would change for dinner behind the blanket partition while Matthew— Oh, yes, she had nearly forgotten. There was a letter for him from her brother Harvey. "Read it to me while I dress," she called.

He sat in the open doorway to take the failing yellow light of day over his big shoulder, and read aloud.

Dear Matt, wrote Harvey, *it is certainly good to think of you and Laura at your last ditch of wilderness out there. You'll have to give me credit for one thing, anyway. I did my little bit to get Laura ready for the wild and woolly. She made me swear secrecy till she could prove it to you herself, but by now you must know what a good—*

Matthew's eye, traveling ahead of his voice, told him what was hard to believe. He stopped speaking, and read in silence.

"What is it, dearest?" called Laura.

Matthew did not reply. He put the letter on the doorsill and walked out into the evening.

Laura, carrying as much as wearing all her laces and ribbons and silky pleatings, came to find him, and saw only the letter. She stooped to take it up, and read it kneeling against the doorway. She went white as she saw what had driven Matthew away. Harvey went on to write,

—what a good shot she is. We went out time and again to practice. She got so good she could even trifle with ricochets, though I discouraged this as somewhat dangerous sport. I used to tell her that if there was one thing you couldn't safely predict, it was the angle of a bullet. But you know the fair sex. A little peril only adds spice to—and the letter went rambling idly on, having driven Matthew from his house, and her heart into her mouth.

It was falling dark when he came back. They were in danger of being late for dinner with the commanding officer. She spoke to him, and he answered shortly.

"Matt, dearest, let me—"

"We'd better just get ready and go to the Prescotts'."

"But if you knew why I—"

"Why you let me make a fool of myself? I imagine I'll never really know. If you could do it once, it could happen again." He gave a bitter little laugh. "It's taught me one thing, anyway."

She asked him with stricken face and silence what that was.

"To be more modest," he explained icily, "in the future, over any small accomplishments that may at first glance have seemed my very own."

She saw then how bad things were between them. With tears welling in her eyes, she turned from him, and said, "At least, hook me up."

He did so dully. Her shoulder, bare and pearly, was there, as so many times before, to be kissed. He only fastened the hooks in her ivory silks and went to set a fresh stock in his blouse collar.

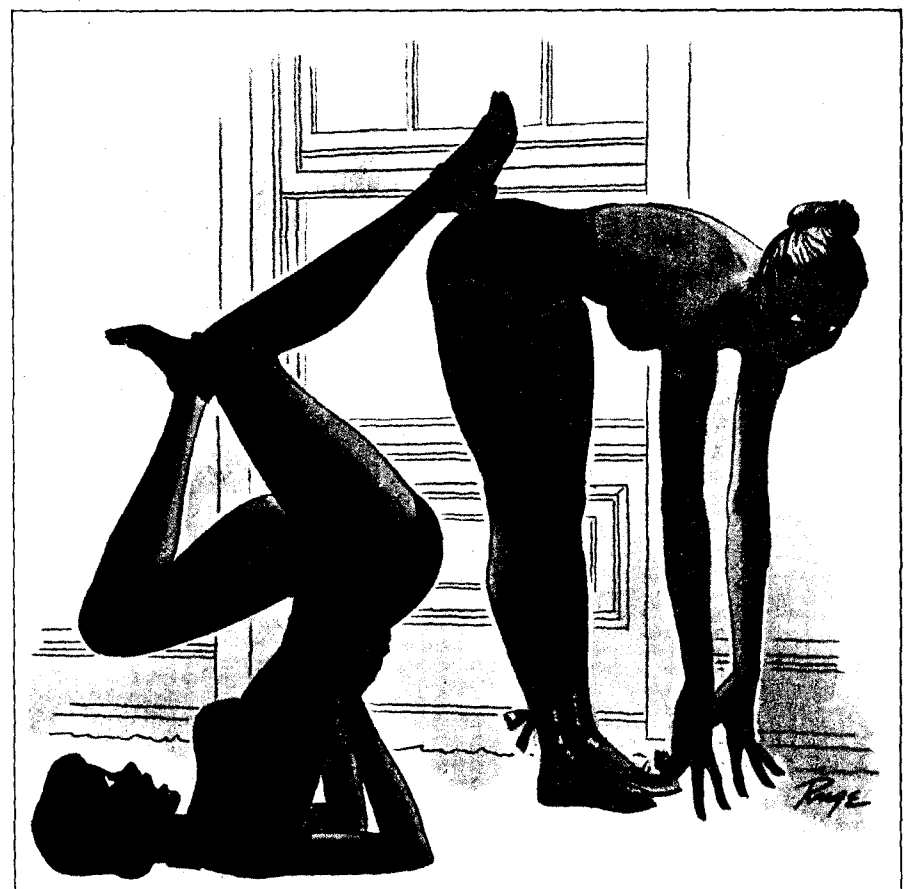
IN a few minutes they walked out in the hot night to dine, a handsome officer in dress and a lovely lady in yards of whispering shimmers, who had nothing to say to each other on the greatest day of their young marriage.

The party began as a failure. Laura whispered to Jessica Prescott in the bedroom before dinner that the most unforeseen accident had befallen her to show her up as a liar and a busybody. She told of the letter, and ended, "He's furious. It's awful. I knew it would be if he ever found out. I'm so miserable."

"He's furious because you deceived him. But he's more furious," said Jessica, "because he managed to deceive himself as to where his great idea came from, and is now exposed. He did a great thing in his battle—Hiram told me all about it, and I didn't say I knew where Matt must have got the idea—but he can't do a greater thing evidently, if it means admitting credit where it is due. Come, my dear child, you look glorious. Flirt with Hiram. It'll be the easiest way to conceal how you feel."

They went in to the gentlemen, who were drinking whisky. The ladies were offered nothing to drink. Jessica produced her cigarettes. Laura took one. Matthew stared at that, but he could not comment without seeming to judge his commander's lady. But Hiram Hyde was startled by the black looks of the young man for his beautiful wife, and was touched by the young lady's high-chinned attempts at indifference to them. If two people ever had reason to be happy, those two did. He shrugged. Laura kept up a desperate running sprightliness in his ear, while he simply gazed at Matthew.

"I'm going to drink to our bride and groom," Hiram Hyde announced, rising. They all rose, and he drank alone while nobody looked at anybody else. I was for such moments of social un



"If I divorce him he'd have to make a large settlement—but I can't get him to propose"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

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awareness on his part that Jessica Prescott sometimes mildly said she could kill him. A great professional, he had little of the trivial sensitiveness that, applied to people, went so far to make careers. As they sat down again, she saw that she had to close a gap, as hostess, and she resolved to make a point, as ranking lady.

"Families are wonderful," she said. "I'll never forget something my brother-in-law—"

"General Van Landingham," interposed Hiram Hyde, to identify the reference.

"—something my brother-in-law used to remind us of. When he was courting my sister—we were in Washington at the time—he went as her escort to one of the Lincolns' receptions at the White House. They went down the line together, and when they got to the President, he shook hands with them, and said he'd heard they were going to be married. They said yes, they were going to be married. And President Lincoln asked, 'And who is going to be the boss?' And my sister looked right at him and said, 'Why, Mr. President, there isn't going to *be* any boss. There'll just be us, *together!*' And with that, the President leaned down, and said to my sister, 'Well, I know you're a Democrat, Miss Amanda, and I'm a Republican, but I'm going to give you a kiss in the name of such a good heart.' And he did, right there in the receiving line. We always loved the story, at home."

Her listeners were quiet, and she added, "Yes, because marriage above everything else is being without pride of self, but being grateful for, and holding pride in, the other. And isn't it odd?—sometimes the hardest thing for some of us to do is to accept what those we love can teach us!"

Matthew looked at his hands. After a pause, he said, trying to help with the failing conversation, "I am told that I saw Mr. Lincoln once. I was three years old."

"Oh! Do tell us," said Jessica.

"Another time, thank you."

She would have taken this for an affront, but she saw that he was deeply thinking over what she had said to them all. Another silence fell. It was too much even for Hiram Hyde.

"Jess," he asked in his roughest voice, "what in thunderation is the matter with this dinner party, anyway?"

"I think," she said, rising, "we are all starving. Come along, Matthew, will you take me in?"

THEY moved to the dining room and sat down in the candlelight. At the head of his table, Hiram Hyde breathed deeply and resolved to begin the entire party over again. After all, he had much to celebrate, and he revived the splendid topic of the day with a compliment.

"Yes, young fellow," he said, leaning toward Matthew, "you'll go down in the history of the United States Army for your brilliant solution of Half-Moon Canyon."

Matthew gazed at his plate. He seemed to bow his head modestly under such praise, but he was fortifying himself in his heart to say what he said next. Looking up, first at Hiram Hyde, and then at Jessica, and then at Laura, he said, "I think none of us realize that my wife gave me the key to the problem. I have only lately realized this myself."

"What in thunder are you talking about?"

Matthew told the story of the pistol practice. When he was done, Jessica Prescott put down her napkin, rose from her place and, dragging a rustle of heavy silk, walked around the table to him. She bent over Matthew and kissed him on the cheek. In the kiss was a great body of good sense, love and affirmation.

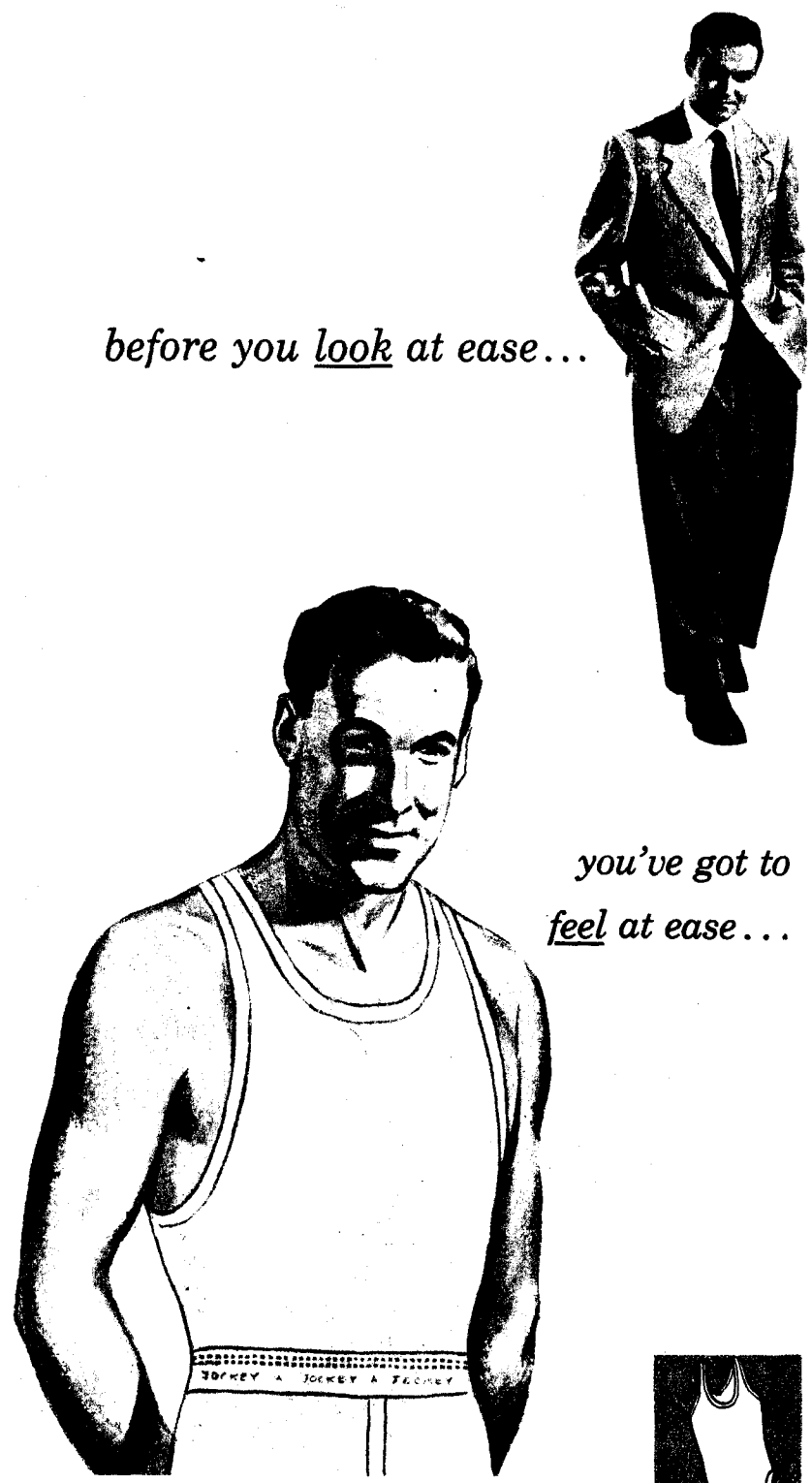
Hiram Hyde leaned back in his chair. "Now what is that for?" he asked, as Jessica returned to her place.

"You'd never know, and neither would Matt," she said, "even if I told you. So I won't. What I do know is that now"—she turned to Matt—"you're really married, Matthew."

Matt looked at Laura. There was joy between them again. Their eyes shone. After that, all he could think of was that Jessica Prescott, by her own efforts as much as her husband's, would certainly be a general's wife someday. ▲▲▲

"If you're taking it out of my allowance, I don't think we should figure your time at $2.00 an hour"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN



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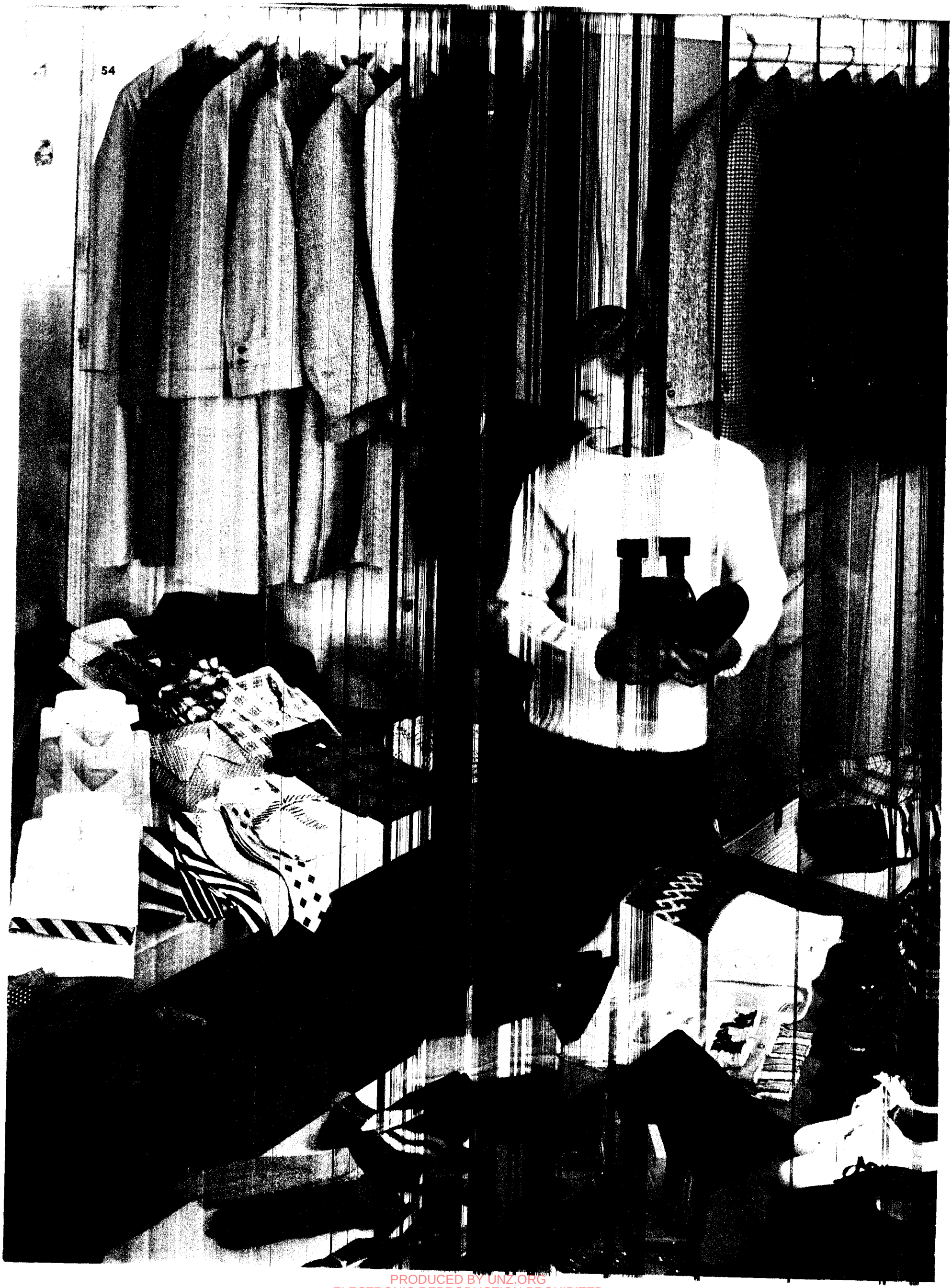

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Campus Cues for Clothes

By BERT BACHARACH

Style-conscious college men create fashions as well as follow them. A new nation-wide study shows what to wear and where it's being worn

THE renaissance of good grooming at America's colleges continues, and today's students aren't far from the standards of fashion leadership which existed before World War II. This is true not only of the major colleges in large Eastern cities, where the students have always been well-dressed, but in every section of the country.

That's why Collier's, for the last three years, has conducted detailed surveys of the apparel preferences and requirements of students in such universities and colleges as Cornell, Texas, Michigan, California, Vanderbilt, Washington and many others. Through these surveys we have learned specifically what we've always known generally—that clothes-consciousness is steadily growing; that wardrobes are larger and more diversified than in the past; that the trend to casual clothes, which started in the colleges, is still increasing; and that there are marked sectional differences in apparel preferences throughout the land.

Certain types of apparel, of course, are equally popular with college men in Maine and Texas. These have become classics and include rep striped ties, buttoned-down collar-attached shirts, dark-gray flannel suits, corduroy jackets, moccasin-type slip-on shoes—and, on the casual side, T-shirts and dungarees.

There has been a strong increase in the number of suits, as you will note from the chart on this page. Even on the West Coast, where jackets and slacks have always been the accepted attire for almost every occasion, the students average three suits per man.

Probably the greatest trend of all, on a nation-wide basis, has been the return to formal wear. During the last war, when dinner clothes were neither available nor popular, and during the post-war period when veterans studying under the GI Bill of Rights had little opportunity for social events, the practice of dressing formally hit its all-time low. But these days, nearly every student owns a tuxedo—for they are required wearing at many college functions. There's still a large preference for the double-breasted models in all sections.

The temperature has a great deal to do with what is worn in different parts of the country. Such fabrics as gabardines, rayons, lightweight corduroys and even cottons come under the heading of "must" apparel in the deep South and in southern California. In these sections, too, the new textiles of man-made fibers or their blends are increasingly popular for a number of reasons—including the low upkeep that results from their resistance to spots and wrinkles.

At the other extreme, in the sections where it gets very cold, required items in the wardrobe include warm and colorful outerwear. Windbreakers and jackets of wool or leather, lined ulsters, camel's-hair coats, zipper-lined topcoats and lined trench coats are all seen in profusion on every Northern campus.

Based on our survey for the current year, here is a general description of the apparel needed by a young man headed for college in any of the six different sections of the country:

In the East, fabric choices in suits, mostly single-breasted, run to gabardines, worsteds, flannel and tweed types. Patterns, in order of preference, include plain colors, stripes, herringbones, plaids and checks. Sport jackets are best in tweed types, corduroys and flannels, in brown, blue, gray, tan and green.

In the South, lightweight suits are mostly single-breasted; regular weights are double-breasted. Fabrics preferred are gabardines, worsteds, flannels, blends, tweeds and coverts. In sport jackets, flannels, tweeds and corduroys are liked in blue, brown, tan and green.

In the Midwest, preference is divided about equally between single- and double-breasted suits, in worsteds, flannels, gabardines, tweeds and coverts. Solid colors lead, followed by stripes, checks, plaids and herringbones, in that order. Sport-coat materials include corduroys, flannels, tweeds and Shetlands, in brown, blue, gray and tan.

In the Northwest, double-breasted suits have a slight lead, and worsted and gabardines share fabric preference, followed by tweeds, coverts, flannels and unfinished worsteds. Sport jackets are preferred in tweeds, corduroys, flannels, Shetlands and worsteds, in brown, blue, tan and gray.

In the West, gabardines, flannels, worsteds and tweeds are the favored suitings, with a slight edge for single-breasted models. Solid colors lead, and plaids, stripes, herringbones and checks follow. Tweeds and Shetlands are the favorite sport-jacket fabrics, leading flannels, worsteds and gabardines. Best-liked colors are brown, blue, tan and gray.

In the Southwest, double-breasted suits have a small lead. Gabardines are followed by worsteds, flannels, tweeds, blends and coverts. Preferred patterns, in order, are solids, stripes, checks, herringbones, plaids and diagonals. Sport-jacket preferences run to flannels, Shetlands and tweeds, with blue as the choice color, followed by brown, tan, gray and green.

Gabardine is the favorite material for slacks in all sections. Flannels, worsteds, coverts, rayon blends and corduroys follow in that order. In shirts, the preference runs to spread collars, with buttoned-down a close second. It is interesting to note that fully half the shirts in college wardrobes have French cuffs.

Ties are a matter of choice, but there is a trend to the narrower shapes. And the average college man owns about three bow ties.

Sport shirts are varied in type, with about half being in the long-sleeve model. Argyle socks are preferred everywhere, with allegiance to anklets and medium lengths equally divided.

Choice rainwear, in most sections, is the water-repellent gabardine coat. In warm climates, however, the lightweight plastic coat is often seen. V-necks in solid-colored sweaters are the national choice, with the weight depending on the climate.

Most college men wear T-shirt undershirts, while briefs and boxer shorts are equally popular. And the national average shows three pairs of pajamas and one robe in each wardrobe. Plain-toed shoes are the favorites in all sections, followed by wing-tips, casual slip-ons, bucks and saddle Oxfords. ▲▲▲

This is a typical college man's wardrobe. If you're heading for school this year, you'll want to check your own list against it—and against this sectional table

BASIC SECTIONAL WARDROBES— BASED ON NATION-WIDE SURVEY

This Chart Shows Articles of Apparel Owned by College Students in Various Areas

SECTION	Suits	Sport Coats	Slacks	Sweaters	Shirts	Ties	Sport Shirts	Shoes	Socks	Shorts	Under-shirts
EAST	4	3	8	5	13	21	10	4	24	13	13
SOUTH	4	2	9	4	12	16	11	4	19	13	12
MIDWEST	4	2	8	2	12	16	10	4	22	13	13
NORTHWEST	3	2	7	4	9	13	10	3	20	10	10
WEST	3	3	8	5	10	13	12	4	20	12	10
SOUTHWEST	4	2	9	4	12	10	11	4	20	12	12

— Plus Other Articles of Apparel Mentioned in Article

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALLECK FINDLEY

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"What I thought was this: Why don't you steal Tubby's old pig?" Maudie asked. A momentary fear that she'd said something unladylike flitted through her mind

ble Galahad Threepwood, and he proceeded to pay it.

"Well, well, well!" he said, gazing at her with undisguised admiration. "Do you know you positively don't look a dashed day older, Maudie? It's amazing!"

AND indeed the years had dealt lightly with the erstwhile Maudie Montrose. A little more matronly, perhaps, than the girl with the hourglass figure at the old Criterion, she still made a distinct impression on the eye.

"It's astounding," said Gally. "Put you in a bathing suit, add you to the line of contestants in any seaside beauty competition, and you would still have the judges whooping and blowing kisses and asking you if you were doing anything next Saturday night."

Maudie simpered indulgently. "Thank you, dear," she said. "I call that very nice of you. You don't look so bad yourself," she added, with that touch of surprise which always came into the voices of those who, meeting Gally after a lapse of years, found him so bright and rosy. He himself attributed his health to steady smoking, plenty of alcohol and his lifelong belief that it was bad form to go to bed before three in the morning.

"I keep pretty well," he agreed complacently. "Life in the country suits me."

"I should have thought you'd be bored stiff."

"No, I like it. It's all a matter of taste. Poor old Fruity Biffen, now, he couldn't cope with the local conditions at all. You remember Fruity Biffen? He was down here till a few days ago, but he couldn't take it, and left. A great loss. He would have been of invaluable assistance to us in this task of foiling Parsloe. Your Uncle Sebastian, though a good chap, lacks a certain something."

"How is Uncle Sebastian?"

"Very well, considering everything. Worried, naturally. The Agricultural Show is approaching, and he has invested far more on the Empress than he cares to lose. I also am heavily involved. So we are relying on you, Maudie, to do your bit. Watch the girl Simmons unblinkingly, for it is from that quarter that peril looms. Did your Uncle Sebastian explain the situation fully? The pig contest? The danger that threatens? The need for constant vigilance?"

"Yes, all that. But who is this Mrs. Bunbury I'm supposed to be?"

"The lifelong friend of a Mr. Donaldson, father of a Miss Penelope Donaldson who is a guest at the castle. So when Connie starts talking about him, don't be like Clarence and say, 'Who is Mr. Donaldson?' Clarence is my brother, Lord Emsworth, and Connie is my sister, Lady Constance Keeble. She is the menace in the treatment."

"I thought this Sir Gregory Parsloe was the menace."

"Aided and abetted by Connie. Not that a twister like Tubby Parsloe needs any aiding and abetting."

Maudie sat up with a jerk. "Tubby?"

"That's odd," said Gally. "I don't suppose I've called him that for thirty years. Meeting you again like this seems to have put the clock back. Tubby was his nickname in the old days. Did you ever run across him when you were at the Criterion?"

Maudie was breathing emotionally. A strange light had come into her blue eyes. "Did I ever run across him! Why, I was going to marry him."

"What!"

"Only he never turned up."

"Never turned up?"

"Never turned up. I waited an hour and a quarter at the church with my bunch of lilies of the valley in my hand, and then I came away." Much moved, Gally sat in silence for perhaps half a minute, thoughtfully polishing his monocle, while his guest, her mind back in the past, heaved gently, from time to time drinking beer in a manner that betrayed the overwrought soul.

"Too bad," he said at length.

"Yes, it annoyed me a good deal, I must say."

"I'm not surprised. Enough to upset anyone. You really mean he never showed up?"

"Not a sign of him. It's my belief he blew the honeymoon money in at the races and hadn't the nerve to tell me. Because it was all settled. He was living down at Shepperton-on-Thames at that time, and I'd had a letter from him making all the arrangements. I can remember every word of it as if it was yesterday. Be at St. Saviour's, Pimlico, two o'clock sharp June the seventh, he said. Nothing could be plainer than that, could it? And then all the stuff about going to Paris for the honeymoon. Well, I don't know how you feel about it, but I think there's something not quite nice in telling a girl to meet you at the church and you'll get married and then not showing up," Maudie said with a touch of austerity. "So he's Sir Gregory Parsloe now?"

"Sir Gregory Parsloe, Bart. A cousin of his died, and he came into the title. Did you ever see him again?"

"No."

"Did he write?"

"Not a word."

"Just faded away like a dream at daybreak? Well, that's Parsloe," Gally said philosophically. "What else could you expect of a man capable of loading my dog Towser up with steak and onions on the night of the rat contest? But I can readily understand that it must have been an unpleasant experience for you, old girl. Still, you were well out of it, if you ask me. Were you happy with the late Stubbs?"

"Yes, Cedric and I were very happy."

"There you are, then," Gally said buoyantly. "All's well that ends well. I'm glad you told me this, Maudie. If young Parsloe did you down in that scurvy fashion, you will be up and doing with a heart for any fate, straining every nerve to foil his evil schemes. Which is precisely the spirit we want to see in you. More beer?"

"No, thanks."

"Then I suppose it's about time I sprang you on the old folks. Keep calm when you meet Connie. And when you see Beach, for goodness' sake don't go flinging yourself into his arms with a 'Hey, hey, Uncle Sebastian!' " said Gally. "Treat him with distant hauteur."

IN ALL properly regulated country houses the hours between tea and dinner are set aside for letter writing. The strength of the company retire to their rooms, heavy with muffins, and settle down to a leisurely disposal of their correspondence. Those who fall asleep try again next day.

Lady Constance Keeble had gone to her boudoir as soon as tea was over, to relay the latest from Blandings Castle to Mr. Donaldson of Long Island. She had just finished, and was relaxing over a cigarette, when the door opened and her brother Galahad came in.

"Yes?" she said, in the voice in which sisters like her do say "Yes?" to brothers like Gally.

Her intrepid visitor was not the man to be quelled by this sort of thing. "Step out of the frame, Mona Lisa," he said briskly. "I came to hear what you think of this Mrs. Bunbury."

It was a point on which he was most anxious to obtain firsthand information. On presenting Maudie to Lady Constance at the tea table, he had observed the chatelaine of Blandings Castle blink twice, rapidly, rather in the manner of a woman who has been slapped between the eyes with a wet

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fish, and he had been forced to ask himself if Maudie had made the grade.

But after that first electric moment it seemed to him that everything had gone with a swing, and in arriving at this conclusion he had not erred. Confronted with Maudie, Lady Constance had certainly blinked, but almost immediately had reminded herself that this guest of hers was probably an American. One always, she knew, has to budget for a touch of the spectacular in the outer crust of the American society woman. This concession made, she had speedily been won over by the polished elegance of Maudie's deportment, with the result that the letter to Mr. Donaldson now lying on her desk was enthusiastic.

"I have just been writing to Mr. Donaldson to tell him how much I like her," she said.

"That's splendid. That's the way to talk."

"I don't see why you are so interested."

Gally gave her a rebuking look. "My dear Connie, I am extremely fond of Penny Donaldson and would not have *liked her to be upset. This Mrs. Bun*bury is a close friend of her father's, and she is naturally anxious for her to get the green light."

"Let me relieve your mind. Mrs. Bunbury is a little odd-looking, but I think she is quite attractive."

"So do I."

"Not that that matters. Well, goodby, Galahad."

"And so does Clarence, by Jove. I've never seen him take to a member of the opposite sex so wholeheartedly. You would not be putting it too strongly if you said that he took this Mrs. Bunbury to his bosom. Watching them go off together to see the Empress, I was reminded of a couple of sailors on shore leave at Marseilles. Astounding!"

"I am rather busy, Galahad."

"You're not in the least busy. When I came in, you were smoking a gasper with your feet on the mantelpiece."

"My feet were not on the mantelpiece."

"That is not the point at issue," said Gally. "The point at issue is the way you have been behaving since I blew in. Your manner has wounded me a good deal. If your own brother can't come and pay you a friendly visit—"

THE conversation might easily have developed into one of those distressing brother-and-sister brawls, but at this moment Lord Emsworth appeared, giving tongue immediately in the high, plaintive tenor which he used when he felt ill-treated.

"Stamps!" said Lord Emsworth. "I am writing a letter and I have no stamps. Have you been taking my stamps, Constance?"

"I have not been taking your stamps," said Lady Constance wearily. "But you can have one of mine, if you like."

"Thank you," said Lord Emsworth, pacified. "I am writing to the Shropshire, Herefordshire and South Wales Pig-Breeders Association. I had a letter from them yesterday, asking me to deliver an address on certain aspects of the Empress. Very flattering, I thought it. *I am looking forward to—My God!*" said Lord Emsworth in sudden alarm. "Shall I have to wear a top hat?"

"Of course you will."

"And a stiff collar?"

"Well, really, Clarence, do you expect to address these people in pajamas?"

Lord Emsworth considered this. "No. No, I see what you mean. No, possibly not pajamas. But a stiff collar in weather like this!"

"*Noblesse oblige,*" said Gally. "You have got to impress these pig-breeding blighters. Give 'em the morning coat, the sponge-bag trousers, the stiff collar, and the old top hat, and you have them saying to themselves, 'Golly, these earls are hot stuff!' You must cow them, Clarence, overawe them. This cannot be done in a ten-year-old shooting coat with holes in the elbows."

"And flannel trousers that have not been pressed for weeks," added Lady Constance. "You look like a tramp. I cannot imagine what Mrs. Bunbury thought of you."

Lord Emsworth started. A quick look of concern came into his face. "Do you think Mrs. Bunbury thought I looked like a tramp?"

"Everything turns," said Gally, "on whether she thrust a penny into your hand and told you not to spend it on drink. Did she?"

"No. No, I don't remember her doing that."

"Then all may be well. Nice woman, that, Clarence."

"Delightful."

"You seemed to be getting along with her all right."

"Oh, capitally."

Gally wandered to the window and stood looking out. "I was telling Connie alone. Am I not to have a moment of privacy?"

"Yes, come along, Clarence," said Gally. "Connie is in a strange mood. We are not wanted here, and I am anxious to meet this gifted youth. What's his name?"

"Whose name?"

"Listen, Clarence," Gally said patiently. "You have a new secretary. You concede that."

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

"I want to know what his name is."

"Oh, his name? You mean his *name*. Quite. Quite. It's— No, I've forgotten."

"Smith? Jones? Brown? Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks? Vavasour-Dalrymple? Ernle-Plunkett-Drax-Plunkett?"

Lord Emsworth stood in thought. "No. Ah, I have it. It's Vail."

"Vail!"

"Gerald Vail. He asked me to call him Jerry."

The door closed behind them. The sharp, wordless cry which had proceeded from Lady Constance they attributed to a creaking hinge.

KENNESAW

"You must be a stranger around here. I been shootin' out of this little side road every Saturday for forty-five years"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

that you reminded me of—Hullo. A strange young man is crossing the terrace."

Lord Emsworth joined him at the window. "Where? I don't see any— Ah, yes. That is not a strange young man. That is my new secretary."

"I didn't know you had a new secretary."

"Nor did I till just now, dash it."

"You'd better go and pass the time of day with him."

"I have passed the time of day with him, and I must say that, much as I resent having these infernal secretaries thrust upon me, this time the outlook seems considerably brighter than usual. By a most happy chance, this fellow turns out to be a mine of information on the subject of pigs. We were exchanging the customary civilities, when he suddenly said, 'I wonder if you are interested in pigs?' 'Bless my soul, yes,' I replied. 'Are you?' 'They are a passion with me,' he said. 'I'm afraid I'm rather inclined to bore people about pigs,' he went on with a little laugh, and then he told me all sorts of things I didn't know myself. He was most informative about pigs in ancient Egypt—"

Lady Constance rapped the table. "Clarence!"

"Yes?"

"Go away!" I came to this room to be

Having walked as far as the end of the corridor together, in pleasant conversation on such topics as top hats, secretaries, and what a pest their sister Constance was, the brothers parted, Lord Emsworth to go to the library for a quick look at Whiffle on The Care of the Pig, Gally to toddle out for a breath of air.

As he toddled, he was feeling deeply stirred. The way it looked to Gally was that somehow, by the exercise of he knew not what girlish wiles and stratagems, Penny Donaldson had succeeded in smuggling into the home circle the quite unsuitable young man to whom she had given her heart, and he was filled with a profound respect for the resource and enterprise of the present generation. He was still aglow with admiration for Penny's buccaneering behavior when he bumped into something solid, and saw that it was the dream man in person.

"Oh, sorry," said Jerry.

"Not at all," Gally said courteously. "A pleasure."

Seeing the object of Penny's affections at close range, he found himself favorably impressed. For an author, Jerry Vail was rather nice-looking, most authors, as is widely known, resembling in appearance the more degraded types of fish, unless they look like birds, in which case they could pass as vultures and no questions asked. His face wa not at all a bad sort of face, and Gall could readily picture it casting a spell i a dim light on a boat deck. Looking a Jerry, he found it easy to understan why Penny should have described hin as a baa-lamb.

Jerry, meanwhile, drinking Gally in had discovered that this was no strange he had rammed.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Threepwood," h said. "You won't remember me, bu we've met before. I was introduced t you once by Admiral Biffen."

Gally retained no recollection of thi previous encounter, but the mention o that honored name stirred him like bugle. "You know Fruity Biffen?"

"I've known him all my life. "He's distant cousin of my father's."

ANY doubts Gally might have ha as to the suitability of this youn man as a husband for a girl on whom h looked as a daughter were dispelled "Fruity was down here only a week ago Not staying at the castle—he can't stan my sister Constance, and I don't blam *him. I got him to take a little hous* along the Shrewsbury road not far fron here because I met him in London an he seemed a bit run-down. But h couldn't stick it out. Bugs made to much noise, he said, and he went bac to Piccadilly, where he said a man coul get a bit of peace. I miss Fruity. Di he ever tell about the time when h and I—"

Gally paused. The story he had beer about to relate was a good one, but h was a kindly man and realized that thi was no time for stories, however enter taining. "But I mustn't keep you here talking. You'll be wanting to find Penny Oh, I know all about you and Penny,' said Gally, noticing that his young frien had leaped skyward as if a red-hot iro had been applied to the seat of his trou sers. "She confided in me."

Jerry became calmer. He was still no sure how he liked the idea of anyon sharing his sacred secret, but this old boy was so obviously friendly that per haps in his case one could stretch a point.

"I was just thinking, when you came along," said Gally, "what a really exceptional girl she must be to have sneaked you in here as Clarence's secretary without my sister Constance entertaining a single suspicion. How the dickens did she work it?"

"But Penny doesn't know I'm here," Jerry said.

"What! Then how—?"

"It was a girl called Gloria Salt who got me the job."

"Gloria Salt? Oh, yes, she's coming here."

"She's here already. She drove me down in her car. She's an old friend of mine." Jerry hesitated. Then he decided to keep nothing back. "She thought that if I became Lord Emsworth's secretary, I might— Did Penny ever say anything to you about a scheme I had for—"

"She told me all. In fact, she tried to touch me for that two thousand."

"Oh, good Lord, she shouldn't have done that."

"Quite all right. I enjoyed the novel experience of having someone suppose that I had two thousand pounds. How are you coming along with regard to that? Any likely prospects in view?"

"I was just going to tell you. Gloria thought—"

"Because you could do far worse than consider my brother Clarence."

"Why, that's just what Gloria—"

"My brother Clarence," proceeded Gally, "is a peculiar chap. He eats, sleeps and dreams pig, and he was telling us just now how extraordinarily pig-minded you were. You positively stunned him with your fund of information on the subject."

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"Yes, you see I—"

"And the thought that crossed my mind was that, if you played your cards right, you might quite easily put yourself in a position where you could sting him for the sum you need. Yes, I know," said Gally, catching his audience's eye and observing that it was bulging. "It seems to you a bizarre idea. Farfetched. Potty. The picture you are forming in your mind of me is that of a man talking through the back of his neck. But I know Clarence. Not an easy parter in normal circumstances, he would, I am convinced, lend a ready ear to the blandishments of a fellow pig lover. You wait and see if I'm not right."

Jerry was looking like the Soul's Awakening. He stammered with emotion. "What an amazing coincidence!" he said. "That's exactly what Gloria told me. That's why she wanted me to come here as his secretary."

"So that you could join him in slapping his pig on the backside and let your light so shine that eventually you would be in a position to put the bite on him?"

"That's right."

"Sounds an intelligent girl."

"Oh, she is. Most intelligent. She—"

Jerry broke off. Gally, eying him, saw that his face had lighted up as if someone had pressed a switch. Turning, he perceived Penny approaching.

"Ah!" he said, understanding.

The only flaw in what should have been a moment of unalloyed joy was that Penny was not alone. Walking at her side was a tall, superbly built young man. Having met him at meals for more than two weeks, Gally had no difficulty in identifying him as Orlo, Lord Vosper.

PENNY seemed listless, and Gally wondered what was amiss. He whooped welcomingly, and she looked up. Having done so, she stood staring, the color draining from her face. She reminded Gally of a girl named Mabel something who, walking with him at a Buckingham Palace garden party in the year 1906, had suddenly become aware that there was a beetle down her back.

"Ah, Penny," he said, subtle as always, "I want you to meet Clarence's new secretary. His name is—What did you say your name was?"

"Vail," Jerry said huskily.

"Vail," said Gally. "Nice chap. Draw him out on the subject of pigs. Mr. Vail, Lord Vosper."

Lord Vosper, like Penny, seemed not to be in the highest spirits. He nodded dully at Jerry. "Oh, we know each other. School together. Hullo, Jerry."

"Hullo, Orlo. You here?"

"That's right. You here, too?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," said Lord Vosper, and returned to his meditations.

The silence which had fallen was still unbroken when Sebastian Beach appeared. "Pardon me, m'lord," he said. "A Mr. Wapshott is on the telephone, desirous of speaking to you. He implied that the matter was of importance."

Lord Vosper came out of his trance. "Wapshott? Oh, yes, my income-tax chap," said Lord Vosper. "Fellow who looks after my income tax," he added, clarifying the situation still further. "Better go and see what he wants."

He walked away, followed by Beach.

GALLY stared after them. It seemed to him that Beach was looking careworn, and it made him uneasy. These were the times that tried men's souls, the times that called for alertness and efficiency on the part of all concerned.

Turning, he saw that Penny was still gazing at Jerry in that odd, dumb way. He came to himself with a start.

"Good Lord, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm in the way. I see just how it is, Penny. With every fiber of your being you yearn to do a swan dive into this bimbo's arms, but modesty forbids. It's all right. I'll look the other way."

There is a type of short, sharp, bitter laugh which is like a yelp of agony and does no good to man or beast. Lady Constance sometimes employed it when she heard someone say what a charming man her brother Galahad was. It was a laugh of this kind that now proceeded from Penny Donaldson.

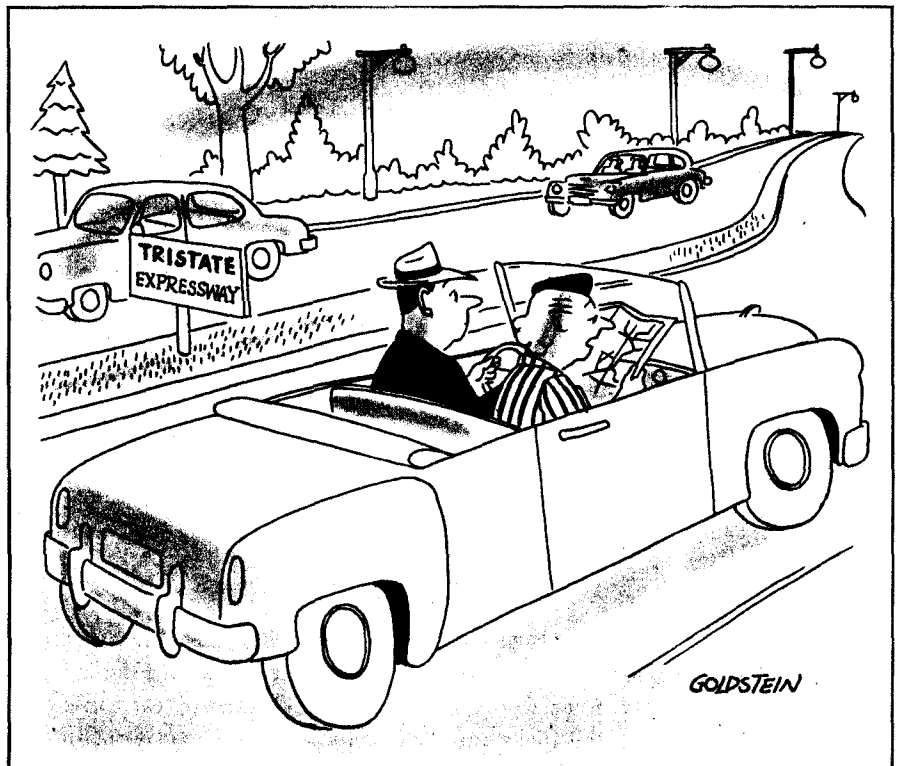
"Please don't bother, Gally," she said. "I have not the slightest wish to dive into Mr. Vail's arms. I wonder if you would care to hear a little story."

"Story? Of course. Go ahead. But what's all this 'Mr. Vail' stuff?"

"You remember me telling you that I was to have had dinner last night with Mr. Vail?"

"Certainly. But—"

Penny went on, still speaking in a strange, metallic voice that reminded Jerry of Gloria Salt expressing herself on the subject of Lord Vosper. "We had arranged to meet at the Savoy at eight. When I came home from a fitting at about six I found a telephone message



"That was our turn-off you just passed. Now let's see what state the *next* exit is in"

COLLIER'S — WALTER GOLDSTEIN

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To answer that question, we need first to ask what kind of engine you have in mind: An engine for low-octane fuel—or an engine for high-octane fuel? An engine for the fuel of tomorrow—or the fuel of today?

The fact is, General Motors engineers are continually studying engines of all kinds, and meeting the challenge that each presents.

The Diesel, for example, is a very high-compression engine, using kerosene-type fuel oil. The challenge is to build a lightweight, compact engine that develops high efficiency from this kind of fuel.

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That is what General Motors engineers have been doing, year after year.

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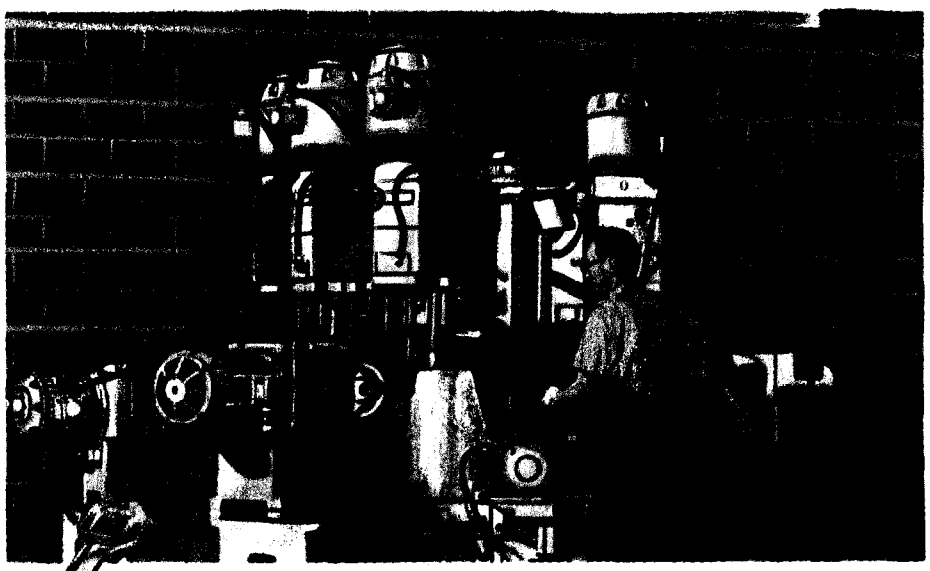

30 tons of engineering enterprise—When GM engineers developed the new four-barreled carburetor that gives higher power and greater fuel economy to several makes of GM cars, they needed a new type of machine tool for quantity production. So with typical enterprise GM production men set to work to design it. They came up with an ingenious 30-ton machine that drills, reams and taps out the new carburetor with automatic precision—and in six months had twenty-seven of these mechanical giants in operation.

Drilling Diesel fuel injector holes—6/1000 inch in diameter. The unit fuel injector to a Diesel engine what a carburetor is to a motorcar engine. Fuel is forced in the combustion chamber through tiny holes. And intense heat caused by hi compression ignites this fuel spray. To drill these holes—each six one-thousandt of an inch in diameter—GM production experts have developed a highly sensiti machine that insures precision work—speeds production of GM Diesel engin for trucks, locomotives, farm machinery and even submarines.

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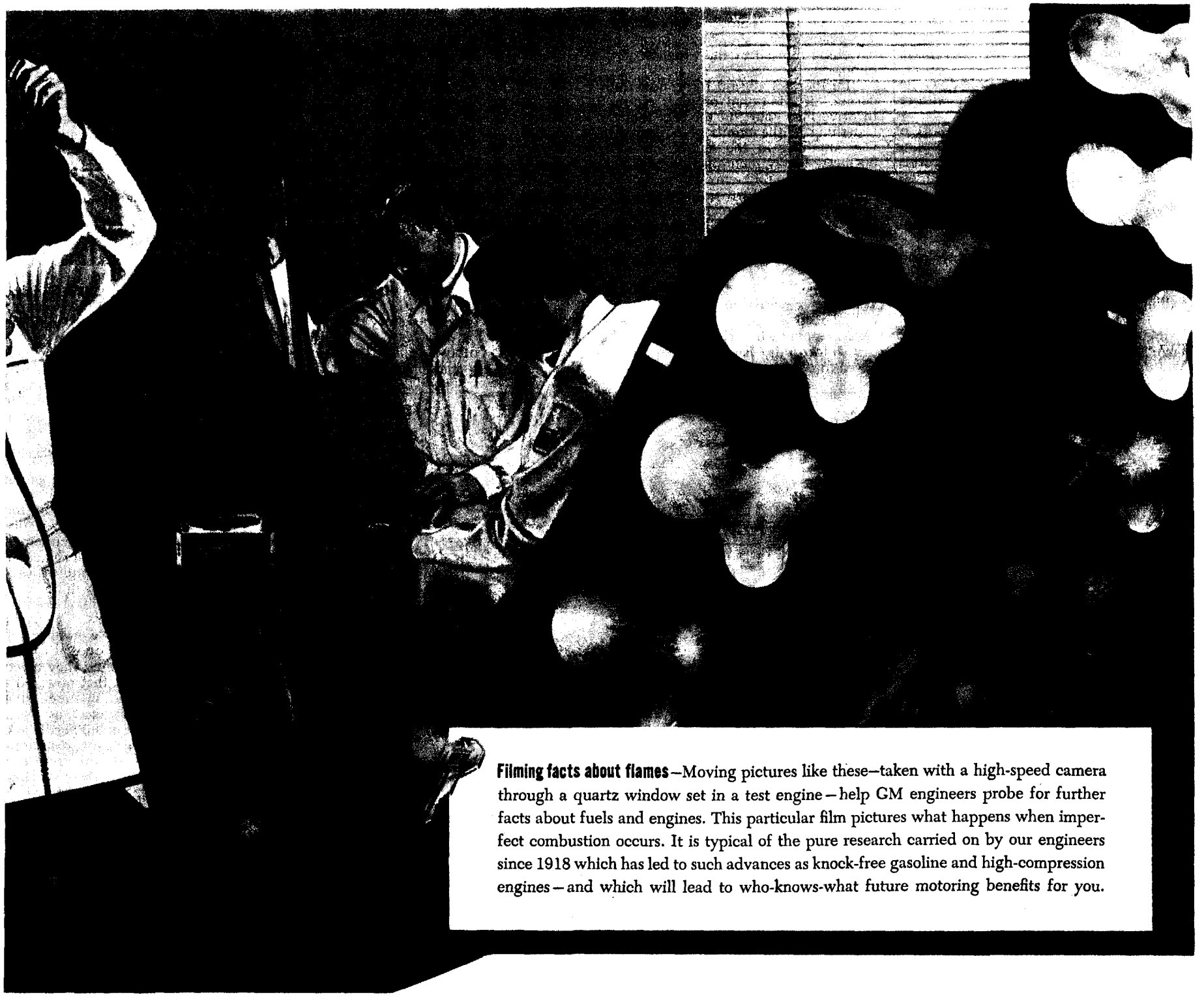

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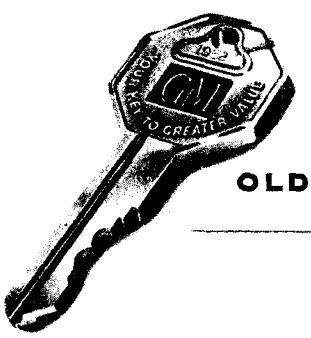

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waiting for me. It said that Mr. Vail regretted that he would be unable to dine tonight as an important business matter had come up. I was naturally disappointed—"

She choked, and a tear stole down her cheek. Jerry, seeing it, writhed with remorse. "But, Penny—"

"Please!" She gave him the sort of look a good woman gives a caterpillar on finding it in her salad, and turned back to Gally. "I was naturally disappointed, of course, because I had been looking forward very much to seeing him, but I quite understood that these things happen."

Gally nodded. "Sent to try us. Probably meant to make us more spiritual."

"I say I quite understood that these things happen," proceeded Penny, raising her voice and giving Gally a look similar in quality to the one she had just given Jerry, "and I said to myself that naturally, if Mr. Vail had important business, he couldn't be expected to neglect it just for me."

"But, Penny—"

"So when Lord Vosper, who was there, suggested that he should give me dinner, I accepted. Lord Vosper, it seems, is very fond of a restaurant called Mario's. He took me there."

SHE paused again, this time because Jerry had uttered a sound not unlike the howl of a trapped timber wolf.

"We didn't dress," she resumed, "so they put us up in the balcony. Do you know Mario's, Gally? It's quite nice up in the balcony there. You get a good view of the main floor. And one of the first things I saw on that main floor was Mr. Vail attending to his important business. It consisted of dining with a girl who looked like a snake with hips, and from time to time having his face patted by her."

Gally's monocle came swinging round at Jerry like the eye of a fire-breathing dragon. His face was hard and set. "You abysmal young wart hog!"

"Oh, you mustn't say that, Gally," said Penny, gently rebuking. "I'm sure Mr. Vail has a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Probably the girl was the editor of some magazine, discussing a series of stories with him. I believe editors always pat contributors' faces."

It cost Jerry an effort to raise his chin and square his shoulders, but he did it. The consciousness of being a good man unjustly accused always helps to stiffen the spinal vertebrae. "I can explain everything."

"Why is it," inquired Penny—she seemed to be addressing a passing butterfly—"that men always say that?"

"I say it," Jerry said stoutly, "because it's true. The girl you saw me dining with was Gloria Salt."

"Pretty name. A friend of yours?"

"A very dear friend of mine."

"I thought you seemed on good terms."

"She patted my face twice."

"I should have said oftener. Of course, I hadn't a score card with me."

"Twice," Jerry repeated firmly. "And I'll tell you why. Pat One was a congratulatory pat when I told her how much I loved you. Pat Two occurred when I was thanking her for having suggested a way by which I might be able to raise that two thousand pounds which I need in order to marry you. So much for your face-patting! And if," Jerry went on, addressing the Honorable Galahad, "you call me an abysmal young wart hog again, I shall forget the respect due to your gray hairs, and haul off and let you have one right on the maxillary bone. Abysmal young wart hog, indeed! My motives were pure to the last drop. So I should be much obliged if you would stop looking at me as if you had caught me stealing pennies from a blind man."

Penny had already done so. Her lips parted, and she was gazing at him, wide-eyed. There was no suggestion in her expression that she had found him enriching himself at the expense of the blind.

"Furthermore," said Jerry, now thundering, "if additional proof is required to drive into your nut the fact that the last thing in the minds of either of us was anything in the nature of funny business, I may mention that Miss Salt—besides being, like myself, pure to the last drop, if not further—is engaged to be married. She is shortly to become the bride of a certain Sir Gregory Parsloe, who, I believe, resides in this vicinity."

Gally's monocle flew from his eye. "Parsloe!"

"Parsloe."

Gally recovered his monocle. But as he replaced it, his hand was trembling. He was a man who prided himself on his British fortitude. He had been quite prepared to cope gallantly with a pig-girl in the Parsloe pay and a Parsloe minion who went about buying bottles of anti-fat, the large economy size. But add to that pig-girl and that minion a Parsloe fiancée, and it seemed to him that things were becoming too hot. No wonder, he thought, that Beach just now had looked careworn. The faithful fellow, possibly listening at some keyhole while this Gloria Salt girl traded confidences with Lady Constance, must just have had the bad news.

"Oh, Lord and butter!" he exclaimed, moved to his depths, and without further speech hastened off in the direction of the butler's pantry.

"So there you are," said Jerry. He stepped forward masterfully. "I shall now kiss you."

"Oh, heavens, what a mess!" wailed Penny.

Jerry paused. "Mess? You believe what I was saying?"

"Of course I believe it."

"You love me?"

"Of course I love you."

"All right, then. What are we waiting for?"

Penny stepped back. "Jerry darling, I'm afraid things are more complicated than you think. You see, when I saw that girl pat your face—"

"In a sisterly manner."

"Yes, but the point is that it didn't *look* sisterly, and I got the wrong angle. So when, just as we were finishing dinner, Orlo Vosper asked me to marry him—"

"Oh, my God!"

"Yes," said Penny, in a small voice. "He asked me to marry him, and I said I would." . . .

But what, meanwhile, it will be asked, of George Cyril Wellbeloved, whom we left with his tongue hanging out, the future stretching bleakly before him like some grim Sahara?

There is no agony like the agony of the man who wants a couple of quick ones and cannot get them, and, in the days that followed his interview with Sir Gregory Parsloe, George Cyril Wellbeloved may be said to have plumbed the depths. He had visited in turn the Emsworth Arms, the Wheatsheaf, the Waggoner's Rest, the Beetle and Wedge, the Stitch in Time, the Jolly Cricketers, and all the other hostelries at which Market Blandings pointed with so much pride.

But everywhere the story was the same. Barmaids had been given their instructions, potboys warned to be on the alert. They had placed at his disposal ginger beer, sarsaparilla, lime juice, and on one occasion milk, but his request for the cup that clears today of past regrets and future fears was met with a firm refusal.

But it has been well said of pigmen as a class that, though crushed to earth, they will rise again. It was so with George Cyril Wellbeloved. Just when the thought of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood came stealing into his mind, he could not have said, but it did so steal, and it was as though a light had shone upon his darkness. His dull despair gave way to a flaming hope.

Although during his term of office at Blandings Castle his opportunities of meeting Gally socially had been rather limited, George Cyril knew all about him. Gally, he was aware, was a man with a feeling heart, a man who could be relied upon to look indulgently on such of his fellow men as wanted a gargle and wanted it quick. Would such a man turn his back on even a comparative stranger, if the comparative stranger were in a position to prove by ocular demonstration that his tongue was blackening at the roots? Most unlikely, thought George Cyril Wellbeloved.

With pigmen, to think is to act. Dinner over and his employer safely in his study with his coffee and cigar, he got out his bicycle and started pedaling through the scented summer night.

The welcome he received at the back door of Blandings Castle could in no sense have been termed a gushing one. Beach, informed that there was a gentleman asking for him and finding that the person thus described was a pigman whom he had never liked and who in his opinion smelled to heaven, was at his most formal.

George Cyril, in sharp contradistinction, was all bounce and breeziness. Unlike most of those who met that godlike man, he stood in no awe of Beach. He held the view, and had voiced it fearlessly many a time in the taproom of the Emsworth Arms, that Beach was an old stuffed shirt. "Hoy, cocky," he said, incredible as such a mode of address might seem. "Where's Mr. Galahad?"

Ice formed on the butler's upper slopes. "Mr. Galahad is in the amber drawing room with the rest of the household," he replied austerely.

"Then go and hoik him out of it," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, his splendid spirit unsubdued. "I want to see him. Tell him it's important."

In stating that Gally was in the amber drawing room with the rest of the household, Beach had spoken with an imperfect knowledge of the facts. He *had* been in the amber drawing room, but he was now just outside it, seated on the terrace with his friend Maudie, and an observer would have received the impression that both he and his companion had much on their minds.

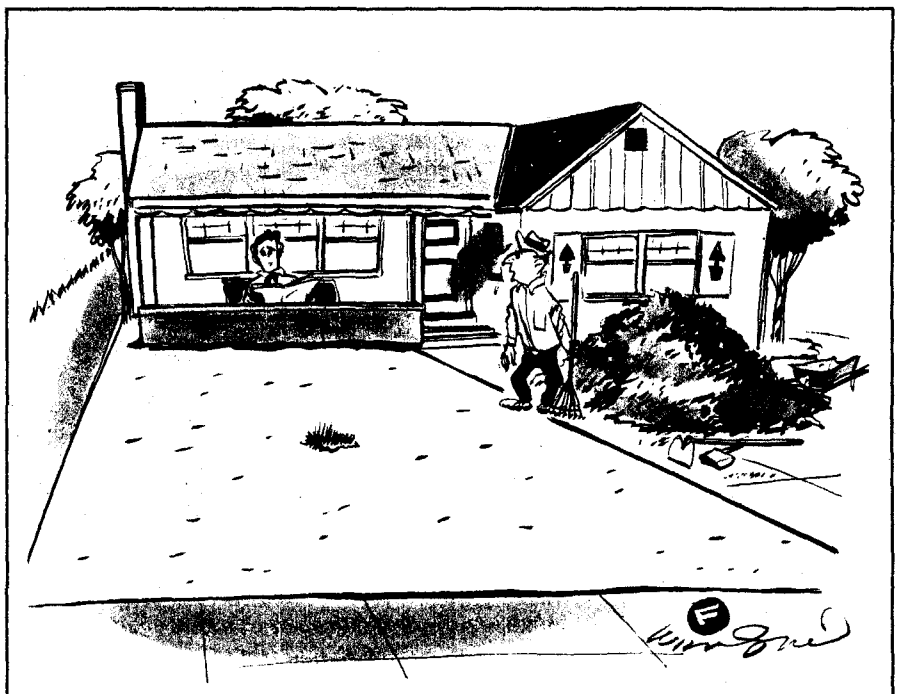
It is possible that there are in the world women of meek and angelic disposition who, deserted by gentlemen friends at the church door, are capable of accepting the betrayal tranquilly, saying to themselves that boys will be boys. Maudie was not one of them. Hers was a high and mettlesome spirit. For years she had been storing up a number of good things which she proposed to say to her faithless lover, should they meet, and it was bitter to think that now, with only three miles separating them, this meeting seemed as far away as ever. Situated as she was, she could hardly ask for the car to drive her over to Matchingham Hall, and she shrank from the thought of walking there in this sultry summer weather. The only course open to her appeared to be to mourn in spirit, and that was what she had been doing since she had last spoken, five minutes ago.

On the premises of Blandings Castle there were to be found stricken souls in large numbers—it would, indeed, have been almost impossible to have thrown a brick without hitting one.

GALLY'S moodiness is equally easily explained. With the man Parsloe's cousin closeted daily with the Empress, the man Parsloe's fiancée established in the house, and the man Parsloe himself rubbing his hands and singing, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of Slimmo," a consistent cheerfulness on his part was hardly to be expected. Add to this the tragedy which had darkened the lives of Penny Donaldson and this excellent young fellow Vail, and add to that the telephone conversation he had had with Sir Gregory shortly before dinner, and it cannot be wondered at that he was not his usual effervescent self.

The long silence was broken by the arrival of Lord Emsworth, who came pottering out of the drawing room with the air of a man looking for somebody. Having observed Maudie making for the terrace he had considered that here was a capital opportunity of having a quick word with her outside the orbit of his sister Connie's watchful eye. Conditions for such a tête-à-tête could scarcely have been more suitable. The moon was riding serenely in the sky; the air was fragrant with the scent of night-blooming flowers; Lord Vosper, who in addition to playing a red-hot game of tennis had a nice tenor voice, was at the piano singing a song with lots of sentimental stomp in it; and Lord Emsworth felt that ten minutes of roaming in the gloaming with Maudie would just about top it off.

Lord Emsworth was a man who, since



COLLIER'S

"How does it look now? I got out all the crabgrass!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

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the death of his wife twenty years ago, had made something of a lifework of avoiding women. He could not, of course, hope to avoid them altogether, for women have a nasty way of popping up at unexpected moments, but he was quick on his feet, and his policy of suddenly disappearing like a diving duck had had excellent results. To Maudie, however, he had felt from the start strangely drawn. So now he had pottered out onto the terrace in the hope of a pleasant exchange of views with her.

BUT these things never work out perfectly. Here was the terrace, bathed in moonlight, and here was she, bathed in moonlight, too, but here in addition, he now saw, was his brother Galahad, also bathed in moonlight.

"Hullo, Clarence. How's the boy?" said Gally.

"Quite, quite," said Lord Emsworth, and drifted back into the drawing room like a family specter disappointed with the room it had been told to haunt.

Maudie came out of her thoughts. "Was that Lord Emsworth?" she said, for from the corner of her eye she seemed to have seen something flickering.

"Yes, there he spouted," said Gally. "But he buzzed off, mumbling incoherently."

"He's absent-minded, isn't he?"

"Yes, I think one could fairly call him that. If he has a mind, it is very seldom there. Did I ever tell you the story of Clarence and the salad?"

"No."

"It was in the days when he was younger and used to let me take him about London a bit. Well, of course, even then it wasn't easy to get him absolutely shining and glittering in lovely society, but he did have one unique gift. He could mix a superb salad. As his public-relations man, I played this up on all occasions. When men came to me and said, 'Tell me, Gally, am I correct in supposing that this brother of yours is about as outstanding a dumb brick and fathead as ever broke biscuit?' I would reply, 'To a certain extent, my dear Smith or Jones, the facts are as you state. Clarence has his limitations as a social ball of fire—except when it comes to mixing salads. You just get him to mix you a salad one of these days. It will be an unforgettable experience.' So his fame grew.

"Came a day when I took him to the Pelican Club, feeling like the impresario of a performing flea on an opening night, and they handed him the lettuce and the tomatoes and the oil and the vinegar and the chives and all the rest of it, and he started in."

"And made a mess of it?"

"Not at all. He was a sensational success. He had cut his finger that morning and was wearing a fingerstall, and I had feared that this might cramp his style, but no, it didn't seem to hamper him a bit. In due season the salad was prepared in a lordly bowl, and those present flung themselves on it like starving wolves."

"And they liked it?"

"They loved it. They devoured it to the last morsel. And then, when everyone was fawning on Clarence and slapping his back, it was noticed that he was looking disturbed and unhappy. 'What's the matter, old man?' I asked. 'Is something wrong?' 'Oh, no,' he said. 'Everything is capital, capital. Only I seem to have lost my fingerstall.' That's Clarence. He dodders. He goes off into trances. And you're seeing him at his worst these days, for he has much on his mind. He has a speech to make tomorrow which involves a stiff collar and a top hat, and he's naturally worried about his pig and the machinations of the man Parsloe. The shadow of Parsloe broods over him like a London fog. You've seen that dark girl with the serpentine figure who's just blown in here?"

"Miss Salt?"

"That's the one. Parsloe's fiancée. Makes you think a bit, eh? They're closing in on us, old girl, closing in. Oh, dash it, here comes someone else," said Gally. "The curse of Blandings Castle—no privacy. Oh, no, it's all right. I think it's Penny."

It was Penny. In the amber drawing room, Lord Vosper had started another torch song with even more heartbreak to the cubic inch, and it had been too much for the poor girl. Rising with a stifled

"A big oil company wants my land. I told 'em that I'd sell it for a string of beads and twenty-four million dollars"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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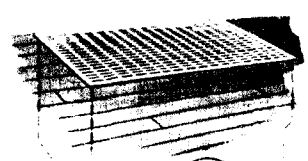

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sob, she had made a dive for the French windows and was now coming toward them, looking like Ophelia.

"Hullo, there," said Gally. "Come and join the party. Nice night."

Penny sank into a chair. "Is it?" she said listlessly.

"Come, come," said Gally. "Tails up, my child. You mustn't let yourself get downhearted. There's too much defeatism in this joint. I've been meaning to speak to you about that, Maudie. I've noticed in you, too, a drooping of the spirits. What's the matter? Don't you like it here?"

Maudie sighed. Blandings Castle had been a place of enchantment to her. "It's wonderful. But I feel I'm not doing anything to help. I'm about as much use as a cold in the head."

"Come, come. This is not the old Criterion spirit."

"It's true. Uncle Sebastian—"

"Not so loud. Castles have ears."

"Uncle Sebastian," Maudie went on, lowering her voice, "was all wrong when he told you about me. He seems to have given you the idea that I was a sort of Sherlock Holmes. All I've done since Cedric passed on has been to look after the agency—answer letters and send out the bills and sort of keep an eye on things. I don't do any of the detective work. That's all done by Mr. North and Mr. Connor and Mr. Fauntleroy. I don't see any point in my staying on here."

Gally patted her hand. "Of course you must stay, my dear child. Your moral support is invaluable. And one of these days you're sure to come up with some terrific idea which will solve all our difficulties. A brainy girl like you? I shouldn't be surprised if there wasn't one fermenting inside you at this very moment."

"Well, as a matter of fact—"

"I told you so."

MAUDIE looked about her cautiously. Penny Donaldson was lost in her own unhappy thoughts.

"What I thought was this: Why don't you steal Tubby's old pig?" Maudie said.

"What!"

A momentary fear that she had said something unladylike flitted through Maudie's mind, but she dismissed it.

"Well, he seems to be doing everything he can to queer your old pig, so why shouldn't you start? If I were you, I'd sneak over to his house and wait till there was nobody around—"

Gally patted her hand again. "What you propose, my dear Maudie," he said, "would, of course, be the ideal solution. But there are obstacles. The catch is that there would be somebody around."

"How do you know that?"

"I have it from an authoritative source. Just before dinner Parsloe called me on the telephone. He had rung me up, he said, to warn me that if I was contemplating any off-color work, I would do well to think twice, because he had provided his pigman, Wellbeloved, with a shotgun, and Wellbeloved had a roving commission to blaze at all intruders. So there the matter rests. I don't know how accurate a marksman the blighter is, but I certainly don't propose to ascertain by personal inquiry. With the broad, general idea of pinching Parsloe's pig I am wholly in sympathy. We could put it in that gamekeeper's shack in the west wood and keep it incommunicado there indefinitely. But things being as they are—"

Maudie nodded. "I see. Then there's nothing to be done?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid, so long as Wellbeloved—"

He broke off. The voice of Sebastian Beach had spoken at his elbow, causing him to leap like a lamb in springtime.

"A person has called, asking to see you, sir. The man Wellbeloved, Mr. Galahad."

"Wellbeloved?" Gally stiffened formidably. "You mean that this renegade pigman, this latter-day Benedict Arnold, is *here?*"

"I left him in my pantry, sir. He expressed himself as very desirous of having a word with you. The matter, he said, was one of urgency."

An idea struck Gally. He slapped his forehead. "My God! Perhaps he has come to betray Parsloe. Perhaps he wants to change sides again. Or do you think he is here as a spy? No," said Gally, having mused a moment, "it can't be that, or why does he want to see *me?* Well, I must certainly hear what he has to say. Lead on, Beach, lead on."

The departure of the most gifted conversationalist of the little group caused another of those long silences. Maudie was a woman who seldom spoke unless spoken to, and any disposition Penny might have had toward small talk was checked by the wailing of Lord Vosper's reedy tenor. He was now singing something about "You're breaking my heart, we're drifting apart, as I knew at the start it would be," and no girl who is headed for the altar with the wrong man can prattle when she hears that sort of thing.

At last, Maudie ventured tentatively, "Gally was telling me about you. He said you had gone and got engaged to the wrong young man."

"Quite true."

Maudie felt relieved. Like all women, she took a passionate interest in the love lives of other women, and was longing for a cozy talk about Penny's, and she feared that she might have spoken out of turn and given offense.

"Well, that's how it goes," she said. "That happened to me once. Someone rang me up on the telephone one morning and said, 'This is Tubby,' and I said, 'Hullo, Tubby,' and he said, 'Hullo, Maudie. I say, will you marry me?' and I said, 'Rather, of course I will,' because I was very much in love with him at the time and quite pleased that he had mentioned it. And it was only after we had made all the plans for the honeymoon that I found it wasn't the Tubby I'd thought it was, but another Tubby whom I didn't like at all. And there I was, engaged to him."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I gave him the bird."

"Lucky you could."

"Why, any girl can break off an engagement, can't they?"

"I can't. If I did, Lady Constance would write and tell Father, and Father would have me shipped back to America on the next boat, and I would never see Jerry again."

"I see what you mean. Well, that *is* a nice bit of box fruit, isn't it?"

PENNY was agreeing that the expression "a nice bit of box fruit" undoubtedly summed up the position of affairs, when out came Lord Emsworth again. For centuries the Emsworths had been noted for their dogged courage, and this time he was resolved that Operation Maudie should be carried through.

"Er, Mrs. Bunbury," said Lord Emsworth. "Er, Mrs. Bunbury, I—ah—I am just going down to have a look at the Empress," said Lord Emsworth. "I wonder if you would care to join me?"

"I'd love to," said Maudie.

"Capital, capital," said Lord Emsworth. "Capital, capital, capital."

They had scarcely gone when there was a patter of feet and Gally appeared.

Even in the uncertain light it was easy to see that Gally was in radiant spirits. Whatever had passed between him and George Cyril Wellbeloved, it was plain that it had acted on him like a tonic.

His opening words left no room for doubt on this point. "I do believe in fairies!" he said. "Penny, listen attentively. This gargoyle Wellbeloved has been pouring out his heart to me. It appears that Parsloe, wishing to keep the fellow on his toes, ruthlessly ordered him to go on the wagon, and furthermore gave instructions to all the pubs in Market Blandings that they weren't to serve him. Did this blot the sunshine from Wellbeloved's life, you ask? It did. The poor chap was in despair. Then he remembered that I was a man with a feeling heart, and he came over here to ask me to give him a drink. You see the tremendous significance of this?"

"No."

"You disappoint me. I'd have thought you would have grasped it in an instant. Why, dash it, it means that the menace of that shotgun has ceased to function. I have instructed Beach to lush this Wellbeloved up in his pantry, and he will continue to lush him up till the stuff comes trickling out of the top of his head, while I, taking the car, nip over to Parsloe's lair and remove his pig to that shack in the west wood of which I spoke. Any questions?"

"Yes," said Penny. "Isn't Parsloe's pig pretty big?"

"Enormous. It bestrides the narrow world like a colossus."

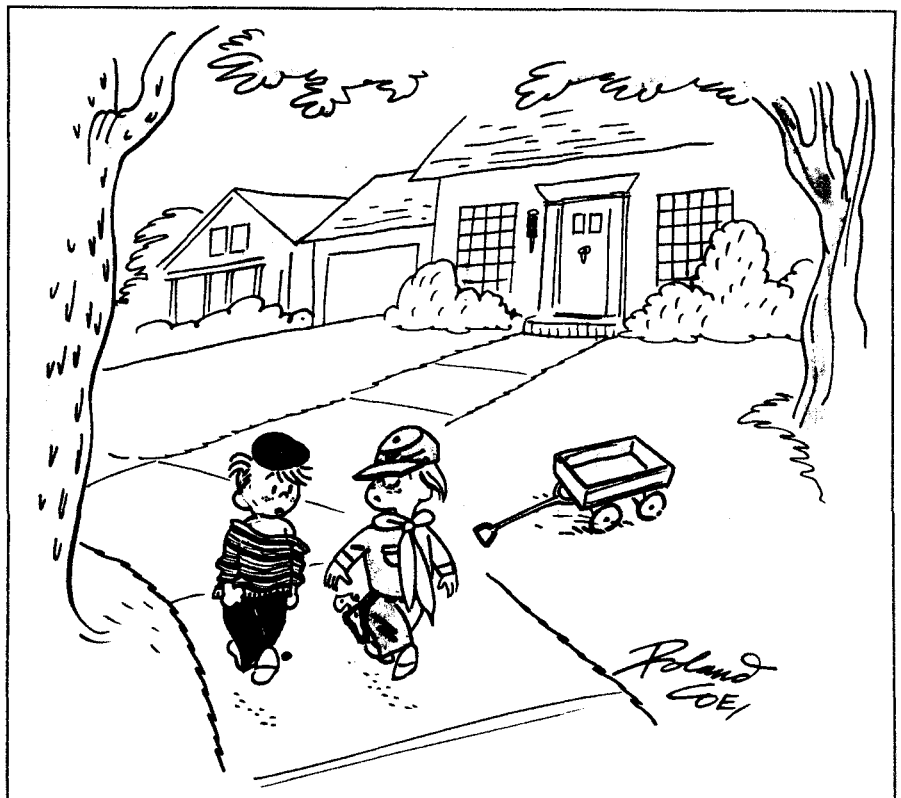
"Then how are you going to remove it?"

"My dear child, pigs have rings through their noses. This facilitates pulling and hauling."

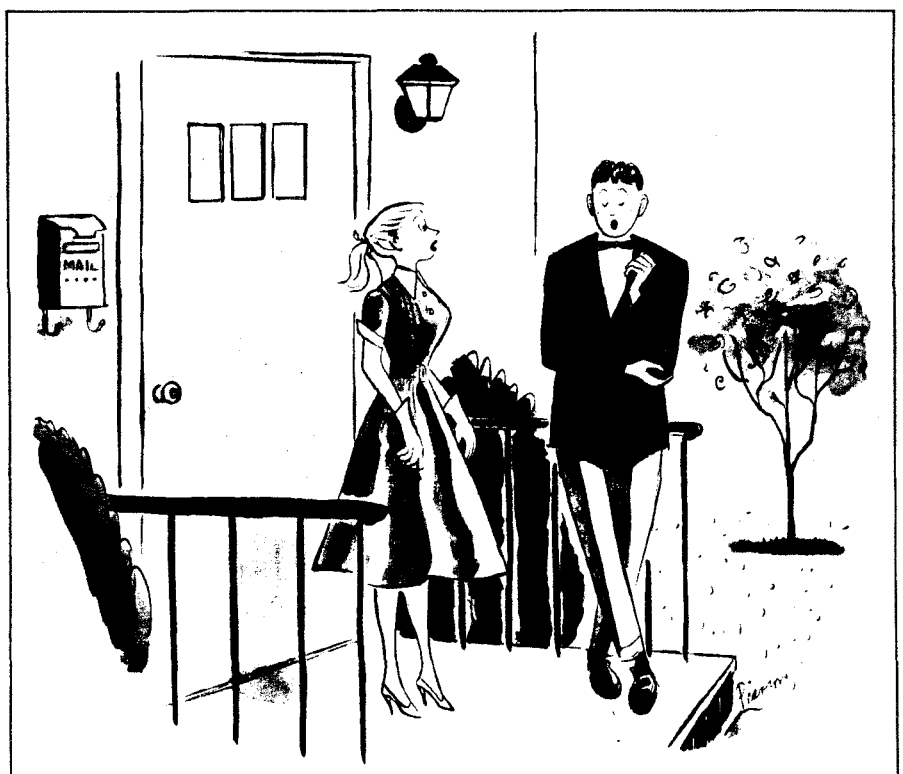
"You'll never be able to do it."

"What do you mean, I'll never be able to do it? Of course I'll be able to do it. When Fruity Biffen and I stole old Wivenhoe's pig the night of the Bachelors Ball back in 1911, we had to get it up three flights of stairs, and we found the task an absurdly easy one. Never be able to do it, forsooth!" said Gally, burning with honest indignation. "I can do it blindfolded, with one arm tied behind me. So if you wish to be in this, Penny Donaldson, get moving. Come, Watson, come. The game is afoot!"

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S **"I'm having a sitter problem. My folks finally found one who can handle me"** ROLAND COE



COLLIER'S **"Well, if you're going to be busy next Saturday night I guess I'll have to make it some other girl"** CHARLES PEARSON

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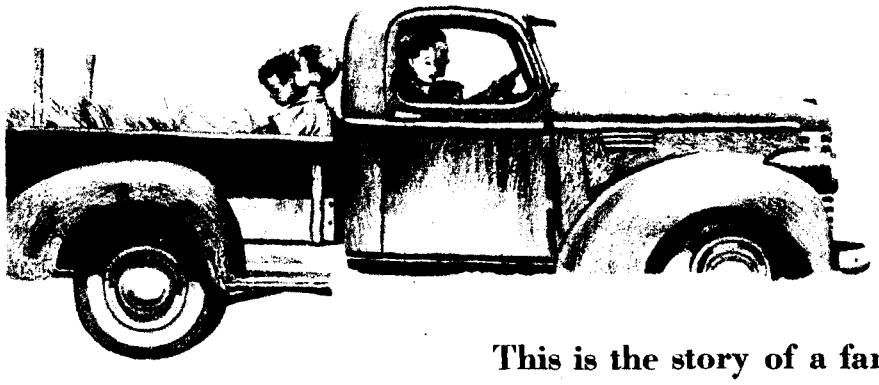
The Big Regatta



By WILL STANTON

This is the story of a family outing. The day was sunny and full of surprises, and everyone had a wonderful time

THE sky was clear in the morning, and it looked like it was going to be a good day. I was up early so as to get the chores out of the way, and I guess the youngsters must have gotten up before sunrise. A lot of parents are always complaining about their kids, but I like to brag of mine when I get the chance. Stubby's as good as a man in a lot of ways, for all he's only thirteen. Pet's two years younger, but she keeps right up with him most of the time. This morning, though, I wouldn't have given a nickel for the pair of them.

I told Stub to get me a bucket of water, and before he got across the barn he forgot what he was after, and then he left the water running. Pet fed the chickens and came over and asked me if I thought it would rain and went back and fed the chickens again.

Then, when Sally called us in to breakfast, they were too excited to eat. "You better calm down," I told them. "It's going to be a long time before lunch."

Stubby finished off his milk and banged the glass down on the table. "Heck," he said, "I don't see why we have to take our lunch. They'll have all kinds of stuff to eat there—hot dogs and candy apples and pop."

"We have to be economical," Sally said. She was trying to feed the baby and eat her own breakfast at the same time. "Your father doesn't believe in wasting money on things like food."

"Now just hold on," I said. "The kids have fifty cents apiece—they can spend it however they've a mind to. But what's the sense in paying a quarter for a hot dog when we can eat chicken off our own place?"

"I guess I just like to throw money around," she said. "Pet, if you've finished, you can start on the dishes."

"Yes, we'd better get moving," I said. "Stubby, you can back the truck in the barn and throw some hay on it. That will make it nice and easy riding."

Sally put down her coffee cup and gave me that tight-mouthed look she gets sometimes.

"Well, now look," I said, "you know what the tires are like on the car, and I haven't got a spare."

"You don't have a spare for the truck, either," she said.

"No, but there's four good tires on it. Besides, I'm going to set up that canvas crib in the back. The baby can have his nap on that and we'll be a lot more comfortable."

"Yes, and have everybody staring at us as if we were gypsies or something. Some men would take a little pride in their families—they'd want to see them looking their best and not riding in an old truck."

"The truck isn't as old as the car by five years," I told her. "Anyhow, it seems to me the kids look all right."

"Well, if they do look halfway decent, who is it that teaches them to be neat, and picks up after them, and looks after their clothes?"

"Pet," I said, "your mother asked you a question." But Pet wasn't paying any attention. She had a plate and a towel in her hands, standing in front of the mirror looking at herself first one side and then the other.

I CAUGHT hold of her arm. "Come over here a second." She had on a kind of two-piece sun suit—a short pair of pants, and what they call a halter top. "Looks to me like you got this top put on backwards," I told her; "it sticks out more in the back than in front." She set the plates down on the table and walked into the front room.

"Well, now you ought to be satisfied." The way she spoke, I could tell Sally was really put out. "She's been worried for months about being so skinny, and now her own father has to make fun of her. You ought to be pretty proud of yourself."

I opened the door and went into the living room. Pet was curled up on the end of the sofa, looking out the window. I coughed a couple of times, but she wouldn't look up. "You know, Pet, I've been thinking. Maybe we haven't been feeding you enough. You take this and get yourself some extra ice cream." I held out a quarter. She looked up at me but she didn't say anything and she didn't take the money. She's like her mother in a lot of ways.

Well, it was about nine o'clock when we finally got started, the kids in the back of the truck and Sally up in the cab with me. The baby was waving his arms around pretty lively; he seemed to be having a good time. I took one

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hand off the wheel and poked him in the chest. "I'm glad there's somebody in the truck that isn't mad at me," I told him. He put both hands around my finger and bit it. He didn't mean anything by it, though; he'd gotten in a few teeth and he was just beginning to use them.

It's a little better than a two-hour drive to Flat Lake, and we had to stop twice on the way—once for Stubby and the next time for Pet, about ten minutes later. I hate to stop at a gas station and not buy anything, so the first time I got a pack of cigarettes and the second time I bought two flashlight batteries.

EVERYBODY was feeling better by the time we got there. The races hadn't started, but there were a lot of boats in the water, warming up and showing off and passing the time away. There was a good-sized field sloping down to the water, and already there must have been two or three hundred cars there. I pulled up in back of them, turning the truck sideways to the lake. I rigged up a tarp so it shaded the bed. "There you are," I said, "the best seat in the house."

Sally got out of the cab with the baby. The kids were gone already. "I'll take him," I said. "You stretch your legs for a while."

"No," she said, "we'll be all right. You go on down and enjoy yourself."

I didn't want to, but I did. I walked down through the parked cars, ten or twelve rows of them and most all of them late models. Even if we had brought the old car, like Sally wanted, it would have been all by itself in that crowd. I was glad we finally decided on the truck. It was pretty hot by that time, and all the grass had been tramped down into the dust, but there was kind of a good smell about it, like a circus.

Down in front of the cars were some tents where you could buy peanuts and sarsaparilla and the like, and everywhere you looked there were people—racers and mechanics and kids, and men wearing funny shirts with palm trees on them and ladies not wearing much of anything, but everybody having a good time, and that's what counts. The judges' stand was on a pier that ran out over the water thirty or forty feet, so I walked out on it as far as I could go. I was curious to see how one of these affairs was handled. The end of the pier was roped off, and it had a big clock on it and flags and a table where the officials were sitting, most of them women. Some young fellow with a microphone was reading off a list of entries for the first race. It was for the junior division—just kids under a certain age.

The man that was in charge of the whole thing, the Commodore, he was a tall, dark-haired fellow, built something like a Percheron around the hips and kind of sloping off in both directions. He was wearing a white undershirt that had an anchor over the heart, and white pants, and a white cap with gold embroidery all over it. Then he had on smoked goggles, and a gold watch on one wrist, and on the other he had a gold identification bracelet. I judged that was in case he got shoved off the dock anybody that fished him out would know who he was right off. The main thing he had to do was wave the flags to show when the race started and when it was over. He'd lean way out over the water, with the handle in one hand and the end of the flag in the other, and stand there quivering like a bird dog. Then, at the exact time, he'd snap the flag down like he was signaling planes onto an aircraft carrier. There weren't but half a dozen little boys out there.

Even so, those little fellows were worth watching. The way they hustled their boats along was a treat. In fact, the kid that won—Smoky Martin, his name was—he set a new world's record. That's what the fellow with the microphone said, anyhow. It was the record for boys under fourteen driving a Class 3-D boat over a certain length course around so many buoys. He looked it up in a book that had all the records in it. Judging from the size of the book, it appeared like everybody with a boat must hold a record of some kind. I don't mean to take any credit away from Smoky Martin, though; he handled that boat like an old-timer, and he was a little freckle-faced kid no bigger than Stubby. I was glad to see him win it.

The next race was in the senior division, but the driver that won it wasn't much more than a kid himself—eighteen, maybe, and kind of scrawny at that. He had on an orange-and-green life jacket, and the first time past the judges' stand he put one arm up in front of his face, like he was hiding his eyes. "That Tommy Tobin," one of the lady officials said, "he'll do something crazy every time he goes by, you watch." Well, he did, all right. The next time around he waved his arms in the air, pretending he was swimming, and the time after that he put both hands together in front of him like he was praying—something comical every time. Even his boat had a funny name; it was Krazy-Kat.

It looked to me like a good race, but it wasn't any more than over when a big red-faced, beefy fellow came pushing out to the end of the pier and claimed a foul. "That Tobin has got to be disqualified," he said.

The Commodore turned around. "What's wrong, Mr. Bascome?" he said. "What foul was that?" He kept fooling with his cap and bobbing his head.

"All that horseplay in front of the stands," Bascome said. "My driver had to turn off course to keep from hitting him. I've got more entries in this regatta than anybody else and I'm not going to be pushed around."

"I'll speak to Tobin myself," the Commodore said, "and if there's anything out of line, you can be sure we'll make it right."

"You've got to do better than that," Bascome said. I was hoping the two of them might get into a real tangle, but I guess it was too much to expect. Things quieted down then, and I headed back to shore to get a bottle of soda.

Most all of the stands seemed to be doing a pretty good business, but the biggest crowd was gathered around some fellow with a head of cabbage in his hand. He had a big carving knife in the other hand, and he was hacking away at the cabbage, and the pieces were flying all around. "You've seen the women-folks cutting up cabbage like that," he said. "We've all seen it. And then we wonder why the coleslaw doesn't taste right." He picked up a handful of the pieces and threw them up in the air so they fell down amongst the crowd. "Call that coleslaw?" he said. "Well, I don't." He had a point there, all right.

Then he took up a little tin machine he had and commenced shaving off coleslaw the way it ought to be done. After that, he did some tricks with a carrot and a cucumber. To hear him tell it, a man wouldn't need a wife as long as he had one of those gadgets around the house. Along at the end of his stand was a jar of beans with a sign that said if you guessed how many beans you'd get a kitchen helper free—otherwise they cost a dollar fifty. I filled out a card and put down two thousand beans—it seemed to me that was right.

WHEN I turned around, Stubby was standing in front of me with a spool of cotton candy in each hand. "Well," I said to him, "looks like you've bit off quite a chew. You figure you can eat two of those concoctions?" He said yeah, he already had. I left him there studying the beans in the jar. If he ever was going to learn the value of money, I could see he'd have to do it the hard way.

By that time another race had gotten started. I could hear the fellow announcing over the microphone: "At the far turn it's Bascome's Beauty first, Krazy-Kat second—" I didn't waste any more time getting out on the pier to see the fun. The first thing I could make out was Tommy Tobin. He was pretending to shoot the other driver with a machine gun, and then it was a bow and arrow. It may be that all this got Bascome's driver a little flustered; anyhow, he took the next turn too wide, and Tommy cut inside him, making out like it was a horse race and slashing at the other boat with his whip.

Of course the officials were supposed to be serious and not take any sides, but they couldn't help laughing at this. About then somebody else moved out in front, and some other boat turned over and sunk, and there was quite a commotion. Tommy came in second and Bascome's boat was fourth or fifth.

Then the fireworks really started. Bascome came storming out on the pier, swearing and yelling about how he was getting mighty sick of incompetent officials. He started to climb over the rope, but the little fellow with the microphone stood right up to him. He told Bascome he could be just as sick as he had a mind to, but he better stay on his own side of the rope to do it. And one of the lady officials that was wearing a coverall suit and a straw hat, she stepped up and said what was the trouble, did Bascome think he owned Flat Lake? Then the Commodore chimed in and said they'd bring up the question at the next meeting of the Motorboat Association.

BY THIS time all the boats were in, and somebody came and tapped Bascome on the shoulder. It was Tommy Tobin, soaking wet and still wearing his orange-and-green life jacket. He had an ice-cream cone in one hand and a bottle of pop in the other. "You still telling people your troubles?" he said.

"You can bet your life," Bascome said. "You keep on with your monkeyshines, and I'll have you barred from every race in the country."

Tommy took a lick of ice cream and washed it down with a drink of pop. "Banana oil," he said.

"You'll find out your tricks aren't going to work against me," Bascome yelled.

"Go soak your head," Tommy told him. "What about that jockey you had entered in the junior division? Trying to make out he wasn't fourteen—why, that monkey voted for Al Smith."

I moved up close to Bascome. If he took a swing at the kid, I was going to ease him over the side. He waved his arms and told all the things he was going to do, but he didn't do any of them and after a while he stomped away. I decided maybe I'd better get back and see how Sally was making out. It was time to eat, anyhow.

The man with the coleslaw machine was having an argument with a cop when I went by. The cop was making him close down because he didn't have a permit. I thought that was sort of mean after he'd used up all that cabbage demonstrating. A bunch of people were gathered around, hollering to find out who guessed the beans, so I hung around to see how it came out, and I'll be darned if it wasn't Stubby that came closest and won the prize. That kid will fool you every once in a while.

I went over to where he was. "That was pretty good guessing," I told him. "You better come along and have some lunch." He said no, he had some business to take care of. Halfway up the hill, I looked around, and he and some man were having a serious conversation, and the man was counting out some money. It looked like Stubby was going to turn his prize into cotton candy.

When I got back to the truck, I saw that somebody had parked a big limousine right next to it. The baby was asleep in the crib, and Sally was sitting in the hay, talking with some strange lady. The lady had gray hair but good-looking just the same, and dressed real snappy. She waved a piece of coconut cake when I came up. "I'm Mrs. Lindsay," she said, "and if there's nothing left for you to eat, it's your own fault for being late."

I could see she meant it for a joke, but I didn't let on. "That's all right, ma'am," I told her. "We always pack a little extra in case somebody asks us for a handout."

She had to laugh at that. "Exactly what I did," she said. Sally broke in real quick and said why, the idea, she hadn't done any such thing, and Mrs. Lindsay said well, she'd come over and leaned on the truck, looking as hungry

Next Week

THE KOJE SNAFU

What Really Happened on the Korea Prison Island

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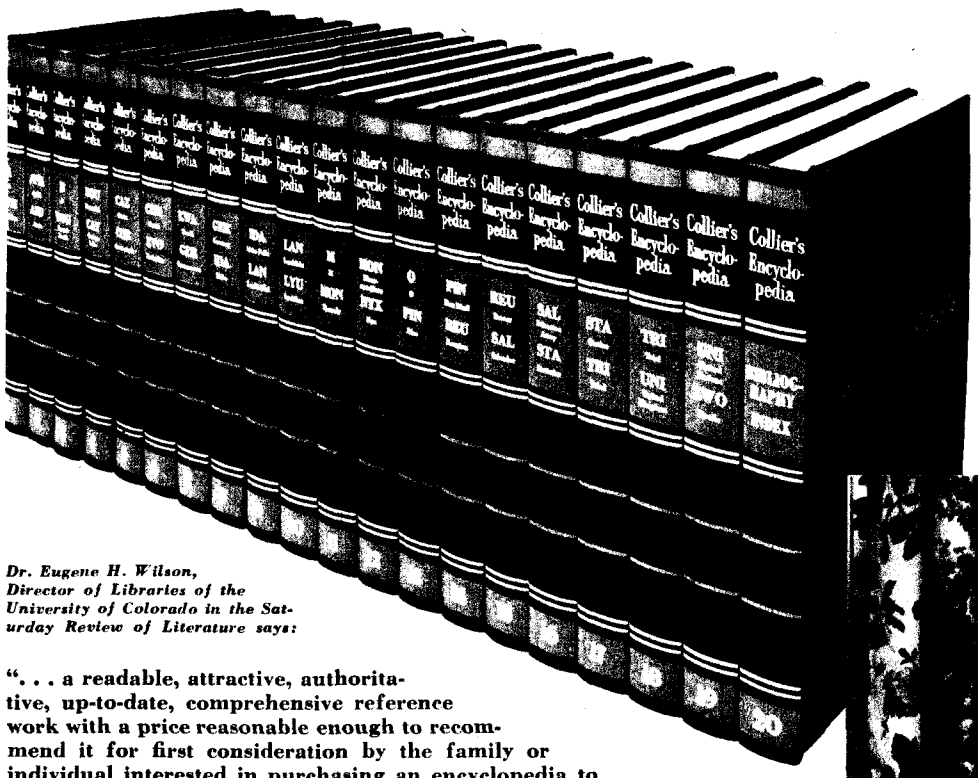

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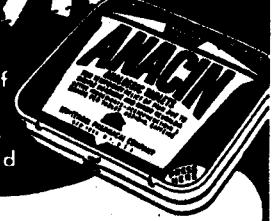

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as she was able, and it amounted to the same thing. The way the two of them were going on, it was plain to see Sally wasn't going to be lonesome, anyhow. It didn't look like either one knew they were supposed to be watching a boat race. The first time there was a pause, I asked Mrs. Lindsay if she was interested in motorboats.

"On the contrary," she said. "But one of my husband's lodge brothers is racing today. For the last five years Sam has been coming home from his meetings and telling how Hector had a new trophy to show, and Hector had his picture in the Outboard Digest, and Hector gave a talk on the sportsman's role in peace and war. Sam made me bring along three rolls of film, and so far I've taken pictures of Sally and the baby. Brother Hector isn't going to keep me from having a good time." She gave a sigh, "What this wonderful food is going to do to my figure I don't know and I don't care either."

"I don't see that you have any call to worry," I told her. Sally gave me a sharp look. "As a matter of fact," I went on, "I didn't want Sally to bother packing a lunch, but she's pretty particular about what the kids eat."

"Lucky for me," Mrs. Lindsay said. "I don't know when I've enjoyed myself more. Why, I haven't smelled newmown hay since I was a child."

"That's Sally for you," I said. "I was all for taking one of the cars, but she said no—what with the baby and all, we'd be more comfortable in the truck."

Sally handed me a plate and a cup of coffee. "If you can stop talking for a minute, maybe you can eat something."

"I believe I'll take off my shoes," Mrs. Lindsay said.

AFTER I'd finished eating, I excused myself and started down the hill. In back of one of the tents, I ran into Stubby. He and another kid about his age were bending over a bicycle that had a crumpled-up front wheel. "Having some trouble?" I asked them.

They both started talking at once then, and as near as I could make out, this friend of Stubby's—George Masterson was his name—he'd leaned his bike up against one of the stands for a minute, and Mr. Bascome had backed his car over it.

"That sure was bad luck," I said. "And Bascome wouldn't do anything to make it right?"

"He told us to keep the hell out of his way," Stubby said.

"That was no way for him to act," I said, "no way at all."

"George's folks aren't here," Stubby said. "There wasn't anything we could do."

"No, I don't suppose there was." The two of them were standing there, watching me as if they were expecting something. "I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let's the three of us go and have some ice cream and talk this over."

"That's all right," George said. He got down on his knees and began working at some of the bent spokes. "When I get home maybe I can fix it—thanks just the same."

There wasn't anything more I could do, so I walked out on the pier again. I didn't see Bascome anywhere around, and I don't know what I could have done if I had seen him. It seems as if little things like this are always coming up to pester a man; even when you take a day off to enjoy yourself, you run into them.

A couple of lady officials were talking right in front of me. "I see Tommy Tobin's name is scratched in the next race," one of them said. "Thank Heaven."

"What are you thankful about?" her friend said. "Don't you remember last year when he sneaked out under the pier with a fish pole? At least when he's racing you can keep an eye on him."

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Just about then a fellow came running up and said somebody had gotten hurt. The announcer grabbed up his microphone. "Somebody's hurt," he said. "Is there a doctor in the crowd?" Naturally everybody looked around to see if he could see a doctor. A couple of people even looked at me. By that time the announcer had had a chance to study it out a little. "If there is a physician within sound of my voice," he said, "will he please come to the end of the pier? A man has been injured." He did it better the second time, I thought.

Pretty soon a man came up and said he was a doctor, who was hurt? Well, it turned out nobody knew who got hurt or where he was.

"What happened to him?" the doctor asked.

Somebody said he fell over a tent peg and broke his ankle. One of the ladies said no, it was his nose that got broken, his ankle was fine.

"We have a physician on the pier," the fellow with the microphone said. "If there is someone in the crowd with a broken nose or a fractured ankle, will somebody tell us where he is?"

"Damn it," the doctor said, "don't make it sound like I'm advertising."

Then some kid shoved through the crowd and said he knew where the man was. "Follow me," he said. He ducked back into the crowd with the doctor after him. I guess he located the patient—anyhow, he never came back.

I stayed to watch a few more races, and by then it was getting late. I decided we'd better get rounded up and started for home. I saw Pet and told her to head back to the truck, and then I began looking for Stub. I finally found him with his pal George; they were sitting on the edge of a little gully, watching Mr. Bascome. Seems like he'd backed his car down to the edge of the lake with a trailer to pick up one of his boats, and when he tried to pull ahead again he was stuck. Quite a few folks were giving him suggestions. Somebody said if he drained the oil out of the crankcase, that would lighten the load. Another fellow said why didn't he start up the boat and tow the car over to the other side of the lake. I didn't see anybody doing any pushing.

Well, people that live in the country for a while, they get so they don't pass by anybody that's stuck, whether they like him or not. I told Stub to go up and bring down the truck. Bascome sat there in his car, grabbing the wheel with both hands and pumping the accelerator. His rear axle was on the ground and the wheels were throwing sand forty feet out in the lake. Stubby came along with the truck then and backed it down to the car as neat as you please. Sally was up in front with the baby, and Mrs. Lindsay was sitting in back on the hay, having the time of her life. I told Stubby to let some air out of the rear tires while I hooked up with the chain.

"Now rock her about three times," I said, "and then pull ahead until I blow the horn." I shoved Bascome to one side and got in the driver's seat beside him. Using the throttle and hand brake, I kept the chain tight while Stub rocked us out of the ditch. I blew the horn and got out and kicked dirt into the ruts we'd made so the trailer wouldn't get caught. Then we pulled ahead nice and easy up the road. Bascome inspected his bumper while I was unhooking the chain.

"Well," he said, "I could have got out all right by myself, but here's something for your trouble." He held out a dollar bill.

I gathered up the chain and threw it on the truck. "I don't believe I've got the change," I told him.

"Go ahead and take it."

OF COURSE I hadn't planned on taking anything, but something about him got me a little riled. "That's below union scale," I said to him. "I don't want to get in any trouble."

He looked at me for a minute and then glanced at the other people that were standing around. "All right." He took out his wallet. "You damn' farmers think you own the country. Here's five dollars—that ought to be a week's wages for you."

"It's easy that," I said, "but you've got to figure this kind of work is seasonal. A job like this ought to be worth ten dollars if it's worth anything."

"Fifteen dollars," some old fellow said. "That's what it cost me."

"Then you've got to allow extra for Sunday work," somebody else went on. "That will bring it up some." Everybody was putting in bids, like an auction.

There was one voice that kept saying, "Twenty-five dollars," over and over. I looked around, and there was Tommy Tobin sitting on the edge of the bank. He had a slice of watermelon in his hand and a great big happy smile on his face. "Fifteen dollars for the car, five for the trailer, and five for the boat. The boat isn't worth that, but what of it?" He

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vinked a couple of times and bit into he watermelon.

"Don't pay any attention to these olks," I said to Bascome. "Ten dollars s plenty. And if you happen to be a ittle short, we'll just forget about the vhole thing—push your car back to vhere it was and forget it." I took the en spot and held it out to Stubby.

"I guess half of this is yours," I said.

Stubby looked down at the ground and hook his head. Well, that left me in a unny spot. I'd been talking away just o devil Bascome a little, and now it eemed like everybody was watching me o see what I'd do next—Sally and Mrs. indsay, even Stubby's little friend. 'George," I said, "come here a minute." He walked over, looking kind of sheepsh. "You take this and get your bike ixed," I told him.

He wouldn't do it. He scuffed his foot on the ground and looked over at Stubby, and finally he said his folks wouldn't allow him to take money from strangers.

I NEVER knew any ten-dollar bill that was so hard to give away, or had so many people staring at it. "Now, this fat gentleman that ran over your bike isn't any stranger," I pointed out, "and it's his money, so there you are."

I stuck the bill in his pocket and got in the truck and drove away.

We picked up Pet and took Mrs. Lindsay back to her car. She hopped down from the truck, grinning like a kid. She had her camera in her hand.

"I got a couple of dandy shots," she said. "I'll send you copies as soon as they're developed. I think I'll send them to Outboard Digest too. They're always printing pictures of Hector."

"Hector?" I asked.

"Hector Bascome," she said. "I believe this has been the happiest day of my life."

We said good-by all around and headed for home.

I drove along for a while, and Sally was pretty quiet. "I didn't mean to leave you alone the whole day," I told her. "There was a couple of times I intended to come around and see how you were making out."

"That was all right—I had an awfully nice visit with Mrs. Lindsay."

"She seemed real pleasant," I said. "Took to her right away."

"You made a hit with her," Sally went on. "She told me if she'd been twenty years younger I'd have had to look out for my happy home."

Well, you know they tell you that people with money are just like anybody else, but by God that isn't so. You never know what they're thinking about.

At the place where you turn off the main highway, I pulled up in front of a roadhouse there. Actually it's a roadhouse and Italian restaurant combined. I had it planned all along to give the family a treat, but I didn't let on. "You sure get dry watching motorboat races," I said. "I believe I'll stop here and have a couple of drinks of whisky."

Sally looked at me like she'd never seen me before. "Have you lost your senses?" she said. "It's about dark now and past suppertime, and all the chores to do when we get home."

I opened the door and got out. "All right, you kids, we're stopping here for a little bit." They didn't have to be told twice. They hopped off the back of the truck, and we came along after, Sally carrying the baby.

"Did you have something to drink back at the lake?" she wanted to know.

I held the door open for her, and we went in and sat down in one of the booths. Stub and Pet were wriggling around, not used to sitting in a booth, and pretty soon a woman came up with a high chair for the baby. She was an Italian lady, just as nice as you please.

"Give us a couple of menus," I told her. "We want to order supper all around."

Sally poked me with her elbow. "There's all the chores to do after we get home," she whispered. "Besides, just look at the prices."

"The chores are taken care of," I said. "I planned the whole thing in advance, so order up whatever you please." It was only the second or third time the kids had ever ordered a regular meal off a menu, and they had quite a time deciding what they wanted.

After the lady had gone away, Sally leaned back and closed her eyes. "I don't care what they bring me," she said. "Just to eat somebody else's cooking for a change and no dishes to do. If you'd only told me about it before, I could have been enjoying it all day."

"I meant it for a surprise," I explained. "You can enjoy thinking about it just as well tomorrow."

Across the table, the kids were starting a roughhouse, and I put a stop to it right away. Pet was complaining that Stubby had taken her ribbon and wouldn't give it back.

"It isn't her ribbon anyhow," Stubby said. "That Smoky kid won it."

I stretched out my hand. It was a blue ribbon marked *1st Place Junior Division.* "Pet," I said, "if you found this ribbon you ought to of given it back. That boy it belongs to is going to feel awful bad he lost it."

"Smoky gave it to me," she said. "He told me he had a whole box full of ribbons, and he wanted me to have this one." She had a kind of stubborn look on her face just like her mother gets sometimes.

"Well," I said. I handed the ribbon over to her.

"He said he was going to write to me, and I'm going to write him too—just as soon as we get home."

I looked over at Sally. She took a drink of water. "Stop playing with your napkin," she said to Pet. "You're not a baby any more."

The waitress came back with our plates and she brought the baby a chicken bone and a saucer of gravy. It wasn't on the order, but he sure knew what to do with it. He took the bone in his fist and stirred it in the gravy and then rubbed it around his face until he got the end of it in his mouth. Anybody that tried to take it away from him after that could have lost a thumb.

I'll say one thing for Italian cooking—they feed you right. We finished what I judged was the main course, and it turned out that was just the appetizer. Still, we managed to clean up everything they brought us; our family has always been good that way. While we were waiting for dessert, Stubby went over to the juke box and picked out a tune.

When he got back, I slid a nickel across the table to him. "Maybe I better pay for the entertainment," I said. "The way you were spending your money today, you can't have much left."

"I got enough." He slid the nickel back. "I worked up a sort of business this afternoon."

I put the nickel back in my pocket. "That's right, I forgot about that sauerkraut machine you won. That man give you a good price for it?"

He started spooning up his ice cream. "Gave me a dollar."

"The regular price was a dollar and a half. You don't think he got the best of it, do you?"

He shook his head. "I found the man that was running the stand and got another for seventy-five cents."

ALL this time I'd thought he didn't know the value of money. "That was pretty smart business for a boy of your age. You ended up with the machine and twenty-five cents to boot."

He shook his head again. "I sold that one too. Altogether, I sold eleven."

I looked over at Sally, but she didn't have anything to say either. "Yes," I said. "Of course, you know the cop closed down that stand. You're just lucky he didn't catch you."

"Heck," Stubby said, "he bought one of the first ones."

I called the waitress over and ordered more dessert. "And bring my wife and me a glass of port wine on the side." If you're going to celebrate, do it right.

Sally looked worried. "You oughtn't to be drinking wine when you're driving."

"The sky's the limit," I told her. "We'll let Stubby drive. You and I can sit in back."

"Honestly, I don't know what's gotten into you all of a sudden."

"There's a full moon tonight," I said, "and I haven't been on a hayride with a good-looking girl since I don't know when."

She was watching me with a kind of peculiar expression, and all of a sudden her face started to get red all over, and she turned and looked across the table. "What are you staring at, you children?" she said real quick. "Go ahead and eat your ice cream before it melts."

The baby gave a sort of a little crow and threw his chicken bone halfway to the juke box. Pet ran over to pick it up, and Sally turned to wipe off the baby's face and hands. I thought that was as good a time as any to slip the car keys to Stubby. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Hey, didn't you hear me? I said I broke a hundred. Don't you care?"

HARRY MACE

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Concluding My Battle Inside the Korea Truce Tent

The Critical Prisoner-of-Wa

Just when we thought we were making progress, the Reds staged the Koje prison ric

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Problem

By VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES TURNER JOY, USN

ıeir propaganda machine went into high gear—and here's the inside of what happened

Admiral Joy, senior UN delegate to the Korea armistice conference until three months ago, concludes his stirring account of what went on behind the scenes. He is now superintendent of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis

WHEN I turned over command of the Korean armistice negotiations to Major General William K. Harrison, U.S.A., last May 22d, both sides were still at black odds on the emotion-charged prisoner-of-war question. All other armistice conference problems had been settled.

Provisions for a demilitarized zone separating the opposing forces, arrangements for truce supervision and safeguards, and recommendations to the governments concerning a political conference following the armistice had been agreed upon. Only the question of prisoner repatriation, Item 4 of the agenda, stood in the way of an end to the fighting.

But the decision on war or truce in Korea rested not alone with the opposing delegations at the truce table. It rested in large part with the tens of thousands of Communist prisoners of war who said they would rather die than go back to their Communist homelands. To force them to go back would be to deny the moral basis on which we had entered the war.

Symbolized in this dilemma is the essence of the struggle between the free world and the Communist world: a way of life where the individual counts for everything versus a way of life where the individual counts for nothing. Individual free choice was the issue the Communists could least afford to face and the issue the free world could least afford not to face.

In accordance with the Geneva Convention, the United Nations Command had reported to Geneva the names of 176,000 individuals as prisoners of war. The Communists had reported only 110. But in official broadcasts the Communists had claimed the capture of more than 65,000 UN and Republic of Korea personnel during the first nine months of the war. What was the truth? And what had been the fate of more than 100,000 men reported missing?

I made the first emphatic request for an exchange of prisoner-of-war data on November 27th. It was ignored. On December 4th, when it appeared the subdelegation debate on Item 3 of the agenda (truce supervision and safeguards) was going to drag on, I proposed that a second subdelegation meeting be held concurrently on Item 4. This suggestion was made daily until December 10th, when the Communists agreed. The first meeting on prisoners of war was held the next day.

With characteristic bland effrontery, North Korean Major General Lee Sang Jo proposed that prisoners be exchanged on an all-for-all basis; that is, we should turn over to them all of the 176,000 prisoners we had reported to Geneva for, presumably, all of the 110 they had reported. We refused to buy it.

On December 18th, after a week of expert needling by Rear Admiral Ruthven E. Libby, USN, senior member of the UN subdelegation on Item 4, the Communists gave in and exchanged the lists of names. We handed them a list of 132,000 names, including about 20,000 Chinese. They gave us a list of 11,559, including 3,198 U.S. personnel, or hardly 27 per cent of the number of U.S. personnel missing in action. The ROKs were hit the hardest, with less than 9 per cent of their missing (88,000) accounted for. Turkish, Philippine and British Commonwealth forces fared better, with 64 per cent, 69 per cent and 85 per cent, respectively.

UN guards look through barbed wire on Koje Island at Communist prisoners, who finally were subdued after they got control of camp

Sixty-six of the 110 names previously reported to Geneva by the Communists also were missing from the lists, as well as the names of more than 1,000 other prisoners of war who had been mentioned in Communist broadcasts and news releases. What had happened to the difference between 11,559 reported as prisoners of war and, say the minimum of 65,000 claimed as captured?

The Communists had ready explanations. Americans, they said, compared with the British and French, were notoriously "helpless" and unable to adjust to new and rigorous conditions. The appalling implication was that most of them had died from disease and other causes. But this explanation could not apply to the thousands of missing Koreans. So another unconvincing reason was offered. The Communists had "released the majority of the prisoners at the front," and they were "now at home leading peaceful lives."

For propaganda purposes the Communists did release at the front several hundred United Nations Command personnel who returned to our side. But the truth was that most of the captured able-bodied ROK soldiers had been impressed into the Communist army.

We demanded information about the 66 people of the original list of 110 whose names were missing from the new list, and about the 1,000 and more people whose names we had obtained from Communist sources. The Communists said they had died or escaped or had been killed in our air raids. And so it went: evasion, circumlocution, lies.

In turn, the Communists had questions about the list we had given them. Why, they wanted to know, did the list submitted at the conference table have only 132,000 names on it when we had reported 176,000 names to Geneva? Where were the missing 44,000?

In the rapid advance of United Nations forces through South Korea in the fall of 1950, many people were unavoidably taken into custody from military necessity, since time and circumstances made it impossible to determine who was a guerrilla, who was a North Korean soldier in civilian clothes and who was a loyal villager of the Republic of Korea. Where doubt existed, the individual was classified as a prisoner of war, since that is the highest and most protected classification of any type of detained person. All names were reported to Geneva.

Red Cross Supervises Screening

Later, when a screening was possible, and was performed under the supervision of the International Committee of the Red Cross, we learned that 38,000 of those in custody were actually citizens of the Republic of Korea. They were reclassified as civilian internees, but were held in custody against the time when we might have to account for them. Removal of this group from prisoner-of-war status brought the total figure down to 138,000. Deaths and escapes lowered the figure another 6,000 to 132,000, the figure we gave the Communists.

Included in the 132,000 were an additional 16,000 ROK personnel, including a large number of ROK soldiers who had been impressed into the Communist army and recaptured by us. Since the armistice talks were then in progress, the 16,000 were not reclassified. Consequently, though we had reported 176,000 names to Geneva, and though we had given the Communists a list of 132,000 names, we actually held only 116,000 people who could properly be considered prisoners of war.

In short order the opposing delegations were bound and tied in a statistical, administrative, legal, moral and political Gordian knot. The fact of military stalemate precluded cutting the knot; it had to be untied through negotiations.

Under the principle of voluntary repatriation, as we originally proposed, the tangled skeins of the prisoner problem were to be unraveled by simply asking each individual where he wanted to go when the armistice was signed. The principle was to be applied to the 11,559 prisoners the Communists admitted holding, and to 50,000 people who should have been classified as prisoners of war but who were actually serving in the Communist army. It was to be applied to all persons detained by us, regardless of category. Individual free choice was to be made at a point in the demilitarized zone in the presence of representatives of an international neutral organization, with representatives of both belligerents present.

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Admiral Joy with Major General William K. Harrison, to whom he turned over truce delegation leadership

At the beginning of the conference, many of us at the base camp were concerned over the idea of voluntary repatriation. However, when the Communists presented us with the list of only 11,559 names and explained the small number by saying they had "released large numbers at the front," who, as a matter of "free choice," ended up in their army, we felt there was every good reason for insisting on the principle of voluntary repatriation. Higher authority had already decided that our final position would be the principle of "no forced repatriation."

In the long weeks of debate, the Communists came up with only two objections to voluntary repatriation. They said that it was contrary to the Geneva Convention and that it was a "sinister scheme" to "forcibly detain large numbers of prisoners of war."

It was rather ironic to hear the Communists piously quoting from the Geneva Convention. During the war they had broken every rule in the book, and now they wanted to use the book against us. They had reported only 110 prisoners of war to Geneva; they had a known record of brutality; they refused to permit the International Committee of the Red Cross to come into North Korea; they refused to exchange seriously sick and wounded prisoners of war. They even refused to recognize the International Committee of the Red Cross as a neutral organization. They wanted it

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both ways. They wanted to keep 50,000 ROK soldiers who had been captured and impressed into their army, and they wanted us forcibly to hand over to them, without regard to justice or individual desire, all the people we held, including the groups of 38,000 and 16,000 who were actually citizens of the Republic of Korea. The Communists just did not want to face the fact that large numbers of their "volunteers" would forcibly resist return to their Communist homeland.

And meanwhile, in a second tent at Panmunjom, we were getting another thorough lesson in the desirability of decisively defeating the Communists before entering negotiations with them. We regarded Item 3 of the agenda (truce supervision and safeguards) as the heart of the armistice and the key to the future. Did the Communists want a full-fledged armistice as a preamble to a bona fide peace, or did they want only the respite of a simple cease fire as a preparation period for renewed attack? And would the Communists be willing to demonstrate good faith by agreeing to reasonable safeguards and by co-operating in a realistic system of inspection and supervision?

The debate on Item 3 began November 27th, the day the 30-day provisional demarcation line went into effect, and it was immediately clear that all the Communists wanted was a simple cease fire uncluttered by any real safeguards.

Reds' Plea Showed Bad Faith

General Nam Il's plan for a truce was a model of simplicity. The shooting would stop, both sides would withdraw from the demilitarized zone, and we could take the future on faith. In short, we were to assume the millennium had arrived. I proposed that, in addition to the arrangements for a simple cease fire, a freeze be placed on military capabilities during the armistice and that an adequate system of inspection and supervision be instituted. Our proposal represented the difference between a simple cease fire and a stable armistice, and judging by the loud and violent resistance over many months, that difference made all the difference in the world to the Communists.

Most of the Communist resistance to our proposal was based on the argument that it represented "interference in internal affairs." This argument was without relevance. War itself constitutes the maximum interference in the internal affairs of the other side; an armistice is a technical state of war in which the degree of interference is only lessened by agreement. The question was not whether the Communists had the right to use an armistice to prepare for war. They had the right and so did we. The question was whether both sides would be willing to give up that right as a working demonstration of good faith toward peace. If Item 3 was the key to the future, we could take our cue from the long, stormy opposition of the Communists to any and all opportunities to demonstrate good faith.

By mid-February, substantive agreement was in sight on all matters under Item 3 except the question of a ban on the rehabilitation and construction of military airfields. The Communists had not yet nominated the U.S.S.R. as a member of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission. Remembering that we had started with practically nothing on Item 3, I thought we were ending up with quite a bit, thanks largely to a fine supporting staff, with Colonel Don Darrow, USAF, as senior member.

Earlier, in January, there had been indications that the two main problems of the conference would be the rehabilitation and construction of military airfields, in Item 3, and the basis for prisoner exchange, in Item 4. In light of the prospect of two main unresolved issues, a plan was conceived in Washington to reduce systematically all other areas of disagreement, to isolate the two main issues. Where formerly we had been concentrating on issues on which the two sides were far apart, we now turned our attention to issues on which the two sides were closer together.

Realizing that the net result of all our discussions at Panmunjom would be a series of paragraphs forming an armistice agreement, we temporarily deferred the struggle over major problems of principle to prosecute a war of attrition on paragraphs concerning lesser matters. It should be noted that of the 62 paragraphs comprising the final 28-page armistice document, 61 were originated by the United Nations Command. Of course, every paragraph was rewritten many times, with each side fighting over every phrase of every sentence. When the subdelegations reached an impasse, the meetings were turned over to the staff officers; and when they had temporarily exhausted all possibilities, the interpreters met to consolidate our gains in three languages.

As a major step to speed the reduction of areas of disagreement, I recommended in a letter to General Nam Il, chief of the Communist delegation, on January 31st, that subdelegations be appointed on Item 5 (recommendations to the governments), to meet concurrently with subdelegations on Items 3 and 4, or that both sides explore the subject in a plenary session. Since we had submitted the original draft of an agreement on all other matters and since Item 5 was their own idea, I suggested that it might be appropriate if they submitted the first draft of an agreement on that item.

Nam Il presented his draft in a plenary session on February 6th. The Communists wanted a political conference to convene within three months of the signing of the armistice. The two main bones of contention arose over who would be represented at that conference and what would be discussed. The Communists, of course, wanted the North Korean and the Chinese Communist governments represented, but conveniently ignored the existence of the Republic of Korea government and sidestepped the United Nations as an entity by suggesting that only those governments of the United Nations with forces in Korea should be represented. We objected.

On the matter of topics to be taken up at the political conference, the Communists recommended: (1) withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, (2) peaceful settlement of the Korean question, and (3) other questions related to peace in Korea. On the third topic, we insisted that we could not and would not agree to any recommendation that concerned matters outside Korea.

Taking our objections into account, the Communists on February 16th submitted a revised draft. Since these were only recommendations and since the new wording afforded the widest latitude in interpretation, we quickly accepted the rewrite without change, but with certain understandings. Our quick acceptance threw the Communists into confusion. Nam Il requested a 40-minute recess, at the end of which he requested a further recess until the following morning. An hour before that scheduled meeting the Communists requested postponement for another day.

COLLIER'S — **"I'm much younger than he is . . . but it all evens up. He's much richer"** — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

THE OPINIONS expressed by Admiral Joy are his personal opinions and do not necessarily coincide with the official view of the government or any department of the government

Enemy's Suspicions Aroused

Our guess at the base camp was that the Communists were deeply suspicious of our quick acceptance and were trying to figure out where they had made a colossal blunder. I think that it was Brigadier General William P. Nuckols, USAF, able spokesman for the delegation, who said, "They are probably preparing a carefully worded statement of acceptance of our acceptance." (General Nuckols left the truce delegation last month and was assigned to Tokyo.) Still in a suspicious frame of mind, Nam Il, on February 19th, suggested that the matter be referred to the staff officers at some vague later time, but so far as we were concerned, Item 5 was settled once and for all.

We had looked forward to getting Item 5 out of the way. From the beginning, the Communists had expressed such great eagerness for a political conference following the armistice that we felt agreement on that item would give them every incentive to come to terms on other issues.

However, on February 16th, the same day they presented their acceptable second draft on Item 5, they nominated the U.S.S.R. as a member of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission, in the subdelegation meeting on Item 3. When the Communists originally proposed that behind-the-lines inspection be done by representatives of neutral nations, they stated, and we agreed, that the criterion for nations selected should be their acceptability to both sides. When they nominated the U.S.S.R., we rejected the nomination as unacceptable. The Communists then blithely repudiated their agreement and said that what they actually meant was that all nations nominated should automatically be acceptable to the other side. We emphatically rejected the new interpretation.

The malevolently whimsical nomination of the U.S.S.R. as a neutral demonstrated once again the utter futility of second-guessing the Communists. They were in no hurry about a political conference. Either that, or they recognized, as we did, that the prisoner-of-war problem was the governing issue of the conference and simply raised the ludicrous issue of the U.S.S.R. as a neutral for the purpose of stalling until they could see how the prisoner question was going to work out. By Communist standards they did not have long to wait.

On February 27th the United Nations Command took its first and last step toward a compromise on the repatriation issue. We proposed to turn over to the Communists all of the 116,000 North Korean and Chinese prisoners we held except those who would forcibly resist repatriation; that is, there would be no forced repatriation. As for the groups of 38,000 and 16,000 ROK nationals, any who wanted to go to the Communist side would be permitted to do so.

The Communists rejected our compromise. On March 5th they proposed

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ıat prisoners be exchanged on the basis f lists the two sides gave each other ɔecember 18th. They had given up ıeir claim to the group of 38,000, but ot to the group of 16,000. In spite of ıis and other deficiencies, the Commuists insisted the problem could be ɔlved on the basis of the December 8th lists. By way of emphasizing the ossibility, they had their press corre-ɔondents suggest that secret sessions ıight be more productive of results.

After nine days of secret sessions the ommunists indicated that they would e willing to seek a solution on the basis f "round numbers." The implication ras that if a sufficient number of people eld by us elected to go north, or indiated they would not forcibly resist go-ıg north, the Communists would ccept the figure.

We pointed out that the only way to rrive at a "round number" would be to creen the people we had in custody and hus determine their attitudes. The ommunists tacitly agreed, saying, "Instead of spending time on argument ver principles, we may as well be realstic and enter immediately into the vork of checking the lists." The staff fficers recessed April 4th and the creening operation was set in motion.

To the unqualified amazement of everyone at the base camp it was found hat only an estimated 70,000 persons n our custody would go to the Commuist side without the application of orce. Admiral Libby remarked at the ime, "Whether we like it or not we ıave reached the point of no return."

A Mean Job for the Colonel

No one envied Colonel George W. Hickman, Jr., U.S.A., senior staff offier on Item 4, the job of presenting his figure to the Communists when the ecret meetings were resumed on April 9th. He explained the figure included ıbout 5,100 Chinese, 54,000 North Koeans and 3,800 South Korean prisoners ɔf war, plus 7,200 South Korean civilan internees. He pointed out that the ıgure 70,000 represented more than 60 ɔer cent of the figure of 116,000 North Koreans and Chinese prisoners held by us, whereas the figure of 12,000 they ıad given us represented less than 20 per cent of the 65,000 United Nations Command personnel they claimed to have captured during the first nine months of the war. Hickman assured the Communists that anyone who later changed his mind and decided to go to their side would be permitted to do so; in fact, he invited the Communists to participate in a rescreening after the armistice was signed.

For reply the Communists let loose a torrent of vituperation. On April 25th they arbitrarily abrogated the secret sessions. The die was cast. The time had come for a showdown. I called for a plenary session, and on April 28th, for the first time since February 19th, the full delegations met. It rained all day.

It would have done my heart good to walk into the tent that day and present our final compromise offer in open session and immediately afterward proclaim it to the world. However, my mission was to get an armistice, not to achieve dramatic and soul-satisfying effects. I proposed that our meetings be held in secret on the chance that the Communists might find it easier to explore and accept our final offer in secret session than they would in the open court of world opinion. The Communists agreed to secret sessions.

I then presented the draft of an entire armistice agreement, incorporating the final effort of the United Nations Command at compromise. This final offer recognized the existence of three unresolved issues: the restrictions on the rehabilitation and construction of military airfields, the basis for exchange of prisoners of war and the composition of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission.

In the armistice document submitted to the Communists we omitted the paragraphs calling for restrictions on military airfields. In the paragraph designating member nations of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission we included the names of Sweden, Switzerland, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and omitted the names of Norway and the U.S.S.R. The paragraph describing the basis for prisoner repatriation stated there would be an all-for-all exchange on the basis of revised lists. We were giving up on airfields, we were ignoring the artificial issue of the U.S.S.R., and we were standing fast on the prisoner-of-war question.

THE KOJE SNAFU

What really happened in the Korean prison camp? Collier's sent our Peter Kalischer to find out. His report appears next week. It's important and exciting

I pointed out to Nam Il that our offer would have to be accepted *in toto* or rejected *in toto*. It was not subject to piecemeal negotiation—in fact, it was not subject to any negotiation at all. We would explain and we would amplify our proposal, but we would not agree to any substantive change. After 10 months, we had reached the end of the patient search for a middle ground on which both sides could come to terms. In short, our offer was final and irrevocable.

The Communists rejected our proposal. On May 6th, after it had become clear that secret sessions would serve no useful purpose, I proposed that we go into open session. The Communists agreed the following day, and our final position was published to the world. The long silence in Washington was broken, with the President, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense each proclaiming we had reached the end of the line. Our allies joined in support.

Accompanied by his successor, General Mark W. Clark, General Ridgway paid his farewell visit to the armistice camp on May 8th. In that last meeting with my old boss and the first meeting with the new commander in chief, I said that if the Communists did not accept our offer within two weeks I would like to be relieved so that I could get back in Navy harness. I said I thought that my job was done; and both General Ridgway and General Clark agreed with me.

I then nominated Major General Harrison, a member of the delegation, to succeed me as senior delegate. In four months of close working association with Harrison I had come to know him as a keen, able, diligent soldier and an honorable gentleman. The nomination was later approved by General Clark. I wished General Ridgway luck in his new assignment, but there was no disguising the fact I was sorry to see him go. He had been a tower of strength, a wise counselor and an inspiring leader.

It was in the course of that last short visit of General Ridgway that I was astounded to hear of the capture of Brigadier General Francis Townsend Dodd by rabid Communist prisoners of war on Koje Island. This was the first of two incredible incidents that were to make my last two weeks at Panmunjom memorable. The second was the statement signed by Brigadier General Charles F. Colson, under the duress of circumstance, to effect the release of Dodd.

Between the presentation of our package proposal and the time of these incidents the Communists were in bad shape from a propaganda standpoint. They had lost enormous face in the wholesale defections of their "volunteers." They had no logical answer to my contention that they dare not verify the results of our screening of prisoners of war by participating in a joint rescreening, after the armistice, of all those who had defected. They reacted with alarm to our indifference to daily plenary sessions by demanding that we meet each and every day. Then came the incidents. The incidents were made to order for the Communist propaganda mill, which immediately went on a 24-hour day, seven-day week.

Aftermath of Koje Incidents

Quick, decisive action by General Clark helped to correct a bad situation, but unfortunately, from the standpoint of the negotiations, the damage had been done. It would be most unfair to imply that, but for the incidents, we might have had an armistice. They did not alter the facts of the matter; they simply represented a shift of advantage in favor of the enemy in the propaganda war. The incidents made us look foolish at a time when we had a right to feel proud.

An earnest young man who had listened to me let off steam each day when I returned from Panmunjom brought up the subject of my last day at the conference. He said he thought I had taken an awful lot from the Communists and that on my last day I should let them have it between the eyes, that I should walk into the tent swinging and walk out in a blaze of glory, colors flying. He sat down and wrote the draft of a valedictory statement. It was an excellent statement, biting without being wild-eyed. It was quotable, pithy and to the point. It would have been given a good ride in the press.

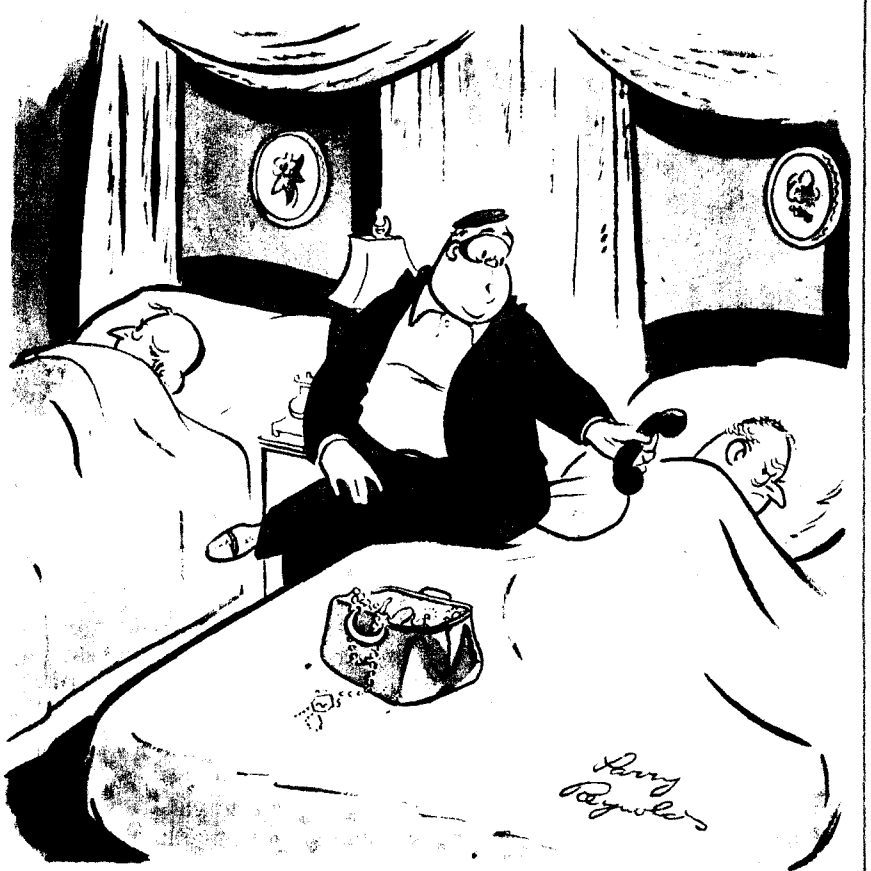
A second paper was prepared by a group of senior staff officers. This second statement was a calm, unemotional review of the negotiations. It quietly restated our case and reaffirmed our good faith. It concluded with dignified insistence that there were certain human values which "we will not barter."

The paper was not sensational either in tone or in substance. Both papers had their merits. I decided to sleep on the matter.

On the morning of the last day when I walked into our base camp conference tent, where that choice, like all other choices, was to be discussed and decided, my mind was already made up. I would use the quiet paper. After 10 months there would have been considerable personal satisfaction in reading off the Communists, in what are called "no uncertain terms." However, there was a drawback, a drawback that I had been consciously aware of since July 10, 1951, when the conference began. I was not speaking for myself. I was speaking for the free world. The answer to my problem, if there had actually been a problem, was found in the following sentence from the final statement I did read to Nam Il on May 22, 1952:

"Apparently you cannot comprehend that strong and proud and free nations can make costly sacrifices for principles because they are strong; can be dignified in the face of abuse and deceit because they are proud, and can speak honestly because they are free and do not fear the truth." ▲▲▲

BUTCH



"Y'mind tellin' my girl friend I *am* working late? She thinks I'm calling from Susie Murphy's house"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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HARRY DEVLIN

The Campaign Issues

All Cards on the Table

QUITE OFTEN, when we get to thinking about the Presidential campaign, we hark back to last spring and recall all those Republicans who voted for General Eisenhower in the write-in primaries without being able to spell his name correctly. We also remember the several delegates to the Democratic convention who mispronounced Governor Stevenson's first name as they enthusiastically voted for him on roll calls. Somehow these little slips of pen and tongue seem a perfect illustration of the strangeness of this strange election year. And we might add that we find them mighty heartening.

Here were two political unknowns. One had gained military fame abroad, and the other had been elected governor of a state, but they were entirely new to the national domestic scene. Even their names were a little difficult for some. Yet an enthusiasm for them swept the country. Their supporters entered them—two deeply, honestly reluctant men—against opponents who had long been in the public eye, opponents who were able, experienced and well liked, and who had worked as hard to get the nominations as the general and the governor had long sought to avoid them. And the reluctant, politically unknown candidates won.

There has been a lot of intelligent, expert, inside analysis of why they won. Stratagems, pressures and deals have been reviewed in step-by-step analyses of their remarkable victories. But those explanations only deal with the final phases of the nominating campaigns. Long before the professionals took over to pilot the candidates home, the force of unorganized public sentiment and amateur effort had made the outcome inevitable. At the end there was nothing for the politicians to do but choose these reluctant political unknowns for the practical and obvious reason that they were the strongest men to head the tickets.

We have mentioned in an earlier editorial the complaints heard earlier this year, from both friends and foes of General Eisenhower, that "we don't know what he stands for." And we suggested then that perhaps one secret of the general's popularity was the fact that the voters did know what other candidates stood for. If this was true in the Eisenhower case, it must have applied doubly to Governor Stevenson.

At least General Eisenhower had made a number of nonmilitary speeches throughout the country, during his active presidency of Columbia University, which gave a general outline of his political character and domestic position. But Mr. Stevenson had scarcely been heard of by the people outside his home state of Illinois. The most preconvention information we could ever get in conversations with Stevenson enthusiasts was, "Well, I guess he's made a good governor," or words to that effect. Nothing more specific or unusual than that. And yet he won almost as easily as General Eisenhower.

It seems to us that the only explanation of this double-barreled phenomenon is that the desire for a change has crossed party lines. The need of change has been a Republican talking point for some time, and the Democrats quite naturally have pooh-poohed the suggestion. But, in picking a newcomer against the field of seasoned politicians, the party in power at least confessed the need of new blood and new viewpoints if it hoped to stay in power.

The people clearly are tired of the same old faces, the same old hands at the helm year after year, the same old voices raised in opposition. And so they forced the politicians to give them something new. And the result was quite probably the most unusual, untraditional pair of Presidential nominations that this country has ever seen in the same election year.

We hope that the candidates will keep right on breaking tradition. They will no longer be unknowns, and they will have to tell the country what they stand for. This magazine is supporting General Eisenhower, but it believes that both candidates must state clearly their views on the grave problems that face this nation. We believe that they can bring to those problems a fresh approach, and we trust that they will concentrate on what lies ahead rather than on what is past.

There will be plenty of old-fashioned, bombastic, extravagant oratory from the lesser members of both teams. But at least the top men can do their countrymen the great service of discussing the issues with the sanity, dignity and courageous hopefulness that the situation demands.

Whispering Campaign

His wife, so they say, on her grandmother's side
Ran off with the best man when she was a bride;
His Uncle Nathaniel was pinched as a felon,
And one of his cousins tried opium-sellin';
While he (now the candidate) openly flirted
For years after marriage with anything skirted.
And a friend of a friend of my Aunt Abigail
Insists that his father expired in jail . . .
Come closer . . . the rest is so strange and so shocking
It ought to be whispered . . . Of course, I'm not knocking—
But folks are entitled to know what is what
Before they decide he's the man for The Spot.

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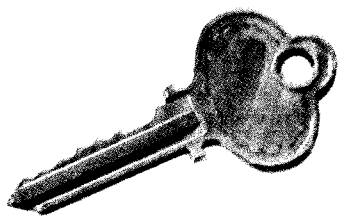
Which one will open next?



You have seen one door opened after another, as medical research throughout the world has developed new and better medicinal agents for the treatment and control of disease.

Consider pneumonia, for example. Only a few years ago, one of three victims of pneumonia died. Today that ratio is far less grim.

Or look at pernicious anemia. Once it was a hopeless condition. Now it can be controlled so effectively that anemia patients can usually live long, practically normal lives.

Which door will open next? No one knows. But steady progress is being made, and certainly there is reason to believe that keys will one day be found to *swing wide open* doors like those above.

Since 1866, Parke, Davis & Company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. There is a constant probing into the unknown, in order that today's medicines may be made more effective . . . and that tomorrow may bring new and more potent weapons against diseases that are as yet unconquered.

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